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"JEANNE SAW A MAN CLOSE WITHIN HER REACH."

(*See page* 487.)

The Convent of Sinners' Point.

By Mrs. Egerton Eastwick (Pleydell North).

THE trial of Jeanne Lagache did not, at the time of its occurrence, excite any great amount of public interest. It seemed an ordinary affair, devoid, save for an incident which marked its close, of those elements of mystery or romance which sometimes invest with strange fascination the history of a crime.

The prisoner, a Bretonne of the peasant class, was accused of having poisoned her master from motives of greed, and of revenge for an imagined wrong. The principal witness against her was the brother of the murdered man, and his evidence seemed to place her guilt beyond the possibility of doubt. Philippe and Charles Labarette lived together upon the farm which was their joint inheritance. There was but a year's difference between their respective ages, and so alike were they in person that it would have been difficult to tell one from the other, had not a marked divergence of character found adequate expression in the face of each. At first sight Philippe, the elder, gave the impression of being somewhat weak in intellect, an idea conveyed by the dulness of his blue eyes, the droop of the lower jaw, spreading into a vacuous smile, and the use of a sound, half remonstrative, half interrogatory, with which he interlarded his conversation. Yet in serious affairs he but proved his own folly who doubted the sagacity of Philippe Labarette.

Philippe had hoarded and increased where Charles had squandered and lost, until the paternal acres, once equally divided between the two brothers, had passed almost entirely into the hands of the elder. Charles made no complaint; blamed only his own folly, and continued to live on at the farm, although gradually his position sank to that of one who works for hire. And one morning this younger brother, the popular favourite, who was never known to have made an enemy, was found dead in his bed from the effects of poison.

It was Philippe who so found him, and who told the story, with dropping jaw, glazed eyes, and many half-articulate sounds dispersed through his narrative; yet with a clearness and conciseness of detail that left no doubt as to the facts.

Jeanne Lagache, who acted as cook, housekeeper, and general servant to the brothers, had on the previous evening made a *tisane* of violets for Charles, and carried it to his room, he having complained of a slight chill. The remains of the *tisane* were still in the cup which was found beside the bed of the dead man, and, when analyzed, proved to contain several grains of arsenic.

During the night Philippe had been awakened by unusual sounds as of someone moving stealthily in the house; he had risen, and upon nearing Charles's room, had found the door ajar. Within, he could see his brother, sleeping quietly, as he then believed. In front of an escritoire placed at the foot of the bed stood Jeanne Lagache; she had possessed herself of Charles Labarette's keys, and was

"AT THE FOOT OF THE BED STOOD JEANNE LAGACHE."

examining the contents of the desk. Philippe had watched her until she closed and re-locked it, apparently without finding anything worth removal; then, as she prepared to leave the room, he had drawn back into the shadow of a doorway until she had passed. It was possible that some slight noise had startled her, for instead of attempting to continue her search in other parts of the house, she had hurried to the attic in the *grenier* in which she slept; Philippe had followed softly, and locked her in; he knew that thence escape was impossible. Upon returning to his brother's room, to awaken and inform him of what had occurred, he had found him—dead! Then immediately, without loss of time, he had summoned the police and sent for medical aid. Subsequent examination of the body proved that the death of Charles Labarette was due to arsenic, administered in a sufficient quantity to prove fatal within a few hours.

Those who knew Philippe were not surprised at his mode of procedure: Jeanne Lagache was a powerful woman, and Philippe hardly numbered physical bravery among his recognised characteristics.

The evil intentions of the murderess, he further explained, had not been confined to Charles. He also would, beyond doubt, have fallen a victim to her villainy but for suspicions which he had for some time entertained. He had warned his brother, but being unable to offer any conclusive evidence of her guilt, Charles had laughed at his fears.

On the night in question he had left untasted some coffee which Jeanne had brought him, influenced by a nervous, unaccountable terror; and the coffee, when tested, was found to contain a powerful drug, which would, at any rate, have insured his sleeping soundly until the morning, thus affording Jeanne ample leisure to escape with such valuables and money as she could lay hands on.

But why, it was asked, had the fury of this terrible woman vented itself chiefly upon the younger brother, who was known to be impoverished, in fact, almost penniless?

For this a sufficient motive was forthcoming. Jeanne Lagache was the mother of a young daughter, a girl of fifteen, who until a fortnight ago had lived at the farm, helped her mother in her work, shared her room, and hardly ever been allowed out of her sight. And yet, in spite of all this care, Carline had disappeared, and Jeanne had been as one mad with rage and pain.

The girl had vanished suddenly and utterly, leaving no trace, and Jeanne had accused Charles Labarette of having a hand in the affair, for no better reason than that he had once or twice bid the child a civil good-day in passing through the kitchen.

The story of Jeanne herself in some measure corroborated that of her master, in some measure contradicted it. She owned to having searched the desk of Charles Labarette in the hope of obtaining some trace of her daughter, but strenuously denied all thought or intention of poison. She had believed her master to be sleeping quietly from the effects of the *tisane*. As to the time of her being locked in her garret, there was a discrepancy; she stated that she had left the room of Charles Labarette at half-past three; Philippe declared that it was half-past four; and, moreover, the news of the affair had not been conveyed to the police until half-past five.

A discrepancy, truly; but not one that materially affected the evidence against Jeanne Lagache in the minds of the jury, for on one other all-important point she was proved to have lied. She swore that she had no poisons or drugs in her possession, yet a jar containing a white powder, and labelled "powdered sugar," was found in a small cupboard in the kitchen; and the white powder proved to be arsenic.

It was, however, when Jeanne was finally questioned by the judge that she made the statement which, although felt to be startling at the time, was subsequently regarded as a proof of a disordered mind. After once more protesting her innocence, she raised her hand, and pointing at Philippe Labarette, cried loudly:—

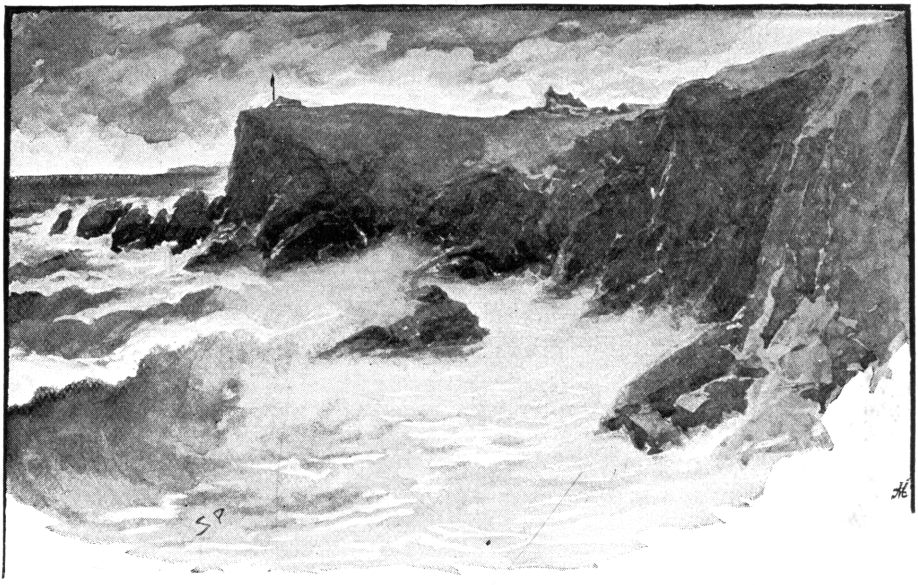
"I am not guilty of poisoning Charles Labarette, for he is alive, and stands here among you! It is Philippe who is dead—but not by my hand—and Charles, having stolen my daughter, is driving me to ruin and to death."

All eyes turned to follow the direction of the prisoner's pointing hand. Bah! surely the woman was mad. The image of the man she had slain was ever before her mind until she believed she saw him with bodily eyes; did not everyone know Philippe Labarette, just as he sat there now, with dropping jaw and vacant stare, as though hardly hearing or comprehending the woman's words—the look almost of an idiot upon his well-featured face? Beyond doubt it was poor Charles, bright-eyed, light-hearted, gay, who lay in his grave.

Jeanne was found guilty; but in view of

the suffering entailed through the loss of her daughter, and the apparent weakness of intellect which had ensued, the clause of extenuating circumstances was added to the verdict, and the sentence of death ultimately commuted to one of penal servitude for life.

Ten years of the sentence of Jeanne Lagache had passed away, and from the *travaux forcés*, she had been transferred to the care of "*Les Bonnes Chrétiennes*," a confraternity of devoted women, who occupied themselves with the rescue of the most depraved and hopeless of their sex, and had more than one house in which they received female prisoners who, for good conduct, were allowed to pass from the public prisons to



'SINNERS' POINT.

their care, although still under sentence of rigorous confinement.

The house to which Jeanne Lagache had been consigned stood upon a wild and barren promontory of the western coast, the only building near it, for miles across the long, flat cliff, being a signal station, which crowned the point of dangerous rocks that jutted far out into the sea. The coast was eminently dangerous and dreary, well known and dreaded by the mariners who navigated those waters.

In calm weather the sea lay a dead level of shining blue, meeting the dead level of yellow land that crowned the cliff, with only the white walls of the convent and the signal station to break the monotony and add to the glare. Before a storm, heralding its approach, a mighty swell swept in, in long, unbroken rollers, rising to a height of many feet, to fall and rise again with increased volume and force, until they hurled themselves upon the rocks or against the almost perpendicular cliff sides, shrouding the whole scene in a mist of spray and flying scud. Beneath the cliffs, the water, rushing into the unseen caves, found its way up again to light and air, impelled by the violence of concussion through blow-holes worn in the rock, and the spray-showers shot upwards with a force and beauty the like of which no cunning of man ever knew how to contrive, and fell again—a salt and blinding shower.

Then flocks of seagulls followed in the wake of the rollers, darkening the air with their mass, flying in broken columns. And, strangely enough, blending with the salt and the spray, and the seaweed and the ozone, crept, all around, the scent of wild thyme. The cliff top must have been covered with it, and perhaps it grew in the convent garden, rescued by the toil of the prisoners from the waste.

And to this solitude, to complete her sentence, was sent Jeanne Lagache. What hope could she have here of ever gaining tidings of the child whose fate still lay the heaviest sorrow at her breast, or of the man who, she still maintained, had doubly wronged her? She would sooner have remained where people came and went more fre-

quently; where news from the outer world occasionally crept in.

Still, being hard-working, civil-spoken, and patient, no one had cause for complaint against her. She had acquired an influence over the more unruly of her fellow-sufferers which turned to her and their advantage, and little marks of confidence were shown her by the gentle nuns who were her present gaolers, which lightened her captivity and softened her fate. Her large, powerful features, in spite of an expression of intense sadness, wore a look of peace—the peace of a soul that has accepted the worst that life can bring, and yet has hope in death.

It has been said that the nuns regarded her kindly; and this was true of all, save the Superior of the establishment, "La Mère," as she was usually called. To her, in virtue of her office, was known the history of every prisoner under her charge, and in every case she seemed to find room for hope, patience, and love, save in the case of Jeanne Lagache.

From the first, although Mère Angéleque manifestly strove to be just towards this poor woman, she appeared to shrink from her with involuntary unconquerable repugnance, and the consciousness of this feeling was a daily cross to Jeanne, who entertained a deep devotion for the stately, beautiful woman, whose word ruled the little colony, who came among the poor creatures she governed as one of God's own angels: awe-inspiring, gentle, passionless, and firm, robed in the white serge gown of her order, which seemed an emblem to their darkened souls of her distant, unstained purity. But the tenderness extended to the most reprobate was withheld from Jeanne Lagache.

The chief events which occurred to break the monotony of life at "Sinners' Point," as the place was called, were the storms which occasionally swept over it, and the wrecks which these entailed, and it was in the second year of Jeanne's residence that a hurricane occurred such as none then living in the convent could remember. The out-buildings of the signal-house were blown down; the spray of the breakers rose high above the cliffs against which they burst, and mingled with that from the blow-holes and with the flying scud; the outlines of the shore were lost, and the water ran in channels up to the very convent doors.

The gale continuing through the night with unabated fury, fears were entertained in the morning for the safety of the convent itself. The chapel towers fell with a crash, the walls both of the chapel and the main building were felt to rock; it was known that, owing to the small depth of soil which covered the cliff, the foundations were not too secure; the creaking and groaning of rafters, strained and splitting, the falling of stones and slates, the crashing of windows, were heard on every side, mingling with the roar of the storm.

The women were becoming terrified and unmanageable, and about noon the Mother Superior summoned a conclave of the sisters, and it was decided that the whole community should avail themselves of a means of safety, which the foresight of some such danger as the present had caused to be provided. From the interior of the convent a stairway had been cut in the cliff, down from the cellars, leading to a subterranean passage which opened into a cave. The entrance to this cave from the shore was at the end of a cove—never, within the memory of anyone then living, swamped by the highest tide. Here they would be safe until the tempest was over; here, also, they could store such furniture and valuables as they could remove, should the occasion arise.

The orders were given, and early in the afternoon the whole community, numbering in all nearly one hundred women, were sheltered within the cave. Old Pierre, the factotum of the establishment, who acted as carpenter, engineer, and gardener in chief, had reported that the building might last through the day if the storm did not increase in violence, and might even be saved if the wind fell before night. In the meantime he remained above, ready to go for help to the nearest town, about five miles away, if absolutely necessary.

And now, from the narrow opening of the cave, could be seen, through blinding mists of spray and scud and foam, the wild, tossing sea; tossing in a seeming agony of desire to wreak vengeance and destruction upon every opposing agency within its reach.

And behold, in a break of the flying storm, the women pressing to the entrance of the cave, with eager faces, and heads peering one above the other, saw lashed by the waves, and enfolded and tossed aloft, a poor, unhappy ship, shortly, beyond doubt, to be dashed upon the rocks, like a child's plaything that has served its turn.

Perhaps the storm appealed to passions in those fierce natures and strong, gaunt frames, long silenced by the force of monotonous restraint and round of preaching; at any rate, the coarsened visages lit up with a wild excitement that seemed to claim kindred

with the elements that tossed and raved at the chains of Omnipotent Law never to be broken—but, as they saw a faintly outlined figure or two clinging to the bending masts, that now appeared rocking on the crest of a breaker, a softened look crept over the rugged faces.

They, too, were outcast—wrecked by the more cruel sea of ignorance and passion; they had sinned and had been punished; they owned the kinship of suffering.

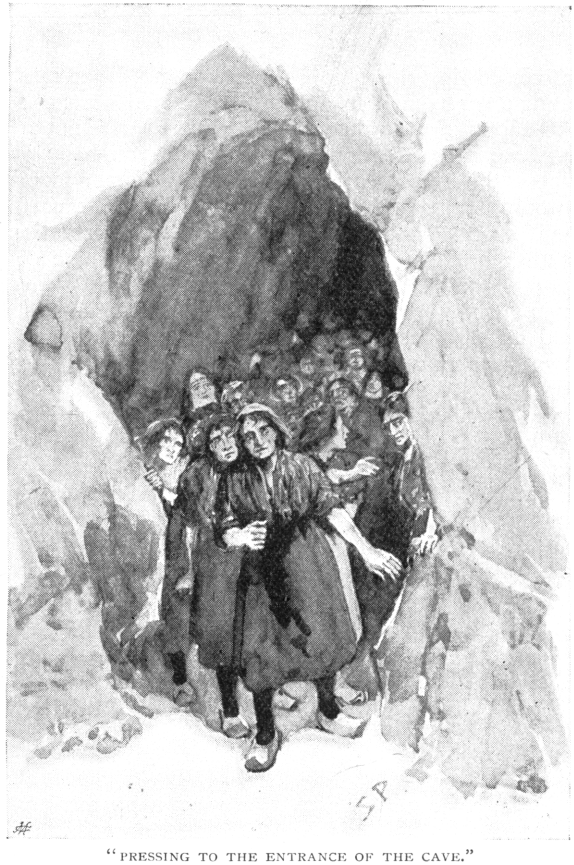
And behind them and in their midst the nuns, their keepers, crossed their breasts and prayed for the souls whom, it seemed, no human aid could reach.

The end came, and the good ship lay prone upon the rocks. A rocket had been shot from the station-house, but either the apparatus was faulty or the poor, drenched humanities out there, meeting their doom, were ignorant of the use of it. One clinging figure after another was washed from mast and rigging—at one moment they caught sight of the captain on the bridge; the next, he was gone. Now they could see the almost helpless figures in the foam and surf, struggling to swim or to gain a hold upon a rock, only to be seized and tossed afresh by the seething, angry waves, or dashed and hurled to a more cruel death upon the jagged points from which they had been dragged.

Then Jeanne Lagache spoke, with tears in her eyes, which made themselves felt in the deep tones of her voice.

"Mes sœurs, I can bear this no longer. We are strong—we women, and our lives of no great matter. Some of those poor fellows out there may have wives and children at home. It is a French vessel, you see, and they are our compatriots, those men. Let us give them a chance. We could make a long chain, hand joining hand. I am willing to go first. We shall be strong, even against the waves, and the Holy Mother of God will protect us, only we must hold fast till death."

A faint light shone upon the woman's face as she spoke; she stepped forward out on to the sand from the sheltering cave, and extended her strong, toil-worn hand.



"PRESSING TO THE ENTRANCE OF THE CAVE."

A woman from behind, perhaps even taller and broader than Jeanne, a woman of a record to make one shiver, sprang forward and clasped it in a palm that had done strange work in its day; then another followed, and another: it was the first issue of these women of crime from darkness into day. And as the long, living chain waded into the surf, the sisters within the cave knelt and chanted the Litanies.

Pater de cœlis Deus,
Miserere nobis;
Sancta Maria, Ora
pro nobis,
Agnus Dei, Misere
nobis parce nobis
Domine.

Three sailors had been rescued by the devoted band of women, and dragged in safety to the shore, when, at the fourth venture, Jeanne Lagache saw a man, who belonged, apparently, to a different grade of life, brought close within the reach of her strong arm, in the swish and swirl of receding waters. It was but for a moment that her eyes rested upon the white, impassive face, agonized with fear, before swept into unconsciousness, but that moment was enough for the recognition

of features indelibly impressed upon her memory.

And then? She had but to stay her hand, for a single second, for the drawing of a breath, and the man who was responsible for her life's misery would have gone to his eternal doom. Could it be done? Before the thought was consummated, before she could realize the possible influence of his preservation upon her own fate, she had seized the helpless form; the signal was given; and both she and her burden were being drawn towards the shore.

She was conscious only of having felt that it was impossible to surrender him, living or dead, to the sea.

As the afternoon closed in, the storm showed signs of abating; seven men in all had been saved by the efforts of the women, and now there seemed no more to rescue. With deep thankfulness the nuns learned that their convent would still afford them secure shelter, though much damage had been done, and that they might venture to return.

Of the rescued men, five were common sailors, and these had been carried to the station-house; the two remaining, of whom one proved to be a passenger and the other the captain of the vessel, were taken to the cottage of old Pierre, which, as it had been sheltered by the larger buildings, had suffered comparatively little damage. The captain had received severe injuries in the water before his rescue, and there were reasons to fear concussion of the brain from a blow on the side of the head; but the passenger had recovered consciousness, and seemed suffering from nothing worse than exhaustion.

Night fell, and once more the convent was under the rule of silence and routine.

Compline with a Te Deum for their deliverance had been sung in the chapel; the women had retired to their cells; the nuns were assembled in the community room for the evening hour of recreation.

But the Mother Superior was not among them. Against all established custom at this hour, she was giving audience to one of the prisoners—Jeanne Lagache.

The two women were in the little room reserved for such interviews; the Superior sat beside the wooden table on which stood the large bronze crucifix; the stone floor was partially covered with a square of matting, a lamp was suspended before a statue of the Madonna; except a second chair, there was no other furniture. The nun was in shadow, Jeanne Lagache stood near the lamp. The hands of the *religieuse* lay folded in her lap, decently covered by the long sleeves of her habit; if now and again they moved convulsively, their nervous action could not be seen.

The hands of the convict, which that day had dragged seven men from the jaws of death, were clasped and wrung together, her rugged face was alive and quivering with emotion, with the passion of motherhood re-awakened with the touch of hope.

"*Ma mère*, for myself I ask nothing, but—my little Carline! I will remain a prisoner for ever, if he will but tell me the fate of my little daughter. She may be still alive. And who knows? Of the mercy of God and your goodness, she might find a shelter here, and I should see her sometimes. Ah! *Ma mère*, if you were not a holy *religieuse*, if in the world you had loved and suffered, as some poor women love and suffer, you would know what it means to think you may see again, after a separation of death, the child of your heart, bone of your bone, flesh of your flesh. But if—*mon Dieu*—if I hear that she is dead!—then I shall know that she is at rest. Then I ask nothing but to live out my life of penance, and—to die."

The Superior sat motionless; only the thin, white hands—hands powerful in their way as those of Jeanne Lagache—clutched convulsively at the linings of the long sleeves.

At last she spoke, but without turning her face towards the convict.

"Jeanne, you have suffered long and cruelly, also, it appears, undeservedly. I will try to assist you; justice to you shall be rendered. Return now to your cell—I will see you in the morning."

The absolute chill and repression of manner which accompanied the words froze all reply, all expression of gratitude upon the lips of the woman to whom they were addressed.

Silently she made her obeisance and left the room; the matron was waiting outside to conduct her to her cell, and see her safely locked in for the night.

On two pallet beds in the front room of the cottage of old Pierre lay the two rescued men: the captain, still unconscious, and breathing stertorously; the passenger, sleeping the sleep of exhaustion. Suddenly old Pierre, who was arranging things for the night, was startled by a knock at the outer door, still more startled, on opening it, to find standing there the Mother Superior. She made a sign of silence and entered. Pierre recovered; after all, it was not so strange that the Rev. Mother should visit the

sick; she regarded all who belonged to the little colony as her children.

Within the room she said: "I have come to relieve your watch, Pierre, for an hour—you must be weary—you have toiled hard today. You can lie in the inner room within call."

The old man obeyed, nothing loth. It was like the charity of the Mother, he thought, to take the watch herself that an old man might rest. Ten minutes later, he was snoring peacefully in the little closet room adjoining.

But the nun was kneeling beside the pallet bed on which the passenger lay.

He was a handsome man, and in this deep sleep of exhaustion looked singularly youthful; the Superior was a woman of perhaps five-and-fifty years of age, but her skin was free from wrinkles, and the contour of her cheek softly rounded. It was not difficult to trace a likeness between the face, quiet in a sleep almost as profound as death, and that which gazed down upon it, white and motionless as though carved in stone.

Suddenly he stirred in his sleep and seemed to dream; his lips moved, and he moaned and muttered indistinctly.

The face of the nun quivered and grew alight, as though a flame had been kindled at her heart, which shone through her eyes and upon her lips, a flame of passionate, transcendent love. Then she stooped, and with her transparent fingers moved the covering at his throat. The flesh was marked indelibly with a small blue mark in the form of a cross.

For a moment, the Superior of the Bonnes Chrétiennes quivered from head to foot—for a moment, her arms stretched out with the action of a mother who would take her child to her bosom—then they fell helpless and empty.

"Charles Labarette!" The voice sounded strangely; there was an evident effort to make it stern and hard, yet through it echoed the longing of intense desire, pathetic, pitiful.

The sleeping man stirred once more.

"Charles—my son!" The eyes opened upon hers, blue, wide, wondering, as when he had lain a babe upon her breast.

It was an hour later at least that old Pierre awoke with an idea of feeling an extra gust of the wind that was still fresh, and a sound in his ears like the shutting of a door.

He started to his feet and hurried to the front room. The captain still breathed stertorously; the Mother Superior was gone; so also was the passenger.

"HER ARMS STRETCHED OUT WITH THE ACTION OF A MOTHER."

Old Pierre went to the door and shouted, but no one replied; he ruffled his few grey hairs in much perplexity. Why had not the Rev. Mother called him before she left? Had the poor man who had been sleeping there awoke, delirious and alone, and wandered out into the night, to meet a death more dreadful than that which he had escaped? He would certainly fall over the cliff in the darkness.

Pierre took his lantern and searched carefully; but no sign of human being stirring in any direction was to be found. Save for

the solitary gleam of the altar lamp from the chapel window, the convent was dark and silent as the grave.

The next morning, so soon as the office had been sung in the chapel, the Superior sent for Jeanne Lagache.

When the convict entered the little audience-room, a visible tremor of excitement shook her gaunt frame; the Superior was quite composed, but her face in the morning light was the colour of the stone floor; she drew her veil across it as Jeanne knocked at the door.

"Jeanne Lagache," she said, in a voice that sounded like a broken flute, "I have obtained for you the information you desire; also a full confession of guilt, the guilt for which you have unjustly suffered, from Charles Labarette. It is here, in this paper, signed and sealed—and I am ready to attest to the identity of Charles Labarette, that he was alive last night and wrote this paper—for—I am—his mother!" Something of the agony of its grief broke from the strong nature, and revealed itself in the harsh crescendo of the last word. Jeanne Lagache uttered a half articulate cry of astonishment and horror.

The full meaning of the situation was beyond the immediate grasp of her mind. Naturally, it had never occurred to her to associate the Madame Labarette, of whom she had heard—the widow who, so soon as her two sons reached the age of maturity, had forsaken the world for the seclusion of a convent—with the Superior of the Bonnes Chrétiennes.

Before she could recover herself, or find words for the thoughts that were surging in wild bewilderment through her brain, the Superior continued: "I trust that there will be no difficulty in establishing your innocence; but I hear this morning from Pierre, that during the night—the—the true criminal has escaped; there may be some difficulty yet, therefore, in bringing him to justice. Perhaps, however, you will bear this with more patience, when I tell you that he really loved your daughter Carline—as much, it appears, as it was in his nature to love—that she is, in fact, his wife. He was on his way to join her in England when he was wrecked. Her address is there, in the paper."

Her voice seemed growing weaker, failing her altogether. With a sign of her arm she signified that she wished to be alone, and Jeanne Lagache, trembling, at once joyful and bewildered, uncertain and sorrowful, turned in silence to obey. The simple nature of the woman longed to find some expression for the tumultuous sympathy that mingled with her own freshly kindled hopes; but all words within human utterance would have seemed an insult to the grief of that white, stately figure that demanded only the respect of silence, the relief of solitude, as a shelter from pity.

But the feeling, which words would have coarsened and violated, found expression in silent action.

Jeanne knelt, and raised the rim of the white serge habit to her lips.

Reverence, compassion, gratitude, eternal as life, a profound respect, all were in that salutation of her who, for twelve years, had been a convict and counted a murderess, to her who had been her gaoler, and who was

"JEANNE KNELT, AND RAISED THE RIM OF THE WHITE SERGE HABIT TO HER LIPS."

the mother of the man who had wronged her. A shiver, as though she felt in the touch only a fresh wound, ran through the figure of the Superior. She bowed forward, and sank her head into her muffled hands. Presently the door closed, and she knew that she was alone.

Then she rose and, kneeling at the foot of the little altar, prayed long and fervently, as women do pray who are torn between natural affection and heavenly desire.

But the ordered self-restraint of years was upon her even in her moment of utmost self-abandonment and solitude with God. She permitted herself no extravagant expressions of grief, no wild entreaties; as she lived, she prayed: a calm, still, intense woman, conscious of brave intent and of deep cause for atonement; perhaps, also, questioning now, all too late, with bitter self-introspect, the spirit which had led her to withdraw her influence from the lives of her sons. And Jeanne Lagache, in her cell, spelt over the written words which held her justification, and trembled and thanked God. That Carline should be the wife of Charles Labarette was the most perplexing point of the whole strange history. His confession was ample and unreserved. He told how he had killed his brother Philippe for the sake of the wealth which had been his, Charles's inheritance, gained, he discovered, by his brother through cunning. For years Philippe had been stealthily carrying out his plan of ruining him. Charles's suspicions were at last aroused, and he had assured himself of the facts by successfully assuming his brother's personality, and in his character meeting the men employed to induce him, Charles, to drink and gamble. He had not allowed the knowledge to make any apparent difference in his conduct: he had simply bided his time.

On the night of Philippe's death he had contrived, during Jeanne's absence from the kitchen, to introduce arsenic into the cup of coffee which she had prepared for her master. He had then retired to bed, where, shortly after, she brought him the harmless *tisane* of violets. After he had drunk it, he put a few grains of the arsenic into the dregs remaining in the cup.

He had lain awake and seen her enter his room and search his escritoire, supposing him to be asleep; when she left, he had risen and followed her, and locked her in the garret.

He had merely regarded her action in this particular as an assistance towards his plan of throwing upon her the suspicion of murder.

Upon his return from the *grenier* he had gone to Philippe's room, and found, as he expected, that he had breathed his last; also, that the muscular contortion which had distinguished him in life had completely disappeared in the anguish of death. He had then removed the body to his own room, and changed any clothes that might have led to detection. He had thrown away the remains of the poisoned coffee, and substituted some which he had drugged, thus to complete the chain of evidence against Jeanne. Experience had proved to him that he could assume his brother's character, manner, and appearance successfully, up to a certain point. Everything now depended upon his being able to continue the deception to the end. He owned that the strain had been enormous, but with deliberate self-analysis, added that he believed a lack of emotionalism or sensibility, which had always underlaid his careless good temper, had enabled him to carry out his programme, rather than native cruelty or roused passion. As a last precaution, he had placed the remains of the arsenic in the sugar-jar in Jeanne's cupboard. His arrangements completed, he had, in Philippe's character, summoned the police.

As for Carline—she had been the weak spot of his life. After luring her away, he had placed her for a time in such seclusion that she heard absolutely nothing of what had occurred. He represented to her that her mother had finally cast her off, on account of her desertion, and as at that time she read even printed matter slowly, and never thought of looking at, or asking for, a newspaper, the task of keeping her in ignorance had not been difficult. She was virtually imprisoned in a farm-house with people who were in his pay. Later on, having sold the farm Labarette, he had made her his wife, and taken her with him to America.

He had also used his utmost influence to obtain the commutation of the sentence of death against Jeanne Lagache; he had no desire to be the executioner of the mother of Carline, although it suited his purpose to keep her out of the way. He added that since his great crime he had lived honestly, and to the best of his power had been a good husband and father. Association with Carline had aroused within him feelings of pure affection and a sense of the awfulness of his crime.

He had suffered the most bitter remorse, and his inner life had been one of torture.

Long ago he must have confessed his sin, and delivered himself up to justice, but for the misery and suffering such a course would have entailed upon his wife.

The confession of Charles Labarette, together with the attestation of his mother to his identity, were submitted to the Government; and, after some delay, Jeanne Lagache received a free pardon for the offence she had never committed. No trace of the murderer from the hour of his departure from the cottage of old Pierre was ever again discovered.

It was strange, however, that as time passed on, a sort of legendary report was circulated through the neighbourhood, for many miles round Sinners' Point, to the effect that the caves and shore were haunted; the story was said to have originated with the men at the signal station, who swore that they had seen a strange figure moving in the cove or beneath the cliff at night—who disappeared suddenly into the darkness, none knew how or whither. One account represented the figure as being the likeness and wearing the dress of the cloistered nuns, who never left the precincts of the convent, and suggested that the ghost of a departed sister of the Bonnes Chrétiennes, who had broken the rule in life, had found herself after a lapse of years forced to repent the offence in the spirit, and to wander restlessly over the scene of her misdeeds. Others said that the form was that of a man wrapped in a long cloak, with hair that fell unkempt and ragged about his shoulders.

Old Pierre shook his head, with fast-sealed lips, and some thought he knew more about the ghost of the caves than those who talked.

But these whispers led to nothing, and in time died away.

Jeanne Lagache remained in the convent and became a lay sister. Her experience among the convicts rendered her invaluable in the work of the Order.

Two of the Bonnes Chrétiennes, belonging to a branch house in London, called upon Carline. They found her a simple-hearted, innocent woman, young still, and retaining much of her girlish beauty, totally unsuspecting the terrible secret which had overshadowed her life.

She was told only that her husband had been shipwrecked near the convent in which her mother lived, and that, although she might see him no more, her mother longed to receive and comfort her.

In her grief and loneliness, her heart yearned for the love which had sheltered her childhood; as soon as possible, she started with her two children for the Convent of the Bonnes Chrétiennes at Sinners' Point, and ultimately inhabited a small château about three miles distant. Charles Labarette had left her well-provided for.

Several years passed away in uneventful calm; Jeanne in her old age looked a happy woman, for sometimes she saw Carline; and sometimes Carline's children played in the convent garden, to the great delight of old Pierre.

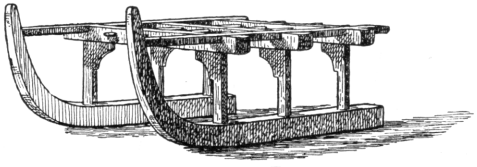
Then suddenly the ghost stories, which had at one time haunted the place, received a curious, though temporary, revival. It was said at the signal-house that lights and muffled forms had been seen moving over the cliff, and that the convent chapel bell had tolled at midnight. Whatever the truth of this story, it is certain that shortly after, although no one had died within the convent walls, a cross bearing neither name nor superscription marked a spot of newly-turned earth in the little cemetery belonging to the Order, and for many a month the voices of the nuns might frequently be heard within the chapel, chanting at midnight the solemn office for the dead.

Tobogganing in the Engadine.

By Celia Lovejoy.

WHEN the enthusiastic tobogganer from the Engadine speaks on his return to England of his winter experiences as serious sport, his utterances are usually received with smiles of tolerant incredulity. This is because those English who are not personally acquainted with Alpine tobogganing seem to imagine it to be something after the style of the play that has lately been seen on the cliffs of Dover and the hills of Hampstead. This is a mistake.

Two things go to make up the charm of



SWISS TOBOGGAN.

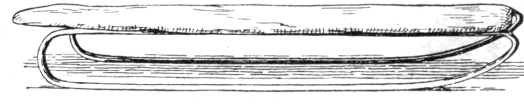
tobogganing in the Engadine: the sport itself, and the climatic conditions under which the sport is enjoyed. It is quite impossible to give in words any adequate idea of either; experience only can do this. At a height of 6,000ft. above the sea-level, in an atmosphere so pure that distances of miles seem little more than yards, so dry that a temperature of 20deg. or 30deg. of frost seems quite comfortably cold; under a sky, of which the blue is unclouded for three months at a stretch; in the midst of sunshine that transcends anything we ever experience in England, depression flees, the spirits rise, and unexpected capacities for enjoyment reveal themselves. It is the invigorating air and the exhilarating sunshine that bring people to St. Moritz, so while the sun is up everyone is out of doors. This has led to the development of all such open-air sports as are suited to an Alpine climate, and of these tobogganing is pre-eminent. The fascination of the sport rests in the rapid motion through the keen, bright, frosty air, and the dash of danger that attends it.

"AMERICA" TOBOGGAN.

Tobogganing, as a sport, is in its youth. As a means of travelling down a steep incline, it may be close on two thousand years old; for did not Cæsar's legions slide down the Julier Pass upon their shields, steering with their spears? The first efforts to turn it into a sport were made in 1882 at Davos, by Mr. John Addington Symonds and others. Thirteen years have seen great developments, and the tobogganing of to-day does, indeed, call for the exercise of every quality that goes to make a true sportsman.

Before English-speaking people took to tobogganing, the Swiss handschlitten was the only machine known. This was a light, wooden skeleton with flat, iron runners, and was used by the natives to convey goods across the snow—they themselves occasionally mounting beside their goods to come down a slope. It was an American who, in 1887, invented the new type—a long, low, solid, heavy machine, with round spring runners of steel. The first one, named "America," was 4ft. 10in. long, 13in. wide, 4½in. high, and the runners were 5-8ths of an inch in diameter, with a spring of half an inch in the middle. For some time there was a prejudice against the new invention, but when it was discovered that in races no other machine stood any chance against it, it was taken up and immediately entirely superseded the Swiss, the use of which only survives amongst visitors, because Mr. John Addington Symonds founded an annual race to prevent its disappearance.

In the winter of 1888, Mr. W. H. Bulpett brought out an improvement on the

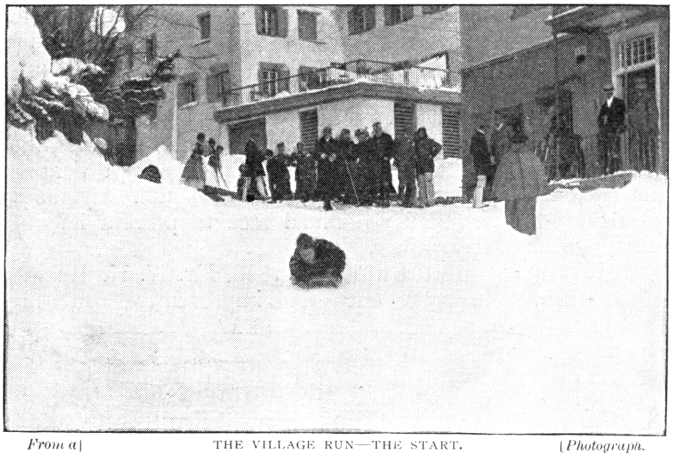


SKELETON SPRING-RUNNER TOBOGGAN.

"America" in the form of the skeleton spring runner, but it was not until 1890 that this new toboggan was got to work satisfactorily. Now, no races are run on anything else. It consists of steel skeleton runners, which support a breast-plank of wood. The runners do not shrink or warp as wooden ones do, and can be constructed with perfect accuracy, so the machine is quite reliable; the spring obviates jars, so greater speed at greater personal comfort is obtained. Some riders have their runners grooved, in order that they may the better bite the ice and prevent the machine skidding on awkward corners. The expert has a different type of machine for each run, for a toboggan that will do rapid work on ice will behave quite differently on snow.

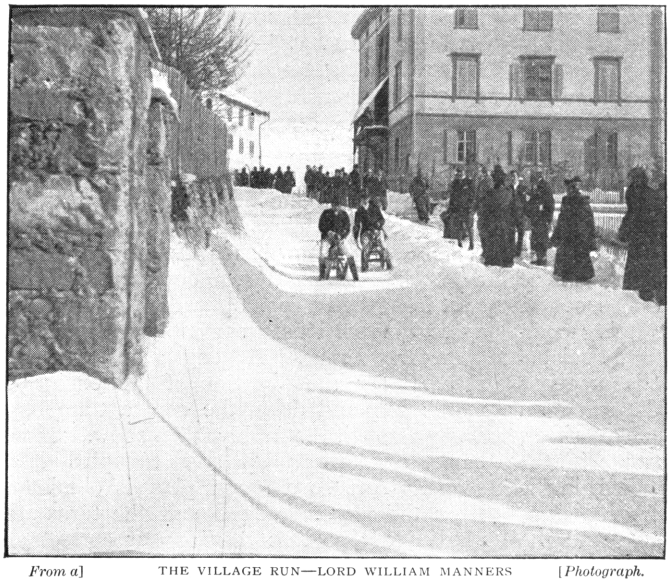
From a] THE VILLAGE RUN *[Photograph.*

The position of the rider has passed through various phases. First, everyone sat the toboggans as the Swiss do. Then the sideways, reclining attitude of the Canadians, with the left foot tucked underneath the right leg, which works backwards and forwards for steering purposes, was tried. To-day, amongst men, the head foremost position is universal. In this, the rider is flat on his face on his machine, the total length of which measures about from his chin to his knee. His body rests upon the board, which is covered with a thin cushion, his head and shoulders, as a rule, projecting beyond it. He grasps the top bar of the steel runner with his hands, and steers and brakes with his feet, which are shod at the toes with stout steel rakes. For delicate steering, the hand or even a turn of the head suffices; but at sharp turns it may be necessary to swing round the whole of the body, and the machine with it, and to use, as well, one or both feet. Some riders at critical points slip back from their machine in order to raise its head, leaping forward again immediately they have achieved what they desire. In the sitting position the heels are held close to either side of the head of the machine, ready to be dropped to the ground if needed to steer or brake. Iron-shod pegs are held in the hands and used for the same purpose. The head-foremost position is a long way the safest. There is more control over the movements of the machine, the hold on it is more secure, a fall from it is easier, and, above all, there is a much smaller surface of the body exposed to the resistance of the air, and so a greater pace is obtained. Other things being equal, which they are not, a lady sitting would have no chance in a race against a man lying.



From a] THE VILLAGE RUN—THE START. *[Photograph.*

At Davos, road-tobog-



From a] THE VILLAGE RUN—LORD WILLIAM MANNERS AND THE HON. HARRY GIBSON ON ROCKING-HORSE TOBOGGANS. *[Photograph.*

ganing is much practised, but there are no suitable roads at St. Moritz, so the pioneers of the sport began the construction of artificial ice-runs; now there is little or no riding upon anything else. The first riding of the season is on the Village Run, a public road, which leads down from the village on the hill-side to the lake at the bottom of the valley. It is about 700yds. in length, and has a drop of 150ft. Until three seasons ago, it was a snow run on an open road, so there was always a chance, though it rarely occurred, of meeting an unsuspected horse and sleigh as you turned an awkward corner. Now the Kurverein has taken the run in hand, and it has banked corners and an iced surface, and horses and sleighs find the upper road more to their liking. It has a winding course with two good corners, and affords excellent practice for the more difficult run which is built later in the season. A *corner* is a sharp turn which must be banked as a turn in a cycling track is banked, to enable the toboggan to get round it. Caspar's Corner is the most interesting point in this run. It is a very sharp turn, and calls for a good deal of skill and discretion on the part of the rider. The biggest failures and the biggest successes are scored here, and there is always a little crowd of expectant spectators.

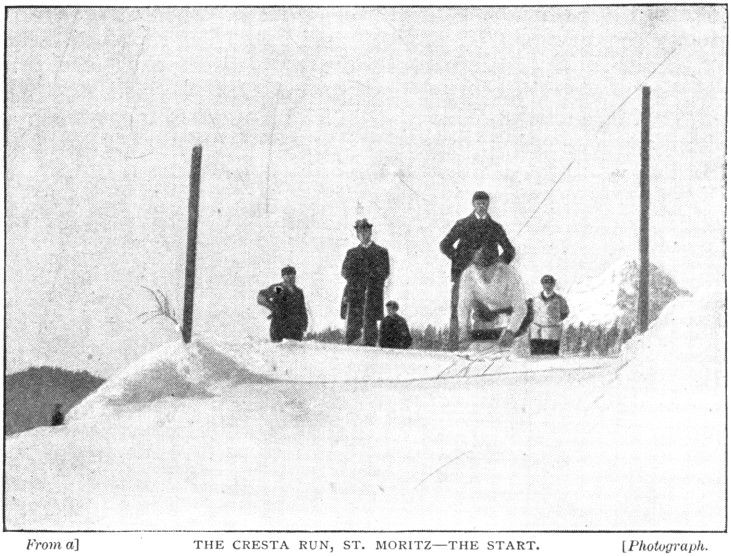
Only one rider goes down at a time. People stand at the top of the run, and start in turn, allowing a short interval to elapse between each start. A rider's pace soon gets known, so a slow rider will start almost immediately after a quick one, but a quick one will allow time for a slow one to get a good way ahead, before he begins his own course. In 1894 two enterprising young gentlemen, attired in pink, raced simultaneously down the Village Run on rocking-horse toboggans. But there were collisions at the corners, and one, and the same, rider fell in each heat. This is probably the only side-by-side race that has taken place on a St. Moritz run.

The interest of tobogganing in St. Moritz is centred on the Cresta Run, which is

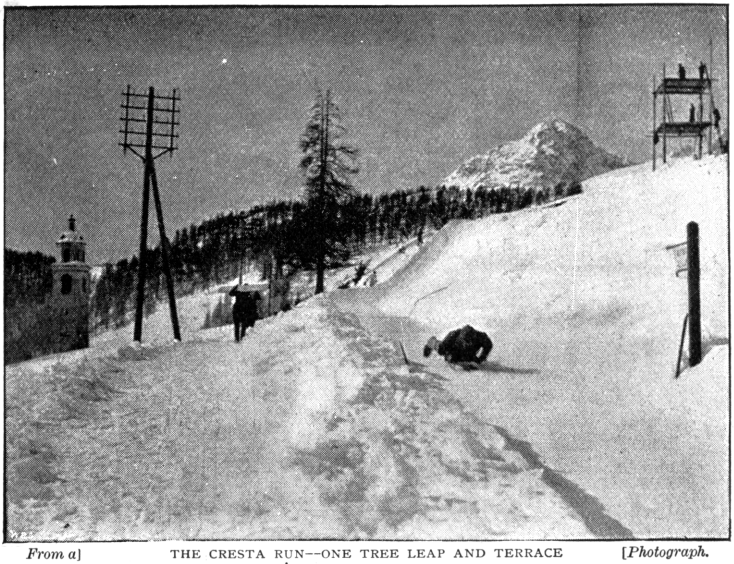
From a] THE VILLAGE RUN—CASPAR'S CORNER. *[Photograph.*

acknowledged to be the most interesting and difficult in the world. The length is three-quarters of a mile, the drop is 500ft. It starts considerably above the level of the village, in a natural gully, which cuts the hill-side round which the main road winds between St. Moritz and the neighbouring village of Cresta, crosses the same main road, and ends some way down in the valley below it. Standing on the time-keeper's mound at the head of the run, one can see it twisting the whole of its serpentine course down the valley, such a bewildering combination of leaps, and corners, and straights as might well make the most courageous rider pause and consider. If the sun is on it, its sloping ice walls shine like silver, and one wonders how any machine in the world can hold on to them. If it is in the shade, its audacious sweeps, as forbidding as steel in the greyness of their hue and the hardness of their surface, are even more alarming. It is purposely made as difficult and as fast as possible, so that riding it may demand the sportsman's qualities: courage, nerve, resource, resolution, quickness of eye, coolness of judgment, and alertness of every sense. Riding on it never degenerates into a routine, for on no two days is its condition the same. The surface varies with the smallest change of temperature, and riding varies accordingly.

The Cresta Run of 1885 was a less daring conception than the run of 1895. The natural conformation of the land determined the course, but the experience gained by ten years of devoted labour on the part of Mr. W. H. Bulpett has led to several important improvements, brought about by the removal of some awkward rocks, the slight alteration of the course of a stream, and the modification of the shapes of certain banks. The result, in the shape of the present run, is a masterpiece of engineering. The run is marked out with sticks before the snow comes. When enough snow has fallen, at least a foot, the work of making the run begins; operations start from the bottom upwards, and as soon as certain portions are completed, they are open for practice. A gang of native workmen, under the direction of the engineer, marches up and down the course, trampling a way through the freshly-fallen snow. Snow banks are thrown up and trampled into shape. And so a rough plan is obtained. Next, the corner banks round the turns are marked out, so that they appear correct as far as the eye can judge. As each bank has a relation to its successor, it is very necessary that the curves should be quite true; if they are, one bank will throw the toboggan on to the next, that on to the next, and so on. It not infrequently happens that an unskilful rider, who has come to grief, may, on picking himself up, have the mortification of watching his runaway machine do the whole of the course in the most perfect style, and without a fault. This is owing to the scientific construction of the run. There is a theory for every corner, but as practice is ever superior to theory, each corner is tested experimentally. The engi-



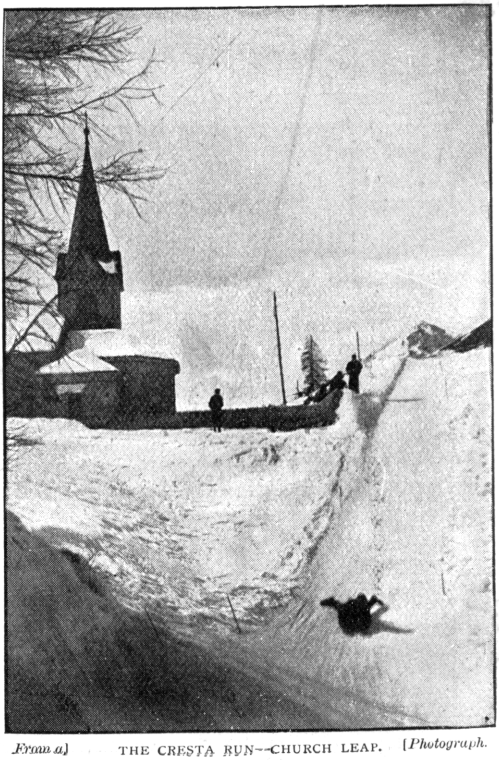
From a] THE CRESTA RUN, ST. MORITZ—THE START. *[Photograph.*



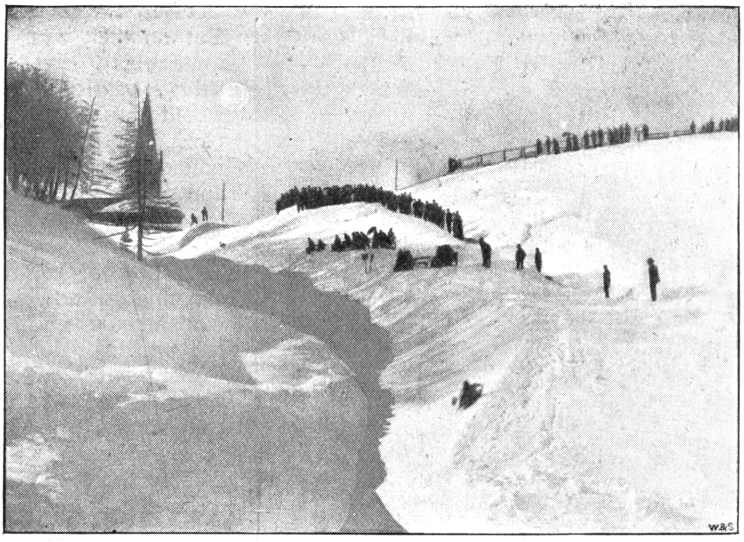
From a] THE CRESTA RUN—ONE TREE LEAP AND TERRACE CROW'S-NEST FOR TIME-KEEPER. *[Photograph.*

neer, on his toboggan, tries every portion again and again to see if the curves are right. When all inaccuracies have been rectified, the run is watered, beaten down flat, and left to freeze. A smooth surface of hardest ice is the result.

The Cresta starts, as has been said, at the head of the gully. Almost immediately comes the first sudden descent, One Tree Leap, the impetus thus given sending the machine down the level stretch of the Terrace to the famous Church Leap at such a pace that, unless precautions are taken, it shoots through the air at the bend of the slope and comes down with a most unpleasant jar. But this can be prevented if the brake is applied with sufficient strength. To a stranger this bit of the run looks truly terrible; but let it here be said that it is neither as dangerous nor as difficult as it appears. What difficulty there is does not lie in the leap itself, but in the sharp corner which immediately follows, and which is turned by means of three high banks, the first, on the right, measuring 22ft., the second, on the left, 18ft., and the third, on the right, 14ft. The great height of the banks is necessitated by the extreme abruptness of the turn. Until you are on intimate terms with the Cresta, your sensations on approaching Church Leap are very complex. There is too much of the excitement of anticipation and expectation for them to be denominated *fear*, yet your heart is very near your mouth. A very plucky young man, and a good rider, once confessed that he never went down without first offering up a little prayer. Yet he was not afraid. But another, and he an athlete, frankly admitted that he would not do the Cresta for a thousand pounds down then and there. There are few who do not, after their first runs, dream at night that they are shooting up and down perpendicular walls of ice, which inclose a gloomy gulf. When your turn to start comes, you wonder in an impersonal kind of way whether you will arrive at the finish at all, and, if so, whether whole or in fragments. But once off, you have no time to think. All your powers of mind and body must be concentrated on taking the first bank at the proper angle, because on that the whole course, practically, depends. If you take the first bank rightly, that is, in the manner that will



From a] THE CRESTA RUN—CHURCH LEAP. *[Photograph.*

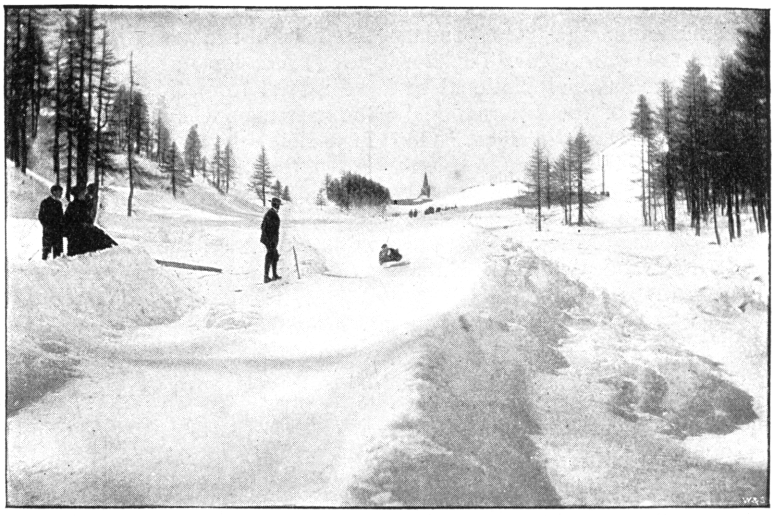


From a] THE CRESTA RUN—SECOND BANK AFTER CHURCH LEAP. *[Photograph.*

enable a rider of your weight to get up the most pace, the other banks will do the work themselves, and you will come down on to the very gently curving *straight* that follows at a pace which will carry you up the slight rise and on to the critical corners, Battledore and Shuttlecock. These are two enormous sweeps with low banks, and are considered by some to be the most difficult portion of the run. They must be ridden with the utmost discretion and with complete certainty. If either is taken at too great an angle, the rider simply shoots straight over the bank into several feet of snow. You do not often get hurt, but you find it a terrible business to haul up your machine from its soft bed. Stream Corner is an easier turn, on the same side as Battledore; after it comes a long piece of straight, down which the machine rushes at a terrific pace, and which, crossing the high road, where workmen are stationed to stop untimely sleighs, goes on again to Bulpett's Corner, an awkward curve on the left. A slight turn on the right follows, then the descent of Cresta Leap, and a rush up into the snow to the finish. The pace at the end is a little, if any, short of eighty miles an hour, and riders, on rushing up the incline which succeeds the leap, have been known to shoot 40ft. through the air into the soft snow at the top.

Throughout the whole of the course all the mental energies must be intent on the

From a] THE CRESTA RUN—BATTLEDORE CORNER. *[Photograph.*

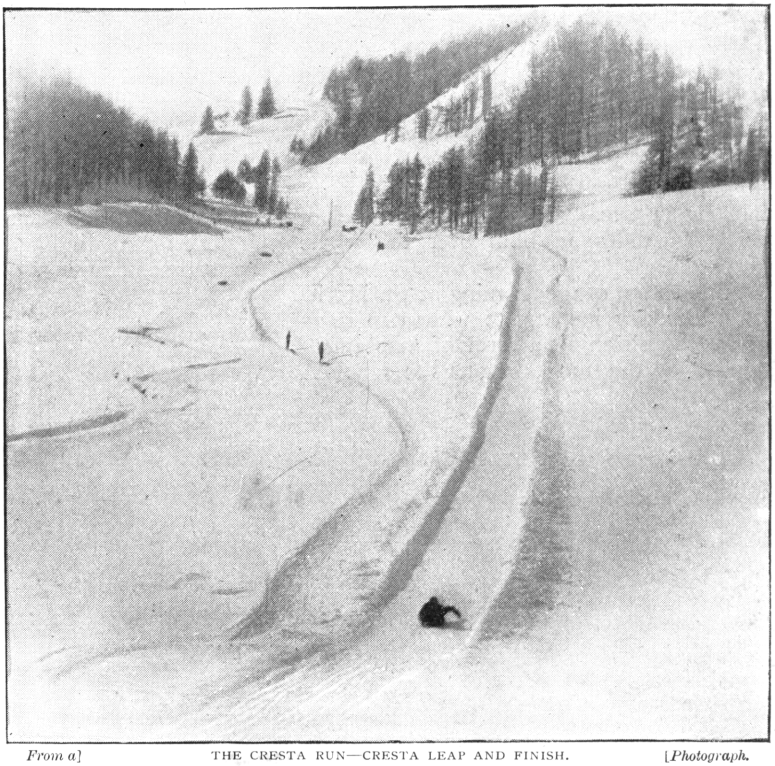


From a] THE CRESTA RUN—STREAM CORNER. *[Photograph.*

point of the run for which you are making. A glance right or left, an unnecessary movement of any part of the body, may change the course of your machine, slacken its speed, and so spoil your run. A nod to an acquaintance on the footpath has turned a toboggan awry, caused it to rush over the bank, and to deposit its rider head first in the snow.

The run is usually closed before midday, because by that time the sun gets round to it, and the friction of the runners under the influence of the powerful rays of an Alpine sun cuts up the surface. A stout canvas screen has been built for the protection of Battledore Corner, which gets the most sun. If it answers, another may be put up at Bulpett's Corner.

The race of the year is the Grand National, a time race run in three heats. The moment the toboggan touches the timing-line the watch is started. As the competitor passes the winning-post, the flagman stationed there drops his flag as a signal to the timekeeper at the top to stop the watch. This year's Grand National was run on Saturday, March 9th, and won by Mr. H. W. Topham, who did the



From a] THE CRESTA RUN—CRESTA LEAP AND FINISH. *[Photograph.*

three heats in 3min. 37 2-5sec., the individual times being 1min. 12 4-5sec., 1min. 12 2-5sec., 1min. 12 1-5sec. Mr. Topham was the winner of the Grand National in 1892 and in 1894, and of the International Symonds Shield race at Davos in 1892. On the day of this year's race the run was in splendid condition and very fast, and the times beat anything that has yet been done either in this or in previous years. A new record was made by Mr. R. Bird and the Hon. Harry Gibson, who were tied in the third heat, of 1min. 11 4-5sec. This gives a speed of over 37½ miles an hour over the whole course.

Any mention of tobogganing at St. Moritz would be very incomplete without a reference to Bobsleighing, a form of amusement adopted by the more frivolous riders. A Bobsleigh is a machine about 12ft. in length, fitted with two pairs of runners, the front pair fixed on a pivot so that it can be moved from side to side at the will of the steersman, who sits in front. The brakesman sits behind, and works, by means of levers, the brake—a board studded with iron nails. He also plays a bugle or horn, and plays it very badly. The whole crew, which more often than not is mixed, may consist of as few as four, or as many as ten. Bobsleighing is indulged in on the roads or down mountain passes. Such a machine could not be ridden on a winding ice-run. Even upon the road sometimes—

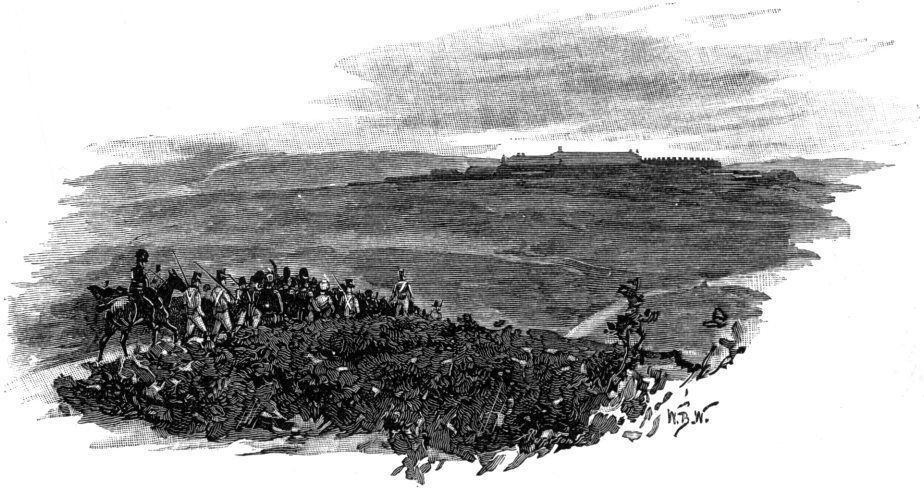
> With wildest impetus
> We rush into the frozen bank and stand upon our heads—
> And so an end.

From a] BOBSLEIGH TURNING A CORNER ON THE HIGH ROAD. *[Photograph.*

The Exploits of Brigadier Gerard.

By A. Conan Doyle.

II.—HOW THE KING HELD THE BRIGADIER.



THE PRISON AT DARTMOOR.

MURAT was undoubtedly an excellent cavalry officer, but he had too much swagger, which spoils many a good soldier. Lasalle, too, was a very dashing leader, but he ruined himself with wine and folly. Now I, Etienne Gerard, was always totally devoid of swagger, and at the same time I was very abstemious, except, maybe, at the end of a campaign, or when I met an old comrade-in-arms. For these reasons I might, perhaps, had it not been for a certain diffidence, have claimed to be the most valuable officer in my own branch of the Service. It is true that I never rose to be more than a chief of brigade, but then, as everyone knows, no one had a chance of rising to the top unless he had the good fortune to be with the Emperor in his early campaigns. Except Lasalle, and Lobau, and Drouet, I can hardly remember any one of the generals who had not already made his name before the Egyptian business. Even I, with all my brilliant qualities, could only attain the head of my brigade, and also the special medal of honour, which I received from the Emperor himself, and which I keep at home in a leathern pouch. But though I never rose higher than this, my qualities were very well known by those who had served with me, and also by the English. After they had captured me in the way which I described to you the other night, they kept a very good guard over me at Oporto, and I promise you that they did not give such a formidable opponent a chance of slipping through their fingers. It was on the 10th of August that I was escorted on board the transport which was to take us to England, and behold me before the end of the month in the great prison which had been built for us at Dartmoor! "L'hôtel Français, et Pension," we used to call it, for you understand that we were all brave men there, and that we did not lose our spirits because we were in adversity.

It was only those officers who refused to give their parole who were confined at Dartmoor, and most of the prisoners were seamen, or from the ranks. You ask me, perhaps, why it was that I did not give this parole, and so enjoy the same good treatment as most of my brother officers. Well, I had two reasons, and both of them were sufficiently strong.

In the first place, I had so much confidence in myself, that I was quite convinced that I could escape. In the second, my family, though of good repute, has never been wealthy, and I could not bring myself to take anything from the small income of my mother. On the other hand, it would never do for a man like me to be outshone by the bourgeois society of an English country town, or to be with-

out the means of showing courtesies and attentions to those ladies whom I should attract. It was for these reasons that I preferred to be buried in the dreadful prison of Dartmoor. I wish now to tell you of my adventures in England, and of how far Milor Wellington's words were true when he said that his king would hold me.

And first of all I may say that if it were not that I have set off to tell you about what befell myself, I could keep you here until morning with my stories about Dartmoor itself, and about the singular things which occurred there. It was one of the very strangest places in the whole world, for there, in the middle of that great desolate waste, were herded together seven or eight thousand men—warriors you understand, men of experience and courage. Around there were a double wall and a ditch, and warders and soldiers, but, my faith! you could not coop men like that up like rabbits in a hutch! They would escape by twos and tens and twenties, and then the cannon would boom, and the search parties run, and we, who were left behind, would laugh and dance and shout "Vive l'Empereur," until the warders would turn their muskets upon us in their passion. And then we would have our little mutinies too, and up would come the infantry and the guns from Plymouth, and that would set us yelling "Vive l'Empereur" once more, as though we wished them to hear us in Paris. We had lively moments at Dartmoor, and we contrived that those who were about us should be lively also.

You must know that the prisoners there had their own Courts of Justice, in which they tried their own cases, and inflicted their own punishments. Stealing and quarrelling were punished—but most of all treachery. When I came there first there was a man, Meunier, from Rheims, who had given information of some plot to escape. Well, that night, owing to some form or other which had to be gone through, they did not take him out from among the other prisoners, and though he wept and screamed, and grovelled upon the ground, they left him there amongst the comrades whom he had betrayed. That night there was a trial with a whispered accusation and a whispered defence, a gagged prisoner, and a judge whom none could see. In the morning, when they came for their man with papers for his release, there was not as much of him left as you could put upon your thumb nail. They were ingenious people, these prisoners, and they had their own way of managing.

We officers, however, lived in a separate wing, and a very singular group of people we were. They had left us our uniforms, so that there was hardly a corps which had served under Victor, or Massena, or Ney, which was not represented there, and some had been there from the time when Junot was beaten at Vimiera. We had chasseurs in their green tunics, and hussars, like myself, and blue-coated dragoons, and white-fronted lancers, and voltigeurs, and grenadiers, and men of the artillery and engineers. But the greater part were naval officers, for the English had had the better of us upon the seas. I could never understand this until I journeyed myself from Oporto to Plymouth, when I lay for seven days upon my back, and could not have stirred had I seen the eagle of the regiment carried off before my eyes. It was in perfidious weather like this that Nelson took advantage of us.

I had no sooner got into Dartmoor than I began to plan to get out again, and you can readily believe that with wits sharpened by twelve years of warfare, it was not very long before I saw my way.

You must know, in the first place, that I had a very great advantage in having some knowledge of the English language. I learned it during the months that I spent before Danzig, from Adjutant Obriant, of the Regiment Irlandais, who was sprung from the ancient kings of the country. I was quickly able to speak it with some facility, for I do not take long to master anything to which I set my mind. In three months I could not only express my meaning, but I could use the idioms of the people. It was Obriant who taught me to say "Be jabers," just as we might say "Ma foi"; and also "The curse of Crummle!" which means "Ventre bleu!" Many a time I have seen the English smile with pleasure when they have heard me speak so much like one of themselves.

We officers were put two in a cell, which was very little to my taste, for my room-mate was a tall, silent man named Beaumont, of the Flying Artillery, who had been taken by the English cavalry at Astorga.

It is seldom I meet a man of whom I cannot make a friend, for my disposition and manners are—as you know them. But this fellow had never a smile for my jests, nor an ear for my sorrows, but would sit looking at me with his sullen eyes, until sometimes I thought that his two years of captivity had driven him crazy. Ah, how I longed that old Bouvet, or any of my comrades of the

hussars, was there, instead of this mummy of a man. But such as he was I had to make the best of him, and it was very evident that no escape could be made unless he were my partner in it, for what could I possibly do without his observing me? I hinted at it, therefore, and then by degrees I spoke more plainly, until it seemed to me that I had prevailed upon him to share my lot.

I tried the walls, and I tried the floor, and I tried the ceiling, but though I tapped and probed, they all appeared to be very thick and solid. The door was of iron, shutting with a spring lock, and provided with a small grating, through which a warder looked twice in every night. Within there were two beds, two stools, two washstands—nothing more. It was enough for my wants, for when had I had as much during those twelve years spent in camps? But how was I to get out? Night after night I thought of my five hundred hussars, and had dreadful nightmares, in which I fancied that the whole regiment needed shoeing, or that my horses were all bloated with green fodder, or that they were foundered from bogland, or that six squadrons were clubbed in the presence of the Emperor. Then I would awake in a cold sweat, and set to work picking and tapping at the walls once more; for I knew very well that there is no difficulty which cannot be overcome by a ready brain and a pair of cunning hands.

"BEAUMONT."

There was a single window in our cell, which was too small to admit a child. It was further defended by a thick iron bar in the centre. It was not a very promising point of escape, as you will allow, but I became more and more convinced that our efforts must be directed towards it. To make matters worse, it only led out into the exercise yard, which was surrounded by two high walls. Still, as I said to my sullen comrade, it is time to talk of the Vistula when you are over the Rhine. I got a small piece of iron, therefore, from the fittings of my bed, and I set to work to loosen the plaster at the top and the bottom of the bar. Three hours I would work, and then leap into my bed upon the sound of the warder's step. Then another three hours, and then very often another yet, for I found that Beaumont was so slow and clumsy at it that it was on myself only that I could rely. I pictured to myself my Third of Hussars waiting just outside that window, with kettledrums and standards and leopard-skin schabraques all complete. Then I would work and work like a madman, until my iron was crusted with my blood, as if with rust. And so, night by night, I loosened that stony plaster, and hid it away in the stuffing of my pillow, until the hour came when the iron shook; and then with one good wrench it came off in my hand, and my first step had been made towards freedom.

You will ask me what better off I was, since, as I have said, a child could not have fitted through the opening. I will tell you. I had gained two things—a tool and a weapon. With the one I might loosen the stone which flanked the window. With the other I might defend myself when I had scrambled through. So now I turned my attention to that stone, and I picked and picked with the sharpened end of my bar until I had worked out the mortar all round. You understand, of course, that during the day I replaced everything in its position, and that the warder was never permitted to see a speck upon the floor. At the end of three weeks I had separated the stone, and had the rapture of drawing it through, and seeing a hole left with ten stars shining through it, where there had been but four before. All was ready for us now, and I replaced the stone, smearing the edges of it round with a little fat and soot, so as to hide the cracks where the mortar should have been. In three nights the moon would be gone, and that seemed the best time for our attempt.

I had now no doubt at all about getting into the yard, but I had very considerable misgivings as to how I was to get out again. It would be too humiliating, after trying here, and trying there, to have to go back to my hole again in despair, or to be arrested by the guards outside, and thrown into those damp underground cells which are reserved for prisoners who are caught in escaping. I set to work, therefore, to plan what I should do. I have never, as you know, had the chance of showing what I could do as a general. Sometimes, after a glass or two of wine, I have found myself capable of thinking out surprising combinations, and have felt that if Napoleon had intrusted me with an army corps, things might have gone differently with him. But however that may be, there is no doubt that in the small stratagems of war, and in that quickness of invention which is so necessary for an officer of light cavalry, I could hold my own against anyone. It was now that I had need of it, and I felt sure that it would not fail me.

The inner wall which I had to scale was built of bricks, 12ft. high, with a row of iron spikes, three inches apart, upon the top. The outer I had only caught a glimpse of once or twice, when the gate of the exercise yard was open. It appeared to be about the same height, and was also spiked at the top. The space between the walls was over twenty feet, and I had reason to believe that there were no sentries there, except at the gates. On the other hand, I knew that there was a line of soldiers outside. Behold the little nut, my friends, which I had to open with no crackers, save these two hands.

One thing upon which I relied was the height of my comrade Beaumont. I have already said that he was a very tall man, six feet at least, and it seemed to me that if I could mount upon his shoulders, and get my hands upon the spikes, I could easily scale the wall. Could I pull my big companion up after me? That was the question, for when I set forth with a comrade, even though it be one for whom I bear no affection, nothing on earth would make me abandon him. If I climbed the wall and he could not follow me, I should be compelled to return to him. He did not seem to concern himself much about it, however, so I hoped that he had confidence in his own activity.

Then another very important matter was the choice of the sentry who should be on duty in front of my window at the time of our attempt. They were changed every two hours to insure their vigilance, but I, who watched them closely each night out of my window, knew that there was a great difference between them. There were some who were so keen that a rat could not cross the yard unseen, while others thought only of their own ease, and could sleep as soundly leaning upon a musket as if they were at home upon a feather bed. There was one especially, a fat, heavy man, who would retire into the shadow of the wall and doze so comfortably during his two hours, that I have dropped pieces of plaster from my window at his very feet, without his observing it. By good luck, this fellow's watch was due from twelve to two upon the night which we had fixed upon for our enterprise.

As the last day passed, I was so filled with nervous agitation that I could not control myself, but ran ceaselessly about my cell, like a mouse in a cage. Every moment I thought that the warder would detect the looseness of the bar, or that the sentry would observe the unmortared stone, which I could not conceal outside, as I did within. As for my companion, he sat brooding upon the end of his bed, looking at me in a sidelong fashion from time to time, and biting his nails like one who is deep in thought.

"Courage, my friend!" I cried, slapping him upon the shoulder. "You will see your guns before another month be past."

"That is very well," said he. "But whither will you fly when you get free?"

"To the coast," I answered. "All comes right for a brave man, and I shall make straight for my regiment."

"You are more likely to make straight for the underground cells, or for the Portsmouth hulks," said he.

"A soldier takes his chances," I remarked. "It is only the poltroon who reckons always upon the worst."

I raised a flush in each of his sallow cheeks at that, and I was glad of it, for it was the first sign of spirit which I had ever observed in him. For a moment he put his hand out towards his water jug, as though he would have hurled it at me, but then he shrugged his shoulders and sat in silence once more, biting his nails, and scowling down at the floor. I could not but think, as I looked at him, that perhaps I was doing the Flying Artillery a very bad service by bringing him back to them.

I never in my life have known an evening pass as slowly as that one. Towards nightfall a wind sprang up, and as the darkness deepened it blew harder and harder, until a terrible gale was whistling over the moor. As

I looked out of my window I could not catch a glimpse of a star, and the black clouds were flying low across the heavens. The rain was pouring down, and what with its hissing and splashing, and the howling and screaming of the wind, it was impossible for me to hear the steps of the sentinels. "If I cannot hear them," thought I, "then it is unlikely that they can hear me"; and I waited with the utmost impatience until the time when the inspector should have come round for his nightly peep through our grating. Then having peered through the darkness, and seen nothing of the sentry, who was doubtless crouching in some corner out of the rain, I felt that the moment was come. I removed the bar, pulled out the stone, and motioned to my companion to pass through.

"After you, colonel," said he.

"Will you not go first?" I asked.

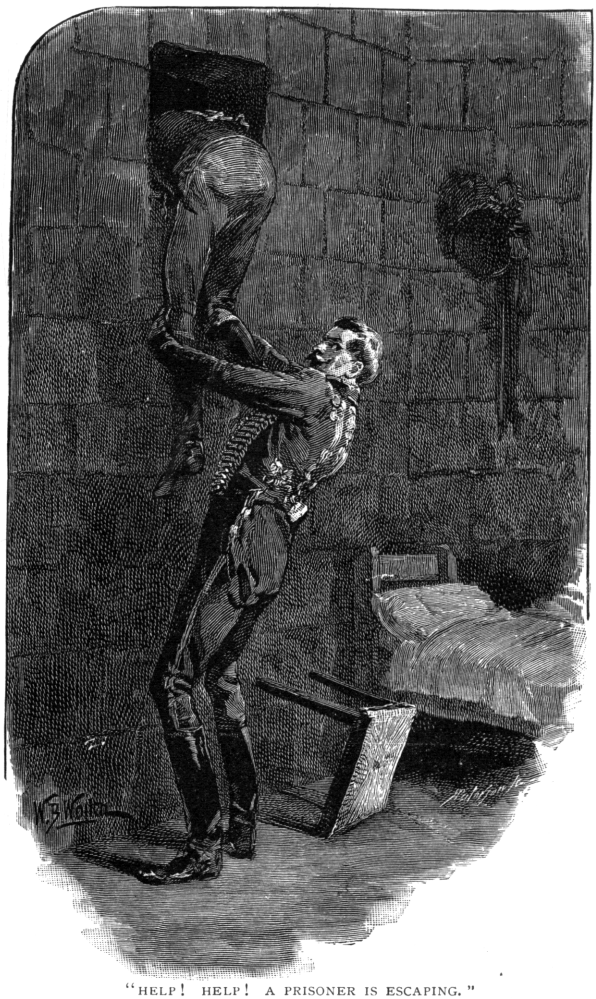
"I had rather you showed me the way."

"Come after me, then, but come silently, as you value your life."

In the darkness I could hear the fellow's teeth chattering, and I wondered whether a man ever had such a partner in a desperate enterprise. I seized the bar, however, and mounting upon my stool, I thrust my head and shoulders into the hole. I had wriggled through as far as my waist, when my companion seized me suddenly by the knees, and yelled at the top of his voice: "Help! Help! A prisoner is escaping!"

Ah, my friends, what did I not feel at that moment! Of course, I saw in an instant the game of this vile creature. Why should he risk his skin in climbing walls when he might be sure of a free pardon from the English for having prevented the escape of one so much more distinguished than himself? I had recognised him as a poltroon and a sneak, but I had not understood the depth of baseness to which he could descend. One who has spent his life among gentlemen and men of honour does not think of such things until they happen.

The blockhead did not seem to understand that he was lost more certainly than I. I writhed back in the darkness, and seizing him by the throat I struck him twice with my iron bar. At the first blow he yelped as a little cur does when you tread upon its paw. At the second, down he fell with a groan upon the floor. Then I seated myself upon my bed, and waited resignedly for whatever punishment my gaolers might inflict upon me.



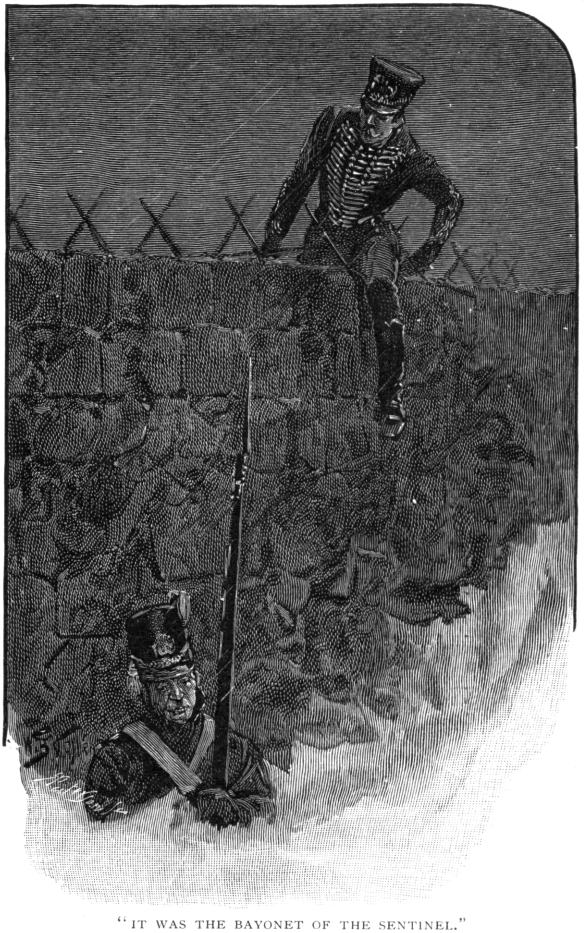
"HELP! HELP! A PRISONER IS ESCAPING."

But a minute passed and yet another, with no sound save the heavy, snoring, breathing of the senseless wretch upon the floor. Was it possible, then, that amid the fury of the storm his warning cries had passed unheeded? At first it was but a tiny hope, another minute and it was probable, another and it was certain. There was no sound in the corridor, none in the courtyard. I wiped the cold sweat from my brow, and asked myself what I should do next.

One thing seemed certain. The man on the floor must die. If I left him I could not tell how short a time it might be before he gave the alarm. I dare not strike a light, so I felt about in the darkness until my hand came upon something wet, which I knew to be his head. I raised my iron bar, but there was something, my friends, which prevented me from bringing it down. In the heat of fight I have slain many men—men of honour too, who had done me no injury. Yet here was this wretch, a creature too foul to live, who had tried to work me so great a mischief, and yet I could not bring myself to crush his skull in. Such deeds are very well for a Spanish partida—or for that matter a sans-culotte of the Faubourg St. Antoine—but not for a soldier and a gentleman like me.

However, the heavy breathing of the fellow made me hope that it might be a very long time before he recovered his senses. I gagged him therefore, and bound him with strips of blanket to the bed, so that in his weakened condition there was good reason to think that, in any case, he might not get free before the next visit of the warder. But now again I was faced with new difficulties, for you will remember that I had relied upon his height to help me over the walls. I could have sat down and shed tears of despair had not the thought of my mother and of the Emperor come to sustain me. "Courage!" said I. "If it were anyone but Etienne Gerard he would be in a bad fix now; that is a young man who is not so easily caught."

I set to work therefore upon Beaumont's sheet as well as my own, and by tearing them into strips and then plaiting them together, I made a very excellent rope. This I tied securely to the centre of my iron bar, which was a little over a foot in length. Then I slipped out into the yard, where the rain was pouring and the wind screaming louder than ever. I kept in the shadow of the prison wall, but it was as black as the ace of spades, and I could not see my own hand in front of me. Unless I walked into the sentinel I felt that I had nothing to fear from him. When I had come under the wall I threw up my bar, and to my joy it stuck the very first time between the spikes at the top. I climbed up my rope, pulled it after me, and dropped down on the other side. Then I scaled the second wall, and was sitting astride among the spikes upon the top, when I saw something twinkle in the darkness beneath me. It was the bayonet of the sentinel below, and so close was it (the second wall being rather lower than the first) that I could easily, by leaning over, have unscrewed it from its socket. There he was, humming a tune to himself, and cuddling up against the wall to keep himself warm, little thinking that a desperate man within a few feet of him was within an ace of stabbing him to the heart with his own weapon. I was already bracing myself for the spring when



"IT WAS THE BAYONET OF THE SENTINEL."

the fellow, with an oath, shouldered his musket, and I heard his steps squelching through the mud as he resumed his beat. I slipped down my rope, and, leaving it hanging, I ran at the top of my speed across the moor.

Heavens, how I ran! The wind buffeted my face and buzzed in my nostrils. The rain pringled upon my skin and hissed past my ears. I stumbled into holes. I tripped over bushes. I fell among brambles. I was torn and breathless and bleeding. My tongue was like leather, my feet like lead, and my heart beating like a kettle-drum. Still I ran, and I ran, and I ran.

But I had not lost my head, my friends. Everything was done with a purpose. Our fugitives always made for the coast. I was determined to go inland, and the more so as I had told Beaumont the opposite. I would fly to the north, and they would seek me in the south. Perhaps you will ask me how I could tell which was which on such a night. I answer that it was by the wind. I had observed in the prison that it came from the north, and so, as long as I kept my face to it, I was going in the right direction.

Well, I was rushing along in this fashion when, suddenly, I saw two yellow lights shining out of the darkness in front of me. I paused for a moment, uncertain what I should do. I was still in my hussar uniform, you understand, and it seemed to me that the very first thing that I should aim at was to get some dress which should not betray me. If these lights came from a cottage, it was probable enough that I might find what I wanted there. I approached therefore, feeling very sorry that I had left my iron bar behind; for I was determined to fight to the death before I should be retaken.

But very soon I found that there was no cottage there. The lights were two lamps hung upon each side of a carriage, and by their glare I saw that a broad road lay in front of me. Crouching among the bushes, I observed that there were two horses to the equipage, that a small post-boy was standing at their heads, and that one of the wheels was lying in the road beside him. I can see them now, my friends: the steaming creatures, the stunted lad with his hands to their bits, and the big, black coach, all shining with the rain, and balanced upon its three wheels. As I looked, the window was lowered, and a pretty little face under a bonnet peeped out from it.

"What shall I do?" the lady cried to the post-boy, in a voice of despair. "Sir Charles is certainly lost, and I shall have to spend the night upon the moor."

"Perhaps I can be of some assistance to madame," said I, scrambling out from among the bushes into the glare of the lamps. A woman in distress is a sacred thing to me, and this one was beautiful. You must not forget that, although I was a colonel, I was only eight-and-twenty years of age.

My word, how she screamed, and how the post-boy stared! You will understand that after that long race in the darkness, with my shako broken in, my face smeared with dirt, and my uniform all stained and torn with brambles, I was not entirely the sort of gentleman whom one would choose to meet in the middle of a lonely moor. Still, after the first surprise, she soon understood that I was her very humble servant, and I could even read in her pretty eyes that my manner and bearing had not failed to produce an impression upon her.

"I am sorry to have startled you, madame," said I. "I chanced to overhear your remark, and I could not refrain from offering you my assistance." I bowed as I spoke. You know my bow, and can realize what its effect was upon the lady.

"I am much indebted to you, sir," said she. "We have had a terrible journey since we left Tavistock. Finally, one of our wheels came off, and here we are helpless in the middle of the moor. My husband, Sir Charles, has gone on to get help, and I much fear that he must have lost his way."

I was about to attempt some consolation, when I saw beside the lady a black travelling coat, faced with astrakhan, which her companion must have left behind him. It was exactly what I needed to conceal my uniform. It is true that I felt very much like a highway robber, but then, what would you have? Necessity has no law, and I was in an enemy's country.

"I presume, madame, that this is your husband's coat," I remarked. "You will, I am sure, forgive me, if I am compelled to——" I pulled it through the window as I spoke.

I could not bear to see the look of surprise and fear and disgust which came over her face.

"Oh, I have been mistaken in you!" she cried. "You came to rob me, then, and not to help me. You have the bearing of a gentleman, and yet you steal my husband's coat."

"Madame," said I, "I beg that you will not condemn me until you know everything. It is quite necessary that I should take this coat, but if you will have the goodness to tell me who it is who is fortunate enough to be your husband, I shall see that the coat is sent back to him."

Her face softened a little, though she still tried to look severe. "My husband," she

answered, "is Sir Charles Meredith, and he is travelling to Dartmoor Prison, upon important Government business. I only ask you, sir, to go upon your way, and to take nothing which belongs to him."

"There is only one thing which belongs to him that I covet," said I.

"And you have taken it from the carriage," she cried.

"No," I answered. "It still remains there."

She laughed in her frank English way.

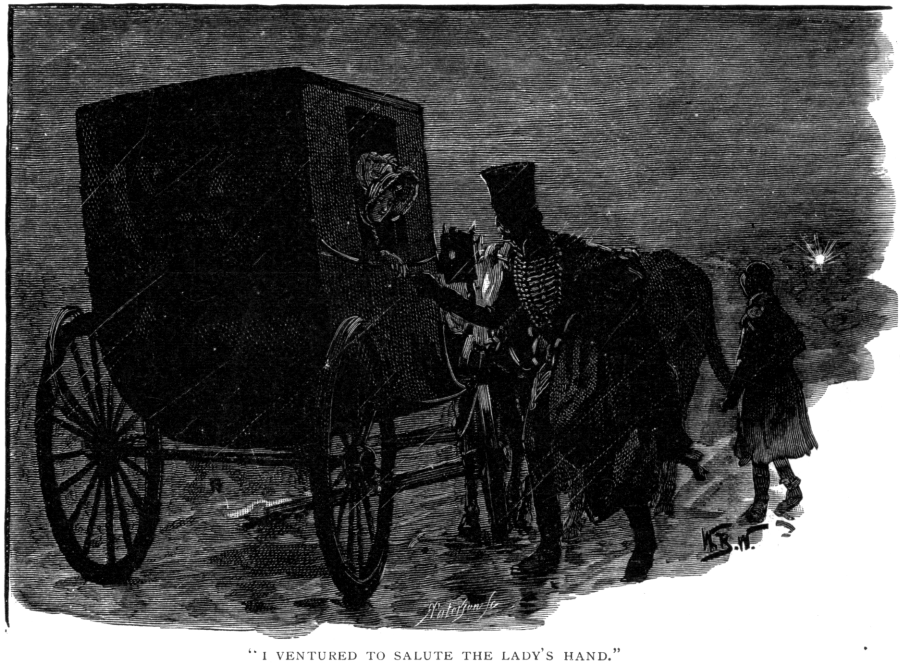
"If, instead of paying me compliments, you were to return my husband's coat——" she began.

"Madame," I answered, "what you ask is quite impossible. If you will allow me to come into the carriage, I will explain to you how necessary this coat is to me."

Heaven knows into what foolishness I might have plunged myself had we not, at this instant, heard a faint hallo in the distance, which was answered by a shout from the little post-boy. In the rain and the darkness I saw a lantern some distance from us, but approaching rapidly.

"I am sorry, madame, that I am forced to leave you," said I. "You can assure your husband that I shall take every care of his coat." Hurried as I was, I ventured to pause a moment to salute the lady's hand, which she snatched through the window with an admirable pretence of being offended at my presumption. Then, as the lantern was quite close to me, and the post-boy seemed inclined to interfere with my flight, I tucked my precious overcoat under my arm, and dashed off into the darkness.

And now I set myself to the task of putting as broad a stretch of moor between the prison and myself as the remaining hours of darkness would allow. Setting my face to the wind once more, I ran until I fell from exhaustion. Then, after five minutes of panting among the heather, I made another start, until again my knees gave way beneath me. I was young and hard, with muscles of steel, and a frame which had been toughened by twelve years of camp and field. Thus I was able to keep up this wild flight for another three hours, during which I still guided myself, you understand, by keeping the wind in my face. At the end of that time I calculated that I had put nearly twenty miles between the prison and myself. Day was about to break, so I crouched down among the heather upon the top of one of those small hills which abound in that country, with the intention of hiding myself until nightfall. It was no new thing for me to sleep in the wind and the rain, so, wrapping myself up in my thick warm cloak, I soon sank into a doze.



"I VENTURED TO SALUTE THE LADY'S HAND."

But it was not a refreshing slumber. I tossed and tumbled amid a series of vile dreams, in which everything seemed to go wrong with me. At last, I remember, I was charging an unshaken square of Hungarian Grenadiers, with a single squadron upon spent horses, just as I did at Elchingen. I stood in my stirrups to shout "Vive l'Empereur!" and as I did so, there came the answering roar from my hussars, "Vive l'Empereur!" I sprang from my rough bed, with the words still ringing in my ears, and then, as I rubbed my eyes, and wondered if I were mad, the same cry came again, five thousand voices in one long-drawn yell. I looked out from my screen of brambles, and saw in the clear light of morning the very last thing that I should have either expected or chosen.

It was Dartmoor Prison! There it stretched, grim and hideous, within a furlong of me. Had I run on for a few more minutes in the dark, I should have butted my shako against the wall. I was so taken aback at the sight, that I could scarcely realize what had happened. Then it all became clear to me, and I struck my head with my hands in my despair. The wind had veered from north to south during the night, and I, keeping my face always towards it, had run ten miles out, and ten miles in, winding up where I had started. When I thought of my hurry, my falls, my mad rushing and jumping, all ending in this, it seemed so absurd, that my grief changed suddenly to amusement, and I fell among the brambles, and laughed, and laughed, until my sides were sore. Then I rolled myself up in my cloak, and considered seriously what I should do.

One lesson which I have learned in my roaming life, my friends, is never to call anything a misfortune until you have seen the end of it. Is not every hour a fresh point of view? In this case I soon perceived that accident had done for me as much as the most profound cunning. My guards naturally commenced their search from the place where I had taken Sir Charles Meredith's coat, and from my hiding-place I could see them hurrying along the road to that point. Not one of them ever dreamed that I could have doubled back from there, and I lay quite undisturbed in the little bush-covered cup at the summit of my knoll. The prisoners had, of course, learned of my escape, and all day exultant yells, like that which had aroused me in the morning, resounded over the moor, bearing a welcome message of sympathy and companionship to my ears. How little did they dream that on the top of that very mound, which they could see from their windows, was lying the comrade whose escape they were celebrating. As for me—I could look down upon this poor herd of idle warriors, as they paced about the great exercise yard, or gathered in little groups, gesticulating joyfully over my success. Once I heard a howl of execration, and I saw Beaumont, his head all covered with bandages, being led across the yard by two of the warders. I cannot tell you the pleasure which this sight gave me, for it proved that I had not killed him, and also that the others knew the true story of what had passed. They had all known me too well to think that I could have abandoned him.

All that long day I lay behind my screen of bushes, listening to the bells which struck the hours below.

My pockets were filled with bread which I had saved out of my allowance, and on searching my borrowed overcoat I came upon a silver flask, full of excellent brandy and water, so that I was able to get through the day without hardship. The only other things in the pockets were a red silk handkerchief, a tortoise-shell snuff-box, and a blue envelope, with a red seal, addressed to the Governor of Dartmoor Prison. As to the first two, I determined to send them back when I should return the coat itself. The letter caused me more perplexity, for the Governor had always shown me every courtesy, and it offended my sense of honour that I should interfere with his correspondence. I had almost made up my mind to leave it under a stone upon the roadway within musket-shot of the gate. This would guide them in their search for me, however, and so, on the whole, I saw no better way than just to carry the letter with me in the hope that I might find some means of sending it back to him. Meanwhile I packed it safely away in my innermost pocket.

There was a warm sun to dry my clothes, and when night fell I was ready for my journey. I promise you that there were no mistakes this time. I took the stars for my guides, as every hussar should be taught to do, and I put eight good leagues between myself and the prison. My plan now was to obtain a complete suit of clothes from the first person whom I could waylay, and I should then find my way to the north coast, where there were many smugglers and fishermen who would be ready to earn the reward which was paid by the Emperor to those who

brought escaping prisoners across the Channel. I had taken the panache from my shako so that it might escape notice, but even with my fine overcoat I feared that sooner or later my uniform would betray me. My first care must be to provide myself with a complete disguise.

When day broke, I saw a river upon my right and a small town upon my left—the blue smoke reeking up above the moor. I should have liked well to have entered it, because it would have interested me to see something of the customs of the English, which differ very much from those of other nations. Much as I should have wished, however, to have seen them eat their raw meat and sell their wives, it would have been dangerous until I had got rid of my uniform. My cap, my moustache, and my speech would all help to betray me. I continued to travel towards the north therefore, looking about me continually, but never catching a glimpse of my pursuers.

About mid-day I came to where, in a secluded valley, there stood a single small cottage without any other building in sight. It was a neat little house, with a rustic porch and a small garden in front of it, with a swarm of cocks and hens. I lay down among the ferns and watched it, for it seemed to be exactly the kind of place where I might obtain what I wanted. My bread was finished, and I was exceedingly hungry after my long journey; I determined, therefore, to make a short reconnaissance, and then to march up to this cottage, summon it to surrender, and help myself to all that I needed. It could, at least, provide me with a chicken and with an omelette. My mouth watered at the thought.

As I lay there, wondering who could live in this lonely place, a brisk little fellow came out through the porch, accompanied by another older man, who carried two large clubs in his hands. These he handed to his young companion, who swung them up and down, and round and round, with extraordinary swiftness. The other, standing beside him, appeared to watch him with great attention, and occasionally to advise him. Finally he took a rope, and began skipping like a girl, the other still gravely observing him. As you may think, I was utterly puzzled as to what these people could be, and could only surmise that the one was a doctor, and the other a patient who had submitted himself to some singular method of treatment.

Well, as I lay watching and wondering, the older man brought out a greatcoat, and held it while the other put it on and buttoned it to his chin. The day was a warmish one, so that this proceeding amazed me even more than the other. "At least," thought I, "it is evident that his exercise is over"; but, far from this being so, the man began to run, in spite of his heavy coat, and as it chanced, he came right over the moor in my direction. His companion had re-entered the house, so that this arrangement suited me admirably. I would take the small man's clothing, and hurry on to some village where I could buy provisions. The chickens were certainly tempting, but still there were at least two men in the house, so perhaps it would be wiser for me, since I had no arms, to keep away from it.

I lay quietly then among the ferns. Pre-

"EXCUSE ME, SIR!"

sently I heard the steps of the runner, and there he was quite close to me, with his huge coat, and the perspiration running down his face. He seemed to be a very solid man—but small—so small that I feared that his clothes might be of little use to me. When I jumped out upon him he stopped running, and looked at me in the greatest astonishment.

"Blow my dickey," said he, "give it a name, guv'nor! Is it a circus, or what?" That was how he talked, though I cannot pretend to tell you what he meant by it.

"You will excuse me, sir," said I, "but I am under the necessity of asking you to give me your clothes."

"Give you what?" he cried.

"Your clothes."

"Well, if this don't lick cock-fighting!" said he. "What am I to give you my clothes for?"

"Because I need them."

"And suppose I won't?"

"Be jabers," said I, "I shall have no choice but to take them."

He stood with his hands in the pockets of his great-coat, and a most amused smile upon his square-jawed, clean-shaven face.

"You'll take them, will you?" said he. "You're a very leery cove, by the look of you, but I can tell you that you've got the wrong sow by the ear this time. I know who you are. You're a runaway Frenchy, from the prison yonder, as anyone could tell with half an eye. But you don't know who I am, else you wouldn't try such a plant as that. Why, man, I'm the Bristol Bustler, nine stone champion, and them's my training quarters down yonder."

He stared at me as if this announcement of his would have crushed me to the earth, but I smiled at him in my turn, and looked him up and down, with a twirl of my moustache.

"You may be a very brave man, sir," said I, "but when I tell you that you are opposed to Colonel Etienne Gerard, of the Hussars of Conflans, you will see the necessity of giving up your clothes without further parley."

"Look here, mounseer, drop it!" he cried; "this'll end by your getting pepper."

"Your clothes, sir, this instant!" I shouted, advancing fiercely upon him.

"I SAW AS MANY FLASHES AS AT AUSTERLITZ."

For answer he threw off his heavy greatcoat, and stood in a singular attitude, with one arm out, and the other across his chest, looking at me with a curious smile. For myself, I knew nothing of the methods of fighting which these people have, but on horse or on foot, with arms or without them, I am always ready to take my own part. You understand that a soldier cannot always choose his own methods, and that it is time to howl when you are living among wolves. I rushed at him, therefore, with a warlike shout, and kicked him with both my feet. At the same moment my heels flew into the air, I saw as many flashes as at Austerlitz, and the back of my head came down with a crash upon a stone. After that I can remember nothing more.

When I came to myself I was lying upon a truckle-bed, in a bare, half-furnished room. My head was ringing like a bell, and when I put up my hand, there was a lump like a walnut over one of my eyes. My nose was full of a pungent smell, and I soon found that a strip of paper soaked in vinegar was fastened across my brow. At the other end of the room this terrible little man was sitting

with his knee bare, and his elderly companion was rubbing it with some liniment. The latter seemed to be in the worst of tempers, and he kept up a continual scolding, which the other listened to with a gloomy face.

"Never heard tell of such a thing in my life," he was saying. "In training for a month with all the weight of it on my shoulders, and then when I get you as fit as a trout, and within two days of fighting the likeliest man on the list, you let yourself into a by-battle with a foreigner."

"There, there! Stow your gab!" said the other, sulkily. "You're a very good trainer, Jim, but you'd be better with less jaw."

"I should think it was time to jaw," the elderly man answered. "If this knee don't get well before Wednesday, they'll have it that you fought a cross, and a pretty job you'll have next time you look for a backer."

"Fought a cross!" growled the other. "I've won nineteen battles, and no man ever so much as dared to say the word 'cross' in my hearin'. How the deuce was I to get out of it when the cove wanted the very clothes off my back?"

"Tut, man, you knew that the beak and the guards were within a mile of you. You could have set them on to him as well then as now. You'd have got your clothes back again all right."

"Well, strike me!" said the Bustler, "I don't often break my trainin', but when it comes to givin' up my clothes to a Frenchy who couldn't hit a dint in a pat o' butter, why, it's more than I can swaller."

"Pooh, man, what are the clothes worth? D'you know that Lord Rufton alone has five thousand pounds on you? When you jump the ropes on Wednesday, you'll carry every penny of fifty thousand into the ring. A pretty thing to turn up with a swollen knee and a story about a Frenchman!"

"I never thought he'd ha' kicked," said the Bustler.

"I suppose you expected he'd fight Broughton's rules, and strict P.R.? Why, you silly, they don't know what fighting is in France."

"My friends," said I, sitting up on my bed, "I do not understand very much of what you say, but when you speak like that it is foolishness. We know so much about fighting in France, that we have paid our little visit to nearly every capital in Europe, and very soon we are coming to London. But we fight like soldiers, you understand, and not like gamins in the gutter. You strike me on the head. I kick you on the knee. It is child's play. But if you will give me a sword, and take another one, I will show you how we fight over the water."

They both stared at me in their solid, English way.

"Well, I'm glad you're not dead, mounseer," said the elder one at last. "There wasn't much sign of life in you when the Bustler and me carried you down. That head of yours ain't thick enough to stop the crook of the hardest hitter in Bristol."

"He's a game cove, too, and he came for me like a bantam," said the other, still rubbing his knee. "I got my old left-right in, and he went over as if he had been pole-axed. It wasn't my fault, mounseer. I told you you'd get pepper if you went on."

"Well, it's something to say all your life, that you've been handled by the finest light-weight in England," said the older man, looking at me with an expression of congratulation upon his face. "You've had him at his best, too—in the pink of condition, and trained by Jim Hunter."

"I am used to hard knocks," said I, unbuttoning my tunic, and showing my two musket wounds. Then I bared my ankle also, and showed the place in my eye where the guerilla had stabbed me.

"He can take his gruel," said the Bustler.

"What a glutton he'd have made for the middle-weights," remarked the trainer; "with six months' coaching he'd astonish the fancy. It's a pity he's got to go back to prison."

I did not like that last remark at all. I buttoned up my coat and rose from the bed.

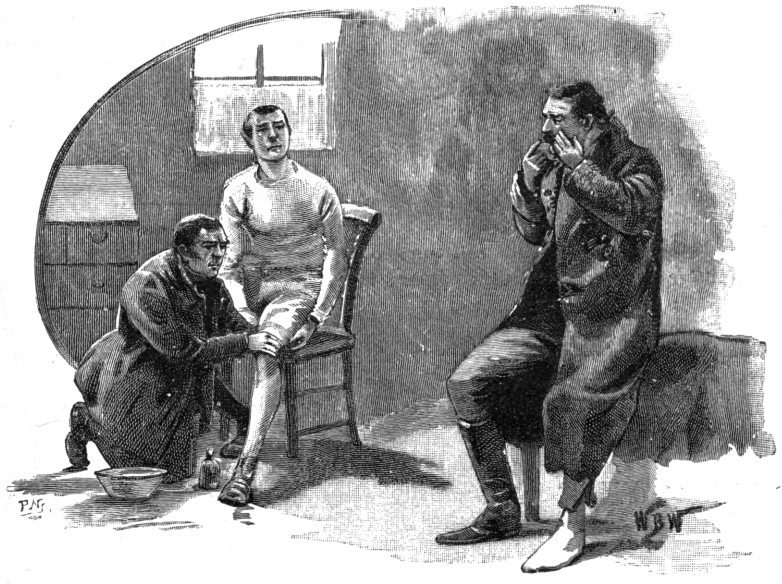
"I must ask you to let me continue my journey," said I.

"There's no help for it, mounseer," the trainer answered. "It's a hard thing to send such a man as you back to such a place, but business is business, and there's a twenty pound reward. They were here this morning, looking for you, and I expect they'll be round again."

His words turned my heart to lead.

"Surely, you would not betray me," I cried. "I will send you twice twenty pounds on the day that I set foot upon France. I swear it upon the honour of a French gentleman."

But I only got head-shakes for a reply. I pleaded, I argued, I spoke of the English hospitality and the fellowship of brave men, but I might as well have been addressing the two great wooden clubs which stood balanced upon the floor in front of me.



I SHOWED THE PLACE IN MY EYE.

There was no sign of sympathy upon their bull-faces.

"Business is business, mounseer," the old trainer repeated. "Besides, how am I to put the Bustler into the ring on Wednesday if he's jugged by the beak for aidin' and abettin' a prisoner of war? I've got to look after the Bustler, and I take no risks."

This, then, was the end of all my struggles and strivings. I was to be led back again like a poor silly sheep who has broken through the hurdles. They little knew me who could fancy that I should submit to such a fate. I had heard enough to tell me where the weak point of these two men was, and I showed, as I have often showed before, that Etienne Gerard is never so terrible as when all hope seems to have deserted him. With a single spring I seized one of the clubs and swung it over the head of the Bustler.

"Come what may," I cried, "*you* shall be spoiled for Wednesday."

The fellow growled out an oath, and would have sprung at me, but the other flung his arms round him and pinned him to the chair.

"Not if I know it, Bustler," he screamed. "None of your games while I am by. Get away out of this, Frenchy. We only want to see your back. Run away, run away, or he'll get loose!"

It was good advice, I thought, and I ran to the door, but as I came out into the open air my head swam round and I had to lean against the porch to save myself from falling. Consider all that I had been through, the anxiety of my escape, the long, useless flight in the storm, the day spent amid wet ferns, with only bread for food, the second journey by night, and now the injuries which I had received in attempting to deprive the little man of his clothes. Was it wonderful that even I should reach the limits of my endurance? I stood there in my heavy coat and my poor battered shako, my chin upon my chest, and my eyelids over my eyes. I had done my best, and I could do no more. It was the sound of horses' hoofs which made me at last raise my head, and there was the grey-moustached Governor of Dartmoor Prison not ten paces in front of me, with six mounted warders behind him.

"So, Colonel," said he, with a bitter smile, "we have found you once more."

When a brave man has done his utmost, and has failed, he shows his breeding by the manner in which he accepts his defeat. For me, I took the letter which I had in my pocket, and stepping forward, I handed it with such grace of manner as I could summon to the Governor.

"It has been my misfortune, sir, to detain one of your letters," said I.

He looked at me in amazement, and beckoned to the warders to arrest me. Then he broke the seal of the letter. I saw a curious expression come over his face as he read it.

"This must be the letter which Sir Charles Meredith lost," said he.

"It was in the pocket of his coat."

"You have carried it for two days?"

"Since the night before last."

"And never looked at the contents?"

I showed him by my manner that he had committed an indiscretion in asking a question which one gentleman should not have put to another.

To my surprise he burst out into a roar of laughter.

"Colonel," said he, wiping the tears from his eyes, "you have really given both yourself and us a great deal of unnecessary trouble. Allow me to read the letter which you carried with you in your flight."

And this was what I heard:—

"On receipt of this you are directed to release Colonel Etienne Gerard, of the 3rd Hussars, who has been exchanged against Colonel Mason, of the Horse Artillery, now in Verdun."

And as he read it, he laughed again, and the warders laughed, and the two men from the cottage laughed, and then, as I heard this universal merriment, and thought of all my hopes and fears, and my struggles and dangers, what could a debonair soldier do but lean against the porch once more, and laugh as heartily as any of them? And of them all was it not I who had the best reason to laugh, since in front of me I could see my dear France, and my mother, and the Emperor, and my horsemen; while behind lay the gloomy prison, and the heavy hand of the English king?

"RELEASE COLONEL ETIENNE GERARD."

From Behind the Speaker's Chair.

XXI.

(VIEWED BY HENRY W. LUCY.)

THE LATE SPEAKER.

IN the history of Parliament it has rarely happened that, within the space of fourteen months, the House of Commons has, in swift succession, been deprived of the presence of two of its foremost men. Little more than a year after Mr. Gladstone resigned the Premiership, and practically withdrew from Parliamentary life, Mr. Peel stepped out of the Chair, and the House has lost an appreciable portion of its stateliness. It is eleven years on the 26th February last since Mr. Whitbread moved that "Mr. Arthur Peel take the Chair of this House as Speaker." When the member for Leamington rose to make acknowledgment of the honour done him there was some cheering from the Liberal benches. But it was unmistakably a perfunctory business. The truth is, the Speaker-elect was a personality unfamiliar even by sight to the majority of members. His brother they knew; burly, sometimes boisterous, Sir Robert. But who was Arthur that he should be made Speaker?

Yet at this date he had very nearly served his majority as a member of the Assembly which presently he was to adorn with unrivalled, unsuspected gifts. July next would, if he were still with us, see the thirtieth year he has sat in the House, uninterruptedly representing Warwick, with which, by the latest Reform Bill, passed whilst he was Speaker, Leamington was, for Parliamentary purposes, bracketed. He had held minor office, being successively Secretary to the Poor Law Board, Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade, Whip (for a few months whilst the House was not sitting), and Under Secretary of State for Home Affairs through the Session of 1880. In December of that year, finding the duties of an Under Secretaryship too exhausting for his strength, he retired, as it seemed, from Ministerial and official life, obscurity from which, four years later, he emerged into the fierce light that beats on the Speaker's Chair.

SIR ROBERT PEEL AND MR. ARTHUR PEEL.

A SURPRISE.

From the moment Mr. Peel stood up to advance to the Chair his personality seemed to undergo a miraculous change. The quiet, retiring, silent member suddenly revealed himself to the astonished House as a man of commanding presence, resolute will, and rare gifts of oratory. I have heard many notable speeches in the House of Commons through more than a score of years, but never one which created such a sensation as the brief speech of Mr. Arthur Peel, as he stood by the corner seat below the gangway in the dress of a private member, acknowledging his unanimous election to the position of First Commoner of England. That is a proud, ancient, unique title. Mr. Peel has not only borne it untarnished, but has distinctly added to its lustre. There are few men in the House of Commons who can say with Mr. Gladstone that they have sat under six Speakers. It does not need that opportunity of experience in order to form an estimate of Mr. Peel's position in the long, illustrious roll. It would simply be impossible to name any point on which improvement in manner, bearing, or any of the more solid qualities that go to make up a successful Speaker, might have been achieved by Mr. Peel, more especially through the later years of his Speakership.

One quality that might in others have proved a fatal defect was with him the crown of the perfect edifice. Constitutionally, he is a man not slow to anger, rather subject to gusts of impetuous passion. The House will remember more than one occasion when the lightning has suddenly flashed forth from the stately figure standing by the Chair, and the thunder has rolled under the canopy. It has been magnificent, and it has also been war. No man, not even Mr. Biggar in his adaman-

tine days, withstood the wrath of the outraged majesty of the late Speaker.

AN IDEAL SPEAKER.

Mr. Peel is probably surprised at his own endurance in being able to retain the Speakership through eleven years. As early as the Session of 1888, the state of his health was such that there were circumstantial reports of his imminent retirement. Exactly a year ago these were repeated with definite assurance. Writing to me under date 3rd May, 1894, Mr. Peel said: "I do not know how the rumours originated and acquired such a specific character. I have not entertained the idea of resignation, which must of course depend upon the state of my health and upon my powers of endurance, which have undoubtedly been shaken by a recent attack of influenza and by its consequences." From time to time his pale face showed at what personal cost he persisted in taking the Chair. As with his illustrious father, a sense of public duty was ever paramount with Mr. Peel, and in view of opportunity of serving his country and the House of Commons, which he loved, he risked his life as directly and as fearlessly as a soldier stakes his on the field of battle. It is not exaggeration to say that there is no occupation open to man which makes supremer calls on capacity than does that of Speaker of the House of Commons. The Assembly is a team of exceedingly kittle cattle, which sharply resents any appearance of being driven, but secretly likes to know there is a strong hand guiding it, and is prone openly to resent proof to the contrary.

THE SPEAKER (MR. PEEL).

Against the Speaker's decision there is the ultimate Court of Appeal of the House itself. But it is rarely invoked. Practically, the Speaker wields autocratic power. A difficulty peculiar to his semi-judicial office is the uncertainty of everything in the House of Commons. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, the slumbrous depths may be stirred by sharp tumult, and the Speaker called upon forthwith to decide a knotty point. The very fact of his unchallengeable position would make a mistake fatal. I have a vague idea that upon one occasion Mr. Peel gave a judgment recognised by the House, and admitted by subsequent events, to be mistaken. But I really forget what it was about. What dwells with sharper touch on the memory is the reiterated occasions when the sonorous voice, ringing through the suddenly silenced chamber, has brought order out of chaos, and has comforted the House with the assurance that its highest interests, its dignity, and its noblest traditions were worthily represented, and would never fail to be vindicated, by the Speaker.

THE STRATEGIC MOVEMENT TO THE REAR.

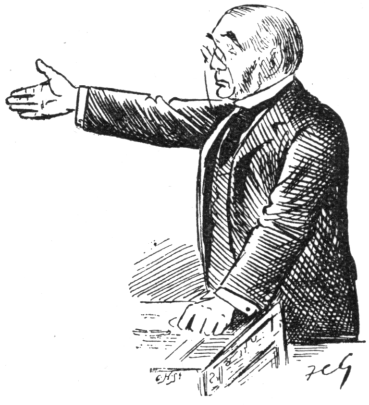
It was one of the penalties of prominent position that Mr. Chamberlain's escapade in the division lobby on the night Sir Henry James moved against the import of cotton duties in India for a while engrossed public attention. The incident is by no means uncommon. It is sometimes detected, but, there is reason to believe, oftener than not it passes without notice being taken. In Mr. Chamberlain's case there was every detail contributory to dramatic effect. When the House met on Thursday, the 21st of February, there appeared certain prospect of a crisis that would result in the resignation of the Ministry. On the Address they had been attacked again and again under the leadership of Mr. Arthur Balfour. Now, the other wing of the Unionist Party had put the battle in array. It was known that the Lancashire Liberal members, under pressure from their constituents, were resolved at any cost to resist a proposal on which Ministers had staked their existence. If these votes could be captured the Government were doomed.

It happened on this particular night that Mr. Arthur Balfour was detained at home in company with the influenza fiend. This naturally brought Mr. Chamberlain into fuller prominence, and promised to make his personal triumph the more complete. In due course came Mr. Henry Fowler's famous speech, before which opposition melted like snowflakes on the river. Long before midnight it was clear that not only would the Government not be turned out, but that they

would have a rattling majority; whilst to those who, after the Secretary for India's speech, supported Sir Henry James would attach the odium of sacrificing to personal business interests the welfare of India.

It is easy enough after the event to perceive that Mr. Chamberlain would have done better to follow the ordinary course and back up his colleague in the division lobby. Decision had to be taken amid the bustle of the House being cleared for the division at the close of a debate that had taken a surprising turn. Mr. Chamberlain hesitated and was lost. His appeal to the Serjeant-at-Arms for means of escape by the locked door, his return to the Ministerial lobby, the only avenue open to him, and his final disappearance through what the Speaker slyly described as "one of those means of escape known to everybody" were narrowly watched, graphically reported, and irresistibly appealed to the popular sense of humour.

It was for the time embarrassing and hurtful, since here, scarcely less than in France, it is ridicule that kills. But in a sense, also, it was complimentary, as had the incident befallen a member of less interesting personality, it would have been laughed at and straightway forgotten.



MR. FOWLER: "WE ARE ALL MEMBERS FOR INDIA."

IN THE WRONG LOBBY.

Nothing is commoner than to find members straying into the wrong lobby. In one of the divisions on the Address, immediately preceding Mr. Chamberlain's adventure, Mr. Labouchere found himself in the lobby with the Conservatives. He had just time to turn and flee before the door was locked, his escape being accompanied by a hilarious cheer, plainly heard in the emptied House. What makes the situation difficult is that approach to the separate lobbies is obtained from opposite ends of the House. If a member inadvertently walks into the wrong lobby anywhere near the tail of the procession, he has barely time to withdraw, rush the full length of the House, and gain the other door before it is locked. The feat is sometimes accomplished, ladies in the gallery being appalled at the discovery of a father, a husband, or a brother flying up or down the floor of the House at a speed scarcely exceeded by Tam O'Shanter when, on a memorable night, he crossed the brig.

"THE ESCAPE."

"SHUT IN."

THE HOUSE DIVIDING.

When the process of clearing the House is nearly accomplished, the Serjeant-at-Arms stands by the locked door leading into the outer lobby. Messengers are appointed to side doors leading into either lobby. They hold up their hand in signal that the door is locked and the House cleared. Whereupon the Serjeant-at-Arms unlocks the outer door, and the stream which has passed the wicket where the clerks stand ticking off names surges into the outer lobby.

Up to a very recent date this lobby was also kept locked, members being cooped up there till the tellers had completed their task and handed in the figures at the Table. At the beginning of last Session the Speaker authorized the unlocking of the central lobby door simultaneously with the appearance of the head of the stream issuing from the division lobby. Whilst convenient for members, this is an arrangement that considerably increases the difficulties of the Whips, and may some day affect the destiny of a Ministry. It not infrequently happens that a critical division on the main question is immediately followed by one on a side issue or a formal point. Under the old order of things, the Whips had their men in hand ready to return to the House if a second division were challenged. Now they stream forth like schoolboys at the stroke of noon, and are competing for cabs in Palace Yard at the moment when the bell is ringing for another division.

CATCHING A WEASEL ASLEEP.

Beside the danger of inadvertently straying into the wrong lobby, there is the risk of being caught napping in the lobbies when the division unexpectedly takes place. Such was the fate of Sir Walter Barttelot. One night, during the height of the Parnellite obstruction, the Irish members trooping into the lobby, against the united force of Liberals and Conservatives, found Sir Walter fast asleep. Suddenly awakened he tried to escape, but was captured, brought to the Table, and obliged to tell his sad story. Another case was that of an esteemed Liberal member, whom the division bell surprised, locked up in one of the lavatories. It was the wrong lobby for him, so he proposed to stop there. He also was brought up to the Table and invited to state where he was when the question was put.

"In there—in there!" he said, spasmodically pointing finger and thumb at an imaginary recess under the gallery behind the Treasury Bench.

The capture of Mr. Joseph Gillis Biggar under similar circumstances was an event that for the Conservatives gilded a whole week of hard fighting with the Irishry. The member for Cavan, worn out with all-night sittings, one evening retired to the division lobby, and, stretching himself on a couch, fell into peaceful slumber. It was broken in upon by the roar of delight with which the Conservatives, coming in for a division challenged by Mr. O'Donnell, found the member for Cavan within their lines. Joseph, like Major Bagstock, who bore his Christian name, was "sly, dev'lish sly." He affected to make light of the incident. One more added to the Ministerial majority against the Irish members would, he said, be neither here nor there. The Ministerialists thought he was wisely endeavouring to minimize an awkward incident, and went on passing through the wicket, chuckling at the notion that the division list of the next day would contain the name of Mr. Biggar catalogued with the gentlemen of England in opposition to his esteemed colleagues under the leadership of Mr. Parnell. Mr. Hart-Dyke (not yet knighted) was the Ministerial teller in this lobby, and kept a sharp look-out for Joseph Gillis. When the last member had passed through it was known that the member for Cavan had not voted, and yet the lobby was tenantless. A hunt was merrily organized, and one of the lavatory doors was discovered to be shut and locked.

"Very well," said Mr. Hart-Dyke, in a voice designed to penetrate the closed door, "we will wait till he comes out. I sha'n't hand the figures in to the clerk till the last man has voted."

"TELLERS."

There was no help for it, and after a brief time, Joseph Gillis blushingly came forth, passed the wicket, and had the satisfaction of recording his vote on behalf of Her Majesty's Government against his comrades from Ireland.

OBSTRUCTION.

When obstruction is in full force the process of taking divisions is regularly and effectively used. Like much else in the same direction, opportunity was discovered by the Irish members in the early stages of the fight for Home Rule. British members systematically declined to play the Parnellite game by extending the debate. The Irish members talked as long as they could, and when physical exhaustion set in they just took a division. When the House is full and the numbers pretty equally divided, a division occupies from ten to fifteen minutes. When the minority is small and the majority muster in large numbers the time is increased, since the bulk of members are passing through one gallery instead of simultaneously deploying in two detachments.

In addition to taking up so much time there is, for those engaged in the conflict, a pleasant and healthful change of occupation. Whilst they rest from the labour of talking, they stretch their legs in a stroll round the lobby and come back refreshed. When they are tired they can do it again, with the certainty that the majority of this potent Assembly are at their mercy.

"CONSTITUTIONAL EXERCISE."

An attempt was made in revising the Rules of Procedure to grapple with this tyranny, by empowering the Speaker or the Chairman of Committees either to refuse to put a challenge for a division when he regards it as frivolous and vexatious, or, short of that, to call upon members clamouring for a division to stand up in their places and be counted. It is fresh evidence of the innate Conservatism of the House of Commons where its procedure is concerned that these regulations have practically become a dead letter. I remember only one occasion when a small faction, insisting on a hopeless division, were called upon to stand up in their places. The object in view, the saving of time, is only partially effected. What follows upon the episode is that the Committee clerks are called in, bringing their printed list of names with them. Standing at the bar they tick off the names of the members upstanding, and these are recorded in the division lists the next day as if they had voted. The effect was certainly deterrent, inasmuch as ordinary members shrank from the ridicule of the situation. To stand up like naughty boys placed on a stool at school whilst their companions audibly chuckled is not an envious position for a possibly elderly gentleman, something in the City, or in professional courts. The practice was not pursued, though there were many occasions, notably in Committee on the Home Rule Bill of 1893, when action of the Chairman in this direction seemed irresistibly invited.

THE LAST OF THE SMOLLETTS.

A paragraph has appeared in the papers announcing that Mr. Patrick Boyle Smollett, the last of the Smolletts of Bonhill, a descendant of Tobias Smollett, novelist and historian, died in his ninety-second year at the family residence, Cameron House, Dumbartonshire. Few men in the present House of Commons will recognise in connection with this record a member who acquired some notoriety in the Parliament of twenty years ago. He then sat for Cambridge, coming in with the flood of the tide that swept away the Liberals and placed Mr. Disraeli in power. It was not his first acquaintance with the House, since he had represented his native county of Dumbarton from 1859 to 1868. He came back after long retirement, an odd fossil, with manners that ruffled the equanimity of a modern Parliament that had not yet seen the growth of Mr. Biggar.

Mr. Smollett took the earliest opportunity on his return to the House to step to the front. He brought forward an amendment on going into Committee of Supply with the object of calling attention to "the abrupt dissolution of the late Parliament." The performance might have passed without notice, only it chanced that Mr. Gladstone was making one of his then fitful appearances on the Front Opposition Bench. On him Mr. Smollett fastened, one hand in his trousers pocket, the other shaking a truculent forefinger at the statesman whom he accused of indulging in "sharp practice more likely to have come from an attorney's office than from a Cabinet of English gentlemen." "The stratagem," he added, "recoiled on the head of the trickster," this with another gesture towards Mr. Gladstone, but just stepped down from high estate, not yet accustomed to these personal vituperations. He was magnificently angry, trampling on Smollett as a lion, raging through a jungle, crushes smaller things.

The member for Cambridge, though by nature pachydermatous, did not soon get over this mauling. He recovered in time, and occasionally amused the House by his gruff speech, attacking people from whom he differed as if he were literally butting at them with his bullet head. He was very proud of his descent from Tobias Smollett. In copies of *Dod* of the day will be found a note, contributed by him, stating that he was "the great-grand-nephew of the celebrated historian and novelist." That he tried to live up to his ideal of his kinsman was evident in his Parliamentary manner.

MR. ARTHUR ACLAND.

Effect was lent to his home-thrusts by the Dumbartonshire accent in which they were delivered. This peculiarity once led him and the House into a difficulty. Speaking in the course of debate on India, Mr. Smollett made a remark which drew from old Sir George Balfour one of those tearful, plaintive cries of "Hear, hear!" with which he was wont to express approval of a passing remark. Mr. Smollett turned upon him, his red face seeming to blaze with fury, his sparse hair standing straight up in uncontrollable wrath.

"The gallant gentleman cheers," he said, "and I will admit to the fool——"

A shudder ran through the House. Sir George Balfour never succeeded in maintaining at Westminster the reputation he had earned at Calcutta. Still, this was going a little too far even for a chartered libertine of debate like the member for Cambridge. Several members sprang to their feet with evident intention of appealing to the Speaker on the point of order. Mr. Smollett, taking them all in in one comprehensive glare, continued: "I will admit to the fool all that has been said about these unjustifiable annexations."

Then the House saw that "fool" was Dumbartonshire for "full."

NEW CONTINENTS.

Mr. Acland has a good story, not yet collated into the interesting accounts from time to time published by school inspectors, of the eccentricities of examinations. At a Board school in Central London a class was under examination in geography. The exercise had been preceded by lessons in grammar, where one of the scholars had mastered the great truth that "the vowels are five in number—a, e, i, o, u, sometimes w and y."

"How many quarters are there in the globe?" asked the inspector, turning to a fresh subject.

"Four, sir," answered a smart boy.

"Name them."

"Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, sometimes w and y."

A NEW ROMANCE OF THE PEERAGE.

Mr. Swift MacNeill omits from his account of the monotonously undesirable origin of peers who, having obtained their peerage in Ireland, voted against the Home Rule Bill, a story which lingers to this day in Dublin as to the genesis of a well-known peerage. At the time of the Rebellion of '98, the founder of the family was a second-hand bookseller in Dublin. After a moderately long career behind the counter he retired from business, bought an estate near Dublin, set up as a country gentleman, and established a family, which, growing in influence and affluence, were at length admitted to the English peerage.

The people of Dublin could not believe that any man could make a fortune out of selling second-hand books, certainly not a fortune sufficiently large to justify the style in which the retired tradesman lived. In this dilemma the story got about, and was firmly believed in Dublin, that the money was forthcoming from discovery of bank-notes in the books bought in the libraries of the Irish gentry when their establishments were broken up. In the troublesome times preceding and following upon '98, well-to-do people were afraid to put their money in banks that seemed tottering to a fall. They accordingly (so rumour ran) discreetly disposed of them between the leaves of their books, stowed these away in their libraries, and either forgot or lost trace of them. The old bookseller, falling by chance upon such treasure-trove, thereafter carefully examined books coming into his possession, and so made his fortune. This fairy tale was told me by a member of the present House of Commons, whose family has long been associated with Dublin.

MR. SWIFT MACNEILL ON THE IRISH PEERAGE.

A FADING CUSTOM.

Last Session saw a departure from ancient practice which did not meet with the amount of notice its importance justified. Up to very recent times it was the custom of the Leader of the Opposition to have a field night on the occasion of the second reading of the Appropriation Bill. The course of the Session was reviewed, the action of members criticised, and in promising circumstances a hostile amendment was moved and divided upon. The House would as soon have thought of proroguing without at least one long night's debate on the Appropriation Bill, as it would of going off for the recess without shaking hands with the Speaker.

The second reading of the Appropriation Bill is an opportunity provided by a perhaps too beneficent assembly for discussion of miscellaneous questions. Nothing is too good or too bad, too important or too trivial, to be talked round at length whilst the Appropriation Bill is being carried through its successive stages. The Irish members banded together as the Home Rule Party early discovered this opportunity and made the most of it. They were equal to spending the whole week, more or less pleasantly and usefully, in talking about a succession of topics introduced under the broad wing of the Appropriation Bill. Probably it was this graft upon an old custom that finally brought it into desuetude. The Leaders of the Opposition shrank from being parties to a hollow game entered upon at a period of the Session when withers had long been wrung. They withdrew from the field, leaving the Irish members in possession.

It happens just now that, being in close alliance with the Government of the day, the Irish members have no temptation to make themselves finally disagreeable at the close of a Session. Thus it came to pass that last year the Appropriation Bill was run through without semblance of debate, only Mr. Alpheus Cleophas Morton clutching at the fluttering robe of the departing Speaker with inquiry whether in Committee on the Bill he might not discuss affairs in Uganda. The Speaker declined to anticipate the judgment of the Chairman of Committees, which in due course was given with great promptitude. Mr. Morton again putting his question, Mr. Mellor sternly answered, "Certainly not," and before Mr. Morton quite knew where he was, the Appropriation Bill was through Committee, and all was ready for the prorogation.

AGE 12.
From a Photo. by Union Photograph Rooms, Philadelphia.

MISS ESTHER PALLISER.

MISS ESTHER PALLISER was born in Philadelphia. She comes of a musical family, her father, Mr. B. Frank Wallers, being a high-class instructor of singing and a thorough musician; her mother was a soprano concert singer. At fourteen Esther Palliser used to lead the chant in several of the Philadelphia churches. Then she was sent to Paris and studied with Mesdames La Grenge and Viardot, Monsieur Plaque and Madame Marchesi, in the French and Italian Opera. After a period of three years, her début took place at Rouen, where she appeared as *Marguerite* in Gounod's "Faust," under the name of Mlle. Sylvanie, and since then has adopted the name of Miss Palliser. She came to England, where she took the part of *Gianetta* in the "Gondoliers," at the Savoy Theatre.

From a Photo. by] AGE 17. *[Otta, Paris.*

From a Photo. by] AGE 23. *[Alfred Ellis.*

She also appeared in "Ivanhoe," and in "La Basoche" as *Marie*, and made a great success. She is an accomplished pianist, and is also proficient in painting and drawing.

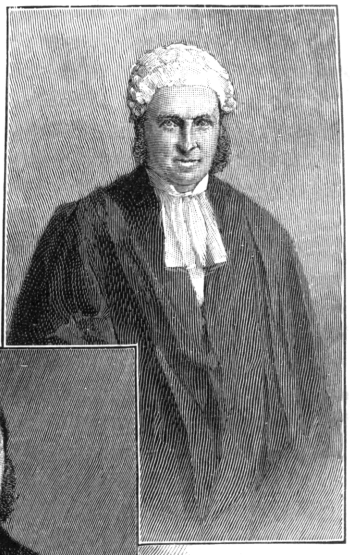
From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[H. S. Mendelssohn.*

From a] AGE 16. *[Painting.*

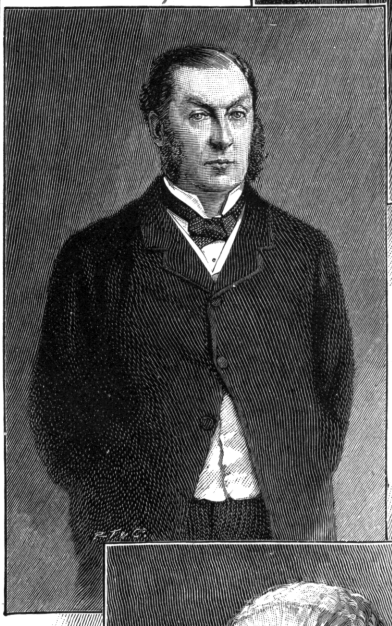
THE HON. SIR JAMES CHARLES MATHEW.

BORN 1830.

THE HON. SIR JAMES CHARLES MATHEW was called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1854, having previously obtained an open studentship. Mr. Mathew was a member of the South-Eastern circuit when, in March, 1881, he was appointed by the Crown a Judge in the Queen's Bench Division of the High Court of Justice. Shortly before that time he had acted as a member on the Committee on the subject of Costs of Legal Proceedings. His appointment to the Bench is one of the few instances of a member of the Junior Bar being elevated. He was knighted on his promotion, and was created LL.D. *honoris causâ* by the University of Dublin. Sir Chas. Mathew married, in 1861, Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the Rev. Edwin Biron, vicar of Lympne, Kent.

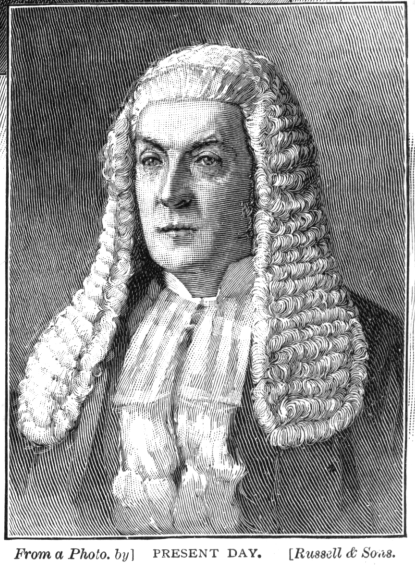


AGE 42.
From a Photo. by Herbert Watkins & Haigh, 213, Regent St.



AGE 52.
From a Photo. by Alexander Bassano.

From a Photo. by] AGE 30. *[C. Silvy, Bayswater.*



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[Russell & Sons.*

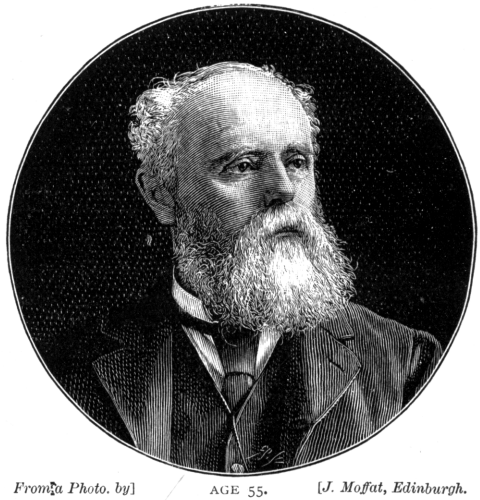
AGE 11.
From a Painting by Sir Noel Paton, R.S.A.

THE LATE MR. WALLER H. PATON, R.S.A.

1828–1895.

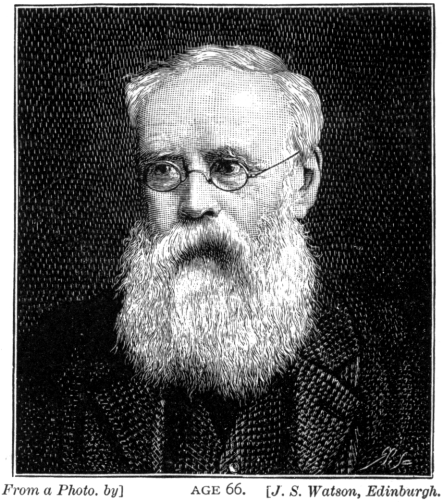
THE LATE MR. WALLER H. PATON, R.S.A., R.S.W., F.S.A.Scot., whose death was recorded only a short time ago, was born in Fifeshire. In 1851 he adopted landscape painting as a profession. His first work was exhibited in Glasgow in 1848. He was elected an Associate of the R.S.A. in 1857, an Academician in 1865, and a Fellow of the Antiquaries of Scotland in 1869; an honorary member of the Liverpool Society of Water-colour Painters in 1872, and a member of the Royal Scottish Society of Water-colour Painters in 1878. Mr. Waller Paton chiefly aimed, and with great success, at painting the peaceful and beautiful in Nature, especially sunsets.

AGE 39.
From a Photo. by W. Toddie, Dunfermline.



From a Photo. by] AGE 55. *[J. Moffat, Edinburgh.*

From a Photo. by] AGE 30. *[John Drummond.*



From a Photo. by] AGE 66. *[J. S. Watson, Edinburgh.*

AGE 5.
From a Drawing by A. Burt.

From a Daguerreotype

AGE 18.

SIR EDMUND FREDERICK DU CANE.

BORN 1830.

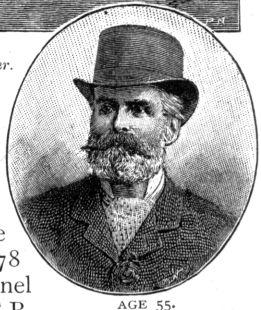
MAJOR-GENERAL SIR EDMUND FREDERICK DU CANE was educated at the Military Academy, Woolwich; he obtained his commission as second lieutenant in the Royal Engineers, December 19th, 1848. He was

From a] AGE 21. [*Crayon Drawing.*

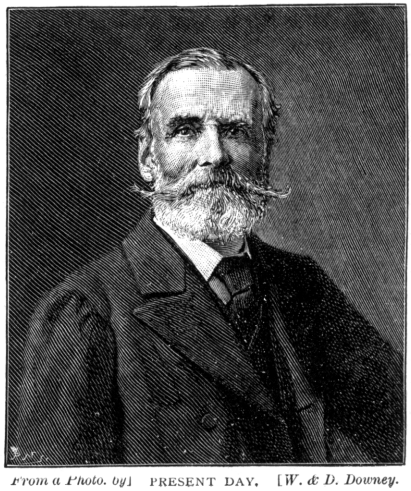
made a first lieutenant in 1854 and a second captain in 1868. In 1869 Captain Du Cane was made Chairman of Directors of Convict Prisons, Surveyor-General of Prisons, and Inspector-General of Military Prisons. In July,

AGE 33.
From a Photo. by G. B. Walker.

1872, he was promoted to be major, and in 1873 to be lieutenant-colonel, having also been made a C.B. in the same year. In 1878 he was made a colonel and created a K.C.B. He retired in 1886 from the effective list, and was made a major-general.



AGE 55.
From a Photo. by T. H. Voigt, Homburg.



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. [*W. & D. Downey.*

Illustrated Interviews.

No. XL.—SARAH BERNHARDT.

By Edward John Hart.

From a Photo. by] THE STUDIO. *[Reutlinger, Paris.*

"NOT *adieu, mon ami;* but *au revoir!* Never *adieu!*"—the parting admonition received from Madame Bernhardt when I last bade her farewell at the Savoy Hotel in London, came into my mind the other day as I entered the studio in her well-remembered Paris home on the Boulevard Péreire.

The appositeness of this correction may appear from the fact that I—forgetting that we generally again meet with those whom we wish to meet—had prematurely bidden Madame Bernhardt *adieu* (as the French understand it, an almost final expression of good-bye) twice in Melbourne, once in Sydney, twice in London, and three times in Paris.

To find Madame Bernhardt at home is one thing; to find her at home alone is quite another. But a friendship of years' standing had steeled me against any surprises in this direction, and though I had called upon her by previous arrangement for a special purpose, I was in no wise disconcerted to find her surrounded by a throng of visitors, while yet other callers crowded on one another's heels in the ante-rooms.

A warm greeting from my hostess, and an intimation that we could have our long chat later, was all-sufficing, and I disposed myself to watch and wait—the latter a process which all who care to see much of Madame Bernhardt, more especially when she is in Paris, have to learn.

An Ambassador (now dead), representing one of the greatest of European Powers, used to cheerfully wait through whole afternoons for a chat with the actress, on her return from a drive or from fulfilling some engagement; and if waiting in this interesting mansion was tolerable under such circumstances, it was even pleasurable while one's hostess was constantly in evidence, and afforded opportunities of studying a personality which is never commonplace.

Standing on the white bearskin in a

characteristic attitude, or moving from group to group—always displaying a sympathetic interest in what chiefly interested each visitor—she appeared like a Royal personage giving audience to her subjects. Some of those who surrounded her bore names well known in contemporary annals; while, among others, one noted dramatists submitting the scenarios of their plays, poets producing suspicious manuscripts from breast-pockets, artists opening portfolios of sketches, actresses who were there to congratulate and envy the greatest of their calling, writers and journalists of varying status and opinions, besides merely social friends and visiting acquaintances.

After the company, the chamber claimed attention. The large studio, almost too luxurious for work; the gilded cage, once inhabited by those tiger cubs which made so much capital for journalistic pens; portraits of the great actress; pictures and sketches by artists celebrated and obscure; paintings, busts, and statuettes, the work of her own hands; weapons, curios, and mementos from almost every land she had visited, spoke forcibly, though silently, of nearly every episode and era of Sarah Bernhardt's career.

Only, I failed to note any memento of the siege of Paris, when the Théâtre Français was turned into an ambulance, and Sarah Bernhardt, who had not then reached the first height of her celebrity, worked as one of the nursing staff in attendance on the sick and wounded.

I had never succeeded in getting her to speak of that period but once out in Australia, when she indignantly refuted the suggestion of a visitor, that it was during that period she studied her death-bed effects. She admitted that she had studied death-beds in hospitals, "but," she continued, "when I was serving as a nurse in the Comédie ambulance during the siege of Paris, I had no thought of making my experiences in any way subservient to my future work. It was not possible to me, because, first of all, I only met men there, and besides, the scenes at which I was present were so awful, that I had something else to think of besides art. Believe me, an ambulance, where you see your countrymen suffering and dying, is not a place in which to study art. I was in Paris during the whole time of the siege and the Commune, and yes, it is true, I was awarded a gold medal by the Government."

The throng of visitors was fast dwindling, and by their manner of addressing and taking leave of their hostess, it was easy to determine the degree of her intimacy with each. To the world in general she is

From a Photo. by] THE LIBRARY. *[La Photographie Nouvelle, Paris.*

Sarah Bernhardt; to her acquaintances she is Madame Bernhardt, while her intimate friends invariably address her as Madame Sarah.

When we were at last alone we discussed—as usual on meeting after an interval—mutual reminiscences of Australia: the genuine and wild enthusiasm of her audiences, and of the crowds who mobbed her whenever she appeared in the streets; the scenes on her arrival and departure, and her long excursions into "the bush," for it was her pleasure—more particularly while playing in Melbourne—to go off in a drag to the country on the termination of her Saturday night's

From a Photo. by] THE DINING-ROOM. *[La Photographie Nouvelle, Paris.*

performance, and camp out, shooting, fishing, and exploring, till it was time for her to return on Monday evening, which meant, usually, an arrival in town only an hour before the curtain drew up.

"And now, Madame Sarah," said I, "I have come to take your life. Not," I hastened to add, as she assumed an expression of demure horror, "not to cut short your actual existence, but to take an account of it from your lips, for the further enlightenment of the thousands of readers of THE STRAND, who desire to know you better. And, remember, to your biographer, as to your lawyer and your doctor, you must tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth!"

"Where shall I begin?"

"At the beginning."

"No, I will not go farther back than my schooldays—that is quite far enough. You know very well I was born in Paris, and that on my mother's side I am of Dutch-Jewish descent—I was baptized—and that my father occupied a good position in the *Magistrature.* I was educated at the Convent Grand Champ of Versailles, where I had as a fellow-pupil one whom I afterwards met as a fellow-actress at the Théâtre Français—Sophie Croizette, who afterwards became Madame Stern. I was a very nervous child, and had even then a craving for the theatre. When leaving the convent, at the age of fourteen, I remember I said: 'I shall be either a nun or an actress,' and a year later, on the 29th November, 1859, I entered the Conservatoire. Before entering the Conservatoire I had to pass the usual examination, and at this I recited a fable out of La Fontaine with much success. When I was asked to recite something else, I broke down and cried, but they found me so *gentille* that I won their esteem and was admitted, notwithstanding my failure. At the Conservatoire I studied under Samson and Provost

From a Photo. by] THE TIGER CUBS. *[La Photographie Nouvelle, Paris.*

—Provost, you know, was Rachel's master—and gained the second prize for tragedy in 1861, and the following year the second prize for comedy; and this led to my engagement at the Français. There I appeared for the first time in 'Iphigénie,' but no one noticed my *début*. I was only a little *ingénue* whom no one remarked—whose future no one thought of. Then I left the Français—the formal atmosphere of the place seemed to oppress me; and then the director of the Gymnase—Montigny—who had seen me play, engaged me for parts of *ingénues*. I was given a part in 'Deslandes'—a *comédie bouffe* of Labiche and Raymond, and in this I had little else to do but to continually burst into laughter. You can understand that this did not suit me very well. I knew I could do more than laugh, so at the end of the first performance I left the Gymnase, and never went back to it."

In connection with this abrupt departure the following story is told. The morning after Madame Sarah had left the Gymnase, M. Victorien Sardou was breakfasting with Montigny at Passy, when a letter was brought to the director of the Gymnase, which he read through and cast away in a fit of temper.

"What is it that annoys you?" asked Sardou.

"Oh, nothing," replied the director. "Only a silly girl throwing up her *rôle* at the second performance. You see in her one who will never do anything in the theatre!"

A fresh exemplification of the truth of the saying: "You should never prophesy before you know."

"And what did you do, Madame Sarah, after you left the Gymnase?"

"Oh, in about 1866, I was acting at the Porte Saint Martin in 'La Biche aux Bois.' The actress who played the part of the Princess failed to appear at the last moment, and the *Régissuer* knowing me, and knowing that I was weary of being out of an engagement, offered me the part, and I accepted it. My family would not have permitted this had they known of it, and they had never consoled themselves for my leaving the Théâtre Français; so in order to get away to play my part of the Princess, I used to say I was going to study the plays at the Français. But on the fourth evening a friend recognised me on the stage of the Porte Saint Martin, and told my family, and after that I was not allowed to continue."

"And then you went to the Odéon? Was it not so?"

"Yes, it is true. M. Camille Doucet, superintendent of theatres, interested himself for me, and recommended me to MM. de Chilly and Duquesnel, the directors of the Odéon—the second theatre of France. M. Duquesnel felt that I had talent, and wished immediately to sign an engagement with me, but De Chilly refused absolutely—do you know for what? Because he considered me 'too thin!' Yes, it was extraordinary, but that was his objection, and the associates maintained their several opinions, and disputed hotly as to whether I should be

engaged or no, till at last M. Duquesnel finished the discussion by engaging me for a year at his own cost."

This was really the commencement of Sarah Bernhardt's dramatic career, which may roughly be divided into three periods, viz.: The six years from 1866 to 1872, when she played the parts of *ingénues* on the stage of the Odéon. The period of eight years, 1872–80, at the Comédie Française, during which she played not only *ingénue* parts and the princesses of classical and romantic plays, but created or re-created the *rôles* of several heroines. And the last fourteen years, when, having attained to a knowledge and command of the full powers of her genius, she has made not only Paris, but the whole civilized world ring with her fame and re-echo to her golden voice in the chief *rôles* of dramas written purposely for her.

"And what part did you play at the Odéon, Madame Sarah?"

"Oh, I played in a great number of diverse pieces. Amongst them you may mention *Armande* in the 'Femmes Savantes'; *Anna Danby* of Keane, in which my acting greatly impressed Dumas *père*; *Cordelia* in 'Lear' (translated by Jules Lacroix), in which I made a great success; 'L'Autre,' by Georges Sand, and *Zanetto* in 'Passant,' by François Coppé.

"This *rôle*, *Zanetto*, was a great thing for me, as it was said I played the part with a delightful originality; but when I played in 'Ruy Blas'—the date?—19th February, 1872—my reputation was so greatly increased, that an engagement was offered to me by M. Perrin, the administrator of the Comédie."

"Which you accepted?"

"Yes; because at the Odéon I was then only receiving 1,000 francs a month. I asked M. Duquesnel to increase it to 1,500 francs, which he refused, though later on he paid me that sum for a single night's performance during hundreds and hundreds of representations at the Porte Saint Martin.

"At the Comédie I played *Aricie*, until by chance an opportunity presented itself of playing the heroine of heroines—*Phœdre*, in Racine's immortal tragedy. Mademoiselle Rousseil, whose part it was, refused to play at the last moment. In this, as you know, my success was instantaneous and decisive."

"Now, can you give me the names and the dates when you first appeared in some of your most famous *rôles* at the Comédie?" is my next question.

"I played *Andromaque* on the 30th August, 1877; *Donna Sol*, 'Hernani,' 21st November, 1877; on the 2nd April, 1878, *Alcimène*, in 'Amphytrion'; *Zaïre*, 30th May, 1878; *Le Sphinx*, 20th October, 1878; and *The Queen*, in 'Ruy Blas,' 4th April, 1879. Then, also, I played *Miss Clarckson*, in 'L'Etrangère'; *Posthumea*, in 'Rome Vaincue'; *Chérubin*, in 'Mariage de Figaro' and 'La Fille de Roland.'"

"Can you remember any other English pieces in which you have played, besides those mentioned?"

"Yes; in 1869, the 16th of April, I played *Lena*, in 'As in a Looking-Glass.' It was translated into French by M. Pierre Berton and Madame Van de Velde."

"When was your first American engagement?"

"June, 1879. Yes, for leaving the Comédie Française, I had to pay a fine of 45,000 francs, and 100,000 francs damages."

From a Photo. by] "PHÉDRE"—(Phédre). *[Nadar, Paris.*

"But you have earned far larger sums as the result of a single tour—is it not so?"

"When I returned from one American tour on the 31st July, 1887, I brought with me 800,000 francs clear profit; 800,000 francs—and a tiger cat!" is the answer.

But in spite of her enormous earnings, Madame Bernhardt is far too open-handed, generous, and charitable to be a really wealthy woman.

"Yes, I am very fond of animals; but of those you remember I got in Australia—my St. Bernard, 'Auckland,' the opossums, the 'native bear,' and others, but few long survived the change of climate."

From a Photo. by] "DONNA SOL"—(Hernani) *[Nadar, Paris.*

As all the world knows, Madame Bernhardt was married to M. Damala, in London, in the spring of 1882.

"I love travelling," she says, after a pause, and we have started on another topic, and, indeed, during the past fourteen years, the number of journeys she has taken is almost fabulous. Just to give one instance: after an exhaustive tour through the United States in 1891, she went on to Australia; acted through the three leading Colonies; returned *viâ* America, acting all along the route; landed at Havre on the 1st of May, 1892; and, after a few days' rest, opened her season in London; on the conclusion of which, without the slightest intermission, she commenced a professional tour of the whole Continent of Europe. Small wonder that her countrymen called her "*Juive Errante!*"

"Do many of the enthusiastic receptions you met with in foreign lands live in your memory, Madame Sarah?"

"Ah, yes, all of them!" she answers, with animation. "The one, perhaps, I remember with the greatest pleasure was in Hungary, where, as you know, the French are exceedingly popular. I was most heartily welcomed there by the Tchèques, who turned out in great numbers in their splendid national costumes to meet me. I was welcomed as a Frenchwoman, not only as an artiste—and that always touches me. What pleased and affected me most in my reception at Melbourne was the audience singing 'La Marseillaise' on the first night, before the curtain rose."

I remembered the incident perfectly. Some youngsters started it in the gallery, whereupon the whole audience joined in the National Hymn of France with a will—an instance of spontaneous enthusiasm, the like of which I believe an Australian theatre had never before witnessed.

On another occasion, in Sydney, the writer was accompanying Madame Bernhardt from a theatrical performance, a few nights after the conclusion of her own season. The crowd in the street rushed to the carriage in order to shake hands with the great actress, and seized her hand with such good-will, but misplaced energy, that on arrival at her hotel it was swollen almost beyond recognition. "But at Montreal," she says, "I once had to be carried over the heads of a crowd in order to be put in my carriage."

But we have not yet completed the list of Sarah Bernhardt's creations and performances, and have strayed from the subject.

Besides the names of pieces already given, she has, by turns, at the Vaudeville, Porte

"THE QUEEN"—(Ruy Blas).
From a Photo. by Nadar, Paris.

Saint Martin, Variétes, and Renaissance theatres, and on tour, appeared in "La Dame aux Camélias," "Phédre," "Adrienne Lecouvreur," "Nana Sahib," "Macbeth," "Frou-Frou," "Françillon," "Fédora," "Théodora," "La Tosca"—produced for the first time at the Porte Saint Martin, 24th November, 1887—"Jeanne d'Arc," "Cleopâtre," "Pauline Blanchard," "Leah," "Izeÿl," "La Femme du Claude," and "Gismonda."

"I think that about completes the list, Madame Sarah. And now, can you tell me anything about your methods of study? How you succeed in getting your effects and in identifying yourself with the personality you wish to portray?"

"First of all I study the intellectual composition of my *rôle*. I read every analysis and criticism of the character I can get hold of. If the character is historical, I read all the memoirs and biographies—every scrap of anecdote—all the legends of the poets. I saturate myself with the literature — the atmosphere of the epoch — until I feel that I am of it. I have a great gift of assimilation and intuition. If the artiste cannot experience in actuality the sensations of the character she is portraying—be it sorrow, despair, or the pangs of agony or of death—she can give out the effect that the study of any or all these have had on her intelligence and sensibility; and by the degree of her sensibility is determined the greatness of her representation. The Latin orator was right, 'It is the heart and the vivacity of intelligence that render eloquent'; and from me," she goes on to say, "extends an influence of sensibility which on the fiftieth—the hundredth night of one of my *rôles* communicates to the spectators *un frisson particulier*. Sometimes the situation may exalt me, or the state of my nerves—or some personal souvenir of remembrance—may cause me to rise to a still greater height, or predispose me to a more intense sincerity. But, you have seen me playing to audiences knowing but little French; yet, wherever I go, the public always understand me. Then, I am always studying character. Everyone I meet is a new study. I am always studying people!"

On more than one occasion the writer has seen Madame Bernhardt, when about to perform in the *rôle* of *Phédre*, sit in her dressing-room for an hour before she was due on the stage, absorbed in the contemplation of the tragedy in which she was about to perform. Sitting ready dressed for her

"FÉDORA"—(Fédora).
From a Photo. by Nadar, Paris.

part, by some curious system of introspection and mental concentration on the pathos of her *rôle*, she had so wrought upon her nerves and emotions that silent tears coursed down her cheeks involuntarily, and it is seldom that she can get through the evening of this most exacting play without fainting more than once.

"I am always nervous," she says in answer to a question, "because I am always afraid of falling below my previous standard of acting. Yes; I have met with unsympathetic audiences in my time, but I don't know that an unsympathetic audience has much effect on me. I am not sure that I don't rather enjoy it for a change, for it is then a battle between me and them, and I always win.

"In France I would rather play in the poetic drama; but in foreign countries where the French language is spoken either very little or not at all, I prefer playing in prose works."

"You have very definite opinions about stage accessories, and about dress, Madame Sarah, have you not?"

"Ah, yes, very definite," she replies, readily and almost excitedly. "I have a great horror of shams on the stage—of what will not bear close inspection—of what is not real. I never use spangles, tinsel, and cheap theatrical glitter—it offends my artistic sense. I always employ hand embroideries in bullion and silk, and will have nothing to do with the generally used appliqué embroideries on the stage, and I have found that what *is* best always has the best effect, whether looked at from a distance or near at hand. My freedom of movement, the lightness of my step, the suppleness and flexibility of my body, I attribute to having definitely abandoned the corset, for an actress should wear nothing that is calculated to hamper and impede her movements."

"Your wardrobe is reputed to be a veritable museum of Royal costumes," I next suggest, "and that in the number of your dresses you surpass our English Queen Elizabeth, who was credited with the possession of a fabulous number. What can you do with such a quantity?"

"It is not possible for you to know how many dresses are necessary for an actress with a large répertoire. My wardrobe is worth about half a million francs—and, yes, I keep it here in my hotel, installed in an upper story."

From a Photo. by] "THÉODORA"—(Théodora). *[Nadar, Paris.*

Then, as only a woman can, she waxes eloquent over the costly velvets and furs, and the silk-embroidered stuffs, all of which are of the rarest quality obtainable; and of the brocades and tissues of gold and silver, all woven for herself and after her own designs.

"But while speaking of dress," she continues, "I may tell you that my *couturier* is not alone the author of my costumes, for I myself have much to do with the making of them. I select the design and then give orders as to the form and general arrangements. The modelling and draping I do for myself, and then I take a great pair of scissors and make all the alterations that appear to me requisite. Sometimes I wear a new costume for a number of rehearsals with the material only pinned together, and will not allow a stitch to be put in it until it falls softly and becomes quite moulded to the lines of my figure."

We left the subject of dress, wherein I felt painfully "at sea," and commenced speaking about the innumerable calls on her time and the division of her day, in connection with which is told the following true story:—

Sarah Bernhardt wished to learn English, a knowledge of which would prove useful in her long journeys across America and Australia. She was recommended to a teacher of English, who possessed a great reputation for the rapidity and excellence of his methods, and who, on meeting her, said, "I have many pupils, and my time is much occupied. Will you receive me at nine in the morning?" "No, that is not possible," she replied, "for at that time I am resting or studying my *rôle*." "Do you prefer the afternoon?" asked the professor. "Then I am rehearsing — and in the evening I play." "When shall it be, then?" "Oh, half an hour will do for me.

"LA TOSCA"—(La Tosca).
From a Photo. by Nadar, Paris.

From a Photo. by] "IZEŸL"—(Izeÿl). [*Nadar, Paris.*

Will you give me from two till half-past in the morning?"

"From Friday till Monday during the fêtes," she goes on to tell me, "it has often happened that I have played seven times—or twice a day—pieces that rest entirely on my personality. In one day this would be my programme. In the morning I would play "Phédre," not a verse of which but must be given at the cost of some vital wear and tear to the artiste in the title *rôle*, and of which at least three acts make the most exacting demands on one's store of nervous energy; and then, in the evening, I would play 'La Dame aux Camélias.'"

"'She is still able to write a book, write a play, sculp, and paint,' says Jules Claretie, in writing about Sarah Bernhardt. 'She has spent ten fortunes and the existences of twenty women. A robust circus girl would long ago have died of *anæmia!* With Sarah, on the contrary, the nerves communicate to the whole body a

kind of electric activity. Repose seems to her like another death. That which is not paroxysm, seems to her lethargy.'"

"Yes, it is quite true," says Madame Sarah, as I read her the passage. "If it hadn't been for my determination I should have died long ago!"

During Madame Sarah's last season but one in London, I was privileged to see much of her home life at her house in Alpha Road, Regent's Park, and I never knew which to wonder at most—Sarah Bernhardt at work, or Sarah Bernhardt at play. I have seen her finish a game of croquet, but half-played out, through a drenching shower of rain, and she played the game with as much earnestness and concentration of purpose as if her professional reputation were at stake. For choice she was always surrounded by young people, but she herself was the youngest of us all. Amongst other simple pastimes, that of "dressing up" seemed to afford her great amusement, and I remember one afternoon when, our hostess having been suddenly called indoors, we were all rather surprised to see a shabby-looking woman strolling towards us across the lawn. Her face was partly hidden by a black veil, and she wore a musty-looking, black gown and carried a bag; her whole appearance, carriage, and demeanour being suggestive of a free distribution of tracts.

"GISMONDA"—(Gismonda).
From a Photo. by Nadar, Paris.

She came up to us and stood still, without the slightest show of embarrassment on her part, though there was much on ours, for we resented the intrusion and waited, with much impatience, for our hostess to reappear and send this unpleasant female to the right-about. Thus we remained silently staring at one another for some ten minutes, when a silvery laugh from behind the veil discovered to our astonishment its wearer to be Madame Sarah herself—but as far as it went, and in every detail, the deception was perfect. In her amusements, as in her work, Sarah Bernhardt must always be thorough.

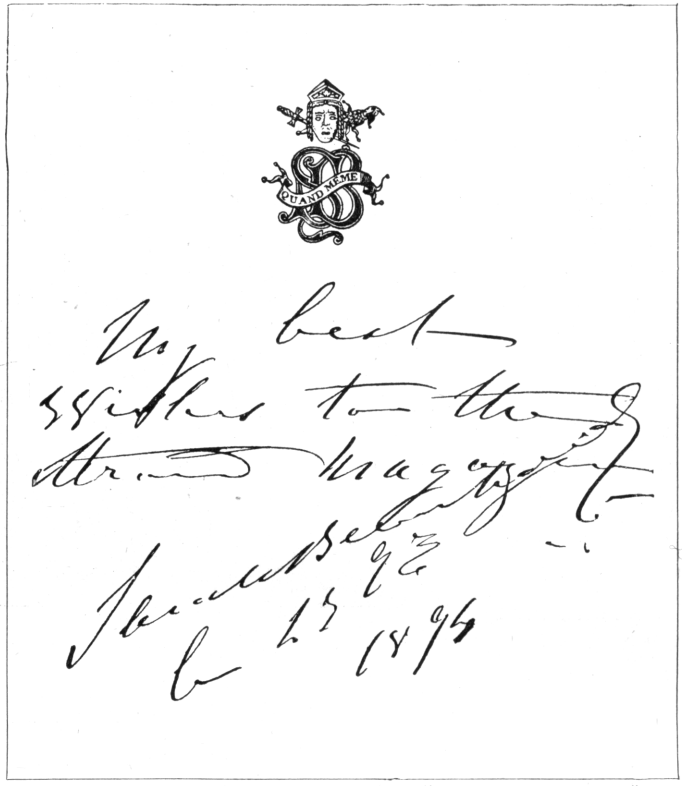
We now commenced chatting about her own theatre; and the great actress tells me of the improvements she has effected since its management has come under her hands. "Amongst other things," she says, "I have suppressed the *clague*. It never saved a piece yet, and it is an unfair attempt to lead the opinion of the audience. I have, also, suppressed the *surtaxe* on tickets—the extra prices charged for booking seats in advance—and I have done away with the *ouvreuses*, those too-officious women attendants to whom foreigners object so strongly. In a word, I have formed the Théâtre Renaissance on the best English models."

"And the new play, 'Gismonda'? Are you pleased with it?"

"Ah, yes, it is splendid, as you will say when you have seen it! It gives me great opportunities, and it ought to have as prolonged a vogue as 'La Tosca.' My *rôle* is *Gismonda*, widow of Nério, the second Duke

THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT.
From a Photo. by Nadar, Paris.

of Athens—and she is an historical personage. The scene is laid in Athens in 1451, just prior to the capture of Constantinople by the Turks. It is all but an unknown epoch, and the drama is most curious—most interesting. Most people associate Athens with classical times and traditions, but this represents it in the intermediate period, between the classic and the modern. It takes a Sardou to conjure up a Greece of the Middle Ages, and the drama is thoroughly after Sardou at his best—nervous and concise—and the action is extremely rapid, *vive* and *entraînante*. I wear some very splendid costumes in the play, and—ah! yes—certainly I shall play it during my forthcoming London season!"



WRITTEN BY MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT FOR "THE STRAND MAGAZINE."

"Have you not written a play, and, besides other literary work, did you not publish a book in 1878?" is my next question.

"Yes, 'Dans les Nuages, Impressions d'une Chaise,' was its full title. It was an account of an aërial journey I had taken in a balloon—and the chair—that was myself! My play, 'L'Aveu,' was produced at the Odéon, on the 27th March, 1888. It was a prose drama in one act, and was played by MM. Paul Mounet and Marquet, and by Mesdames R. Sisos and Marie Sumary. It is an episode of married life, and while some thought it too melodramatic, others were much pleased with it, and M. Amand Silvestre said, 'It is a work interesting through a true knowledge of the stage, expressed in eloquent and vivid sobriety of language.' Then, also, I once wrote a criticism on the Salon for 'Le Globe.'

"Yes," she admits, after I had prompted her memory, "I drew the frontispiece of an album of autographs of the members of the Comédie Française, which my comrades of the Théâtre had the idea of offering to the Prince of Wales. My design was the Spirit of Glory crowning the busts of Shakespeare and Molière, and I wrote beneath it: '*Être intelligent fait de l'egoïsme une vertu, l'imbécile en fait un vice.*"

"And now, Madame Sarah, have you nothing else you can tell me?"

"My friend, it is not possible! One version at least of everything I do or have done is known and written about. Everyone who interviews me asks more or less the same questions. I go over the same ground repeatedly, and what answers I don't give they invent for themselves. The moment I intend producing a new play, all the French papers want to know about it.

"You know, I must reserve a few secrets for my memoirs, which I am bringing out shortly. In them I shall simply content myself with telling the story of my life, clearing up what is obscure, and setting right much that has been written and said about me, and which was not worth while contradicting in detail, or which at the time I had no opportunity of refuting, and so it has become a tradition I have not at this moment the leisure to rectify."

This concluded our long interview, and I took my leave of unquestionably the greatest actress of the day, and one of the kindest-hearted and most extraordinary women of our time.

Anno Domini 1795.

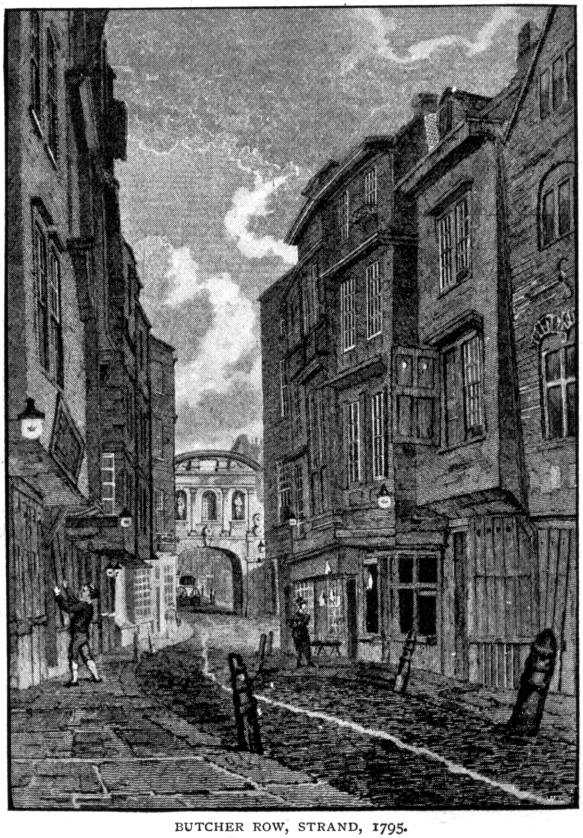
By Alfred Whitman.

THIS is an age of centenary celebrations; and most of us are interested in the accounts of events of a hundred years ago. In the present article an endeavour is made to portray some of the leading features of the year of grace 1795 — Royal, political, social, and domestic.

First, a few words as to the weather. When January opened it was bitterly cold, the River Thames being frozen over so that people could walk about on it without mishap. In February came a sudden thaw, causing floods which did immense damage, and at Kingston boats plied about the streets, and the people were driven upstairs and supplied with necessaries by means of boats at their windows. In May the weather was of a kind rarely experienced. One day no place could be found cool enough, and the next greatcoats and coal fires were in a state of requisition, while on the 20th June there was a heavy fall of snow, causing thousands of newly-shorn sheep to perish in different parts of the country. Hot weather and thunderstorms prevailed during the next month, followed in August by brilliant sunshine which brought about a most abundant harvest, and the year closed with an earthquake in the Midlands, several stacks of chimneys being thrown down at Nottingham.

The failure of the European wheat crop of 1794 caused a great scarcity of flour in 1795, and bread was very dear. The price of the quartern loaf, which was 1s. in July, rose to 1s. 1½d. in December, notwithstanding the harvest. Meat also was at famine price, and not only did the poor suffer great privation, but on December 17th "the Directors of the Bank of England voted a gratuity of £10 to each of their clerks on account of the dearness of the necessities of life." Coal, too, was very scarce, and the price reached as high as 70s. a chaldron.

London, in 1795, extended from Limehouse and Deptford on the east to Millbank and Vauxhall on the west—a distance of about seven miles, and its greatest extent from north to south was three miles. In this area the population did not exceed 600,000. One London improvement is worth remembering. In this year an Act of Parliament was passed for facilitating the passage through the Strand by removing the block of buildings known as Butcher Row, which stood between St. Clement Danes Church and Temple Bar, and obstructed the thoroughfare in the same way that the block of buildings between that church and St. Mary-le-Strand Church does to the present day.



BUTCHER ROW, STRAND, 1795.
From an Old Print.

On the next page we reproduce a ticket of admission to the ball at the Mansion House on April 6th.

We will next take a glance down the social scale, beginning with the King and Royal Family. On June 4th,

FACSIMILE OF TICKET OF ADMISSION TO THE MANSION HOUSE BALL, APRIL 6TH, 1795.

1795, George III. was fifty-seven years of age. The Queen's birthday was on May 20th, and this is how it was spent. There were excursions for air and exercise during the morning, and early in the afternoon dinner was served. At seven o'clock the Royal party walked into Windsor Castle to drink tea, at nine a concert was given—the King and the two elder Princesses arranging the programme — and the day's events were brought to a close with a supper in St. George's Hall. The summer holiday of the Royal Family is interesting. It was arranged to spend six weeks at Weymouth. While the Royal visitors were there the newspapers, as nowadays, published accounts of their trivial doings. "August 21. This morning His Majesty bathed a little after six; and three of the Princesses were in the bathing-machine by seven." Again—"October 2. This morning His Majesty has bathed very early for the last time this season, as have some of the Princesses. They depart to-morrow morning at 5 o'clock." As a fact, they started a quarter of an hour earlier, and reversing the order of the outward journey, arrived at Windsor by six.

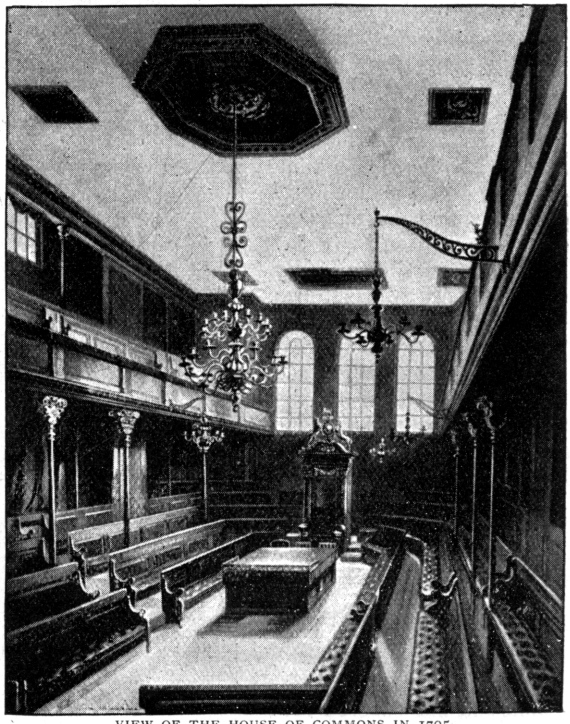
An event occurred on October 29th which calls for comment. As the King was proceeding through St. James's Park, on his way to open Parliament, an infuriated mob attacked the procession and attempted violence upon His Majesty. Fortunately, although in manifest danger, no personal injury was inflicted; but as the empty carriage was returning to the mews all the glass panels were destroyed, and an attempt was made to wreck the vehicle,

THE ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF GEORGE III., OCTOBER 29TH, 1795.
From an Old Print.

From an] MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES, APRIL 8TH, 1795. *[Old Print.*

which was only prevented by the arrival of a company of soldiers.

The great event of the year to the Prince of Wales was his marriage. The preliminary arrangements, coming in the previous year, we will pass over. Princess Caroline of Brunswick left her home on the 24th March, and after some dodging, on account of the Continental war, reached the sea coast. Little was known in this country of her movements, but by March 30th the *Times* ventured to predict that "The Princess may now be expected every hour in England." A few days later her vessel was sighted off the East Coast, and as the people did not know her place of debarkation, and the boat came so close to shore off Ipswich, the inhabitants became excited and called out the Volunteers to line the streets, expecting the Princess would sail up the river and pass through the town. Crowds thronged the streets for several hours, while all the time the Princess was coming south to the Thames. The



VIEW OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS IN 1795.
From an Old Print.

"LEAVING OFF POWDER; OR, A FRUGAL FAMILY SAVING THE GUINEA.
From an Old Print.

ship arrived at Greenwich, and Caroline landed on Sunday, April 5th, and, after a brief rest, the procession set out for London by road, reaching St. James's rather late in the afternoon. Some time previously the Royal couple had exchanged miniatures, and at their first meeting they were attired in the costumes depicted in the portraits, so that they might be more familiar to one another. No time was lost with the final preparations, and the marriage was solemnized at St. James's, on Wednesday evening, April 8th, as shown in our illustration.

The *Times* tells us that "on being asked 'Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband?' the Princess answered, with great emphasis, 'I will'"; and from the same source we learn that "H.R.H. the Prince of Wales wore a blue Genoa velvet coat and breeches, with a silver tissue waistcoat and coat cuffs richly embroidered with silver and spangles. The whole suit was covered with large and small spangles. He looked uncommonly well."

In the House of Commons Pitt was Prime Minister, and Fox, his opponent, was member for Westminster. Burke was member for Malton, Sheridan for Stafford, and Wilberforce, the slave-abolitionist, for Yorkshire. We give a view of the House of Commons as it appeared a century ago. The transaction of business was speedy, and debates on ordinary Bills rarely exceeded one sitting. An important Act of the year was the one known as the Hair Powder Tax, by which a guinea

"KNIVES, SCISSORS, AND RAZORS TO GRIND."
Painted by Wheatley, and Published in 1795.

per annum was imposed on all wearers of hair powder. The penalty for infringing the Act was £20. The tax provoked a great amount of satire and ridicule, and the illustration on the previous page reproduces one of the caricatures of the day. The people who, in consequence of the tax, discontinued the use of powder and cut their hair were nicknamed "crops," and the users of powder were known as "guinea-pigs."

In art matters the home of the Royal Academy was at Somerset House, and Benjamin West was President. Hoppner was elected an R.A., and among the popular paintings of the year were Wheatley's well-known "Cries of London." These pictures were engraved, and a set of the prints realized £215 a few months ago. We reproduce one of the subjects, "Knives, Scissors, and Razors to Grind," and it may fairly represent the art of engraving for the year.

At the end of the last century the principal London newspapers were the *Times*, the *Morning Post*, *Morning Chronicle*, *Morning Advertiser*, and *Morning Herald*. We reproduce the front page of the *Times* for January 1st, and it is a curiosity, for the printer, in error, called the year 1794, and had to rectify his mistake by hand. Upon a glance at a copy of the *Times*, as representing the best paper of the period, one thing of note to remark is the fulness of the Parliamentary reports. A speech by a leading politician sometimes occupied five or six columns, and the report of an important debate occasionally filled almost the entire sheet, which consisted of four pages. There is an absence of sensational headings, and in the reports of speeches one never comes across interpolations such as "cheers," "hear, hear!" or "ironical laughter," which are so prevalent nowadays.


1795

The Times.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 1, 1795

PRICE 4½D.

REDUCED FACSIMILE OF THE FIRST PAGE OF THE 'TIMES,' JANUARY 1ST, 1795.

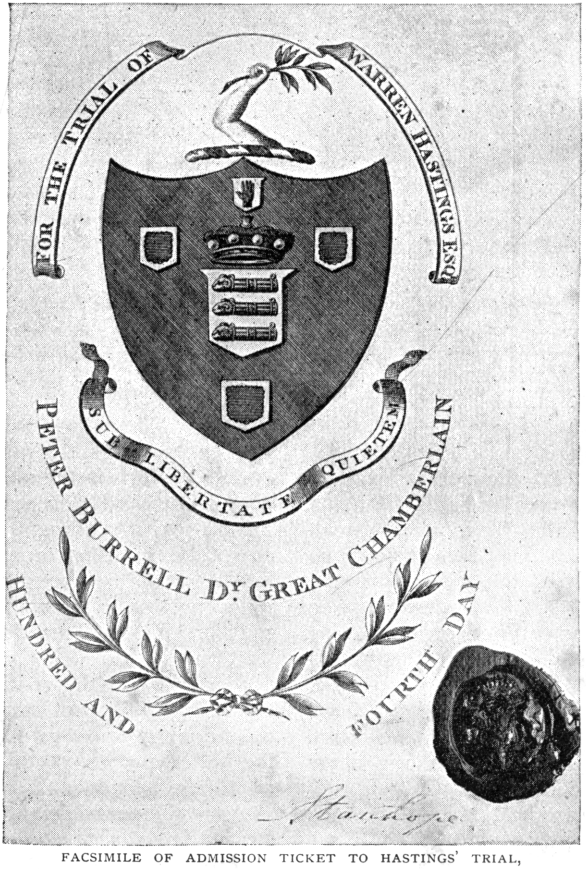
The great political event was the trial of Warren Hastings, the first Governor-General of India, which lasted altogether seven years two months and eleven days, and on April 23rd, 1795, was brought to a conclusion by acquitting Hastings on all the counts of the impeachment. The illustrations on the following page give the scene of the trial in Westminster Hall, and a reproduction of the ticket of admission to the proceedings on the 104th day. As a sequel to the verdict, the India Company granted an indemnification to Hastings of £70,000 for the expenses of his defence, and an annuity of £5,000.

As to the postal arrangements, the General Post Office was situated in Lombard Street, and there were two Postmasters-General.

From an] THE TRIAL OF WARREN HASTINGS, CONCLUDED APRIL 23RD, 1795. *[Old Print.*

The rates of postage for single letters were — for a distance of one mail-coach stage, 2d.; two stages, 3d.; and so on up to 150 miles for 5d. From London to Edinburgh cost 7d., and from London to Dublin, viâ Carlisle, 1s.

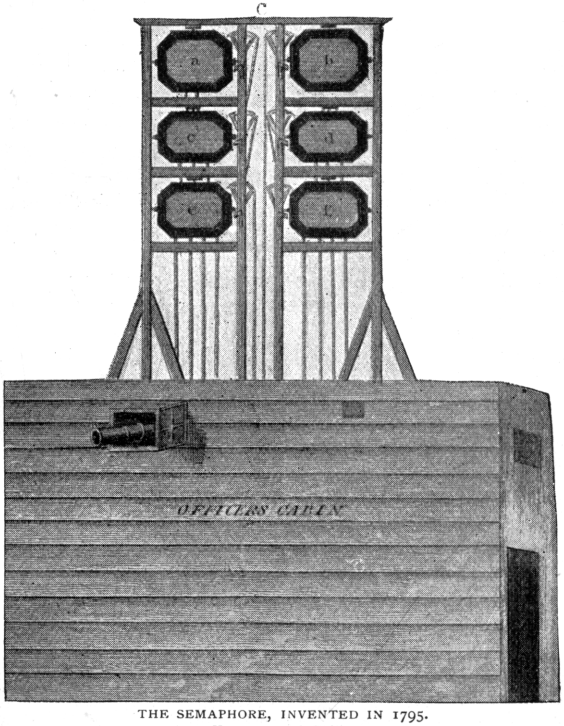
The system of telegraphing by semaphore was invented about 1795, and the cut on the next page represents the apparatus that was adopted by the Admiralty. In March a specimen of the instrument was exhibited in the Haymarket, and in August a telegraph was erected at Post-down Hill, near Portsmouth, and it was claimed that by using a series of them placed at convenient distances from one another, intelligence could be conveyed from Portsmouth to London in twenty minutes. In September a conversation by semaphore was held between two gentlemen, one on the Irish coast and the other on the Scotch, a distance of eighteen Irish miles; and in the same month three telegraphs were erected by order of the Admiralty Board — one at Wimbledon Park, another at Sydenham Common, and the third at Shooter's Hill;



FACSIMILE OF ADMISSION TICKET TO HASTINGS' TRIAL, 104TH DAY.

while in December a chain of telegraphs was established from Shooter's Hill to Dover.

In reference to the seaside resorts, the *Times* gives us the following. July 3rd: "The Isle of Wight is now in its high beauty." September 3rd: "Margate continues to fill very rapidly. This morning about two o'clock, a hoy arrived full of passengers, many of whom were obliged to return on board the hoy to sleep." September 7th: "New South End, Essex. This celebrated bathing-place is rapidly rising in repute. The nobility and gentry who have this season honoured New South End with their company include the Marquis of Salisbury and Lord Clive." September 16th: "Teignmouth and Sidmouth are overflowing with visitors." October 27th: "Southampton is literally overflowing. Lord and Lady Hood could only obtain a bed by prevailing upon the landlord at the Star and his wife to cede to them their own." Ilfracombe was then called Ilfordcombe, and Brighton, Brighthelmstone; and as the Prince and Princess of Wales spent the autumn at the latter place, it was crowded with fashionable folk.



THE SEMAPHORE, INVENTED IN 1795.
From an Old Print.

In regard to amusements, Vauxhall Gardens were highly popular, but Ranelagh Gardens had seen their best days; though, on May 6th, a Grand Masquerade was held there, which was considered so important that a ball, which was to be given on that evening at Buckingham House (now Buckingham Palace), was postponed in order that members of the Royal Family might attend. The King's, Covent Garden, and Drury Lane Theatres were all newly opened buildings, their predecessors having been destroyed by fire; and Astley's Amphitheatre, near Westminster Bridge, which was burnt down in 1794, was rapidly rebuilt and opened on Easter Monday. The pantomime of the year was "Merry Sherwood, or Harlequin Forester"; and it may be remembered that in this work the song of "The Friar of Orders Grey" appeared.

Debating societies existed at that time, and on July 28th the members of the Westminster Forum considered "Four Matrimonial Nuisances. Which would, to a woman of sense and accomplishments, prove the most intolerable companion in the Marriage state: a Spendthrift, a Miser, a Clown, or a Fop?"

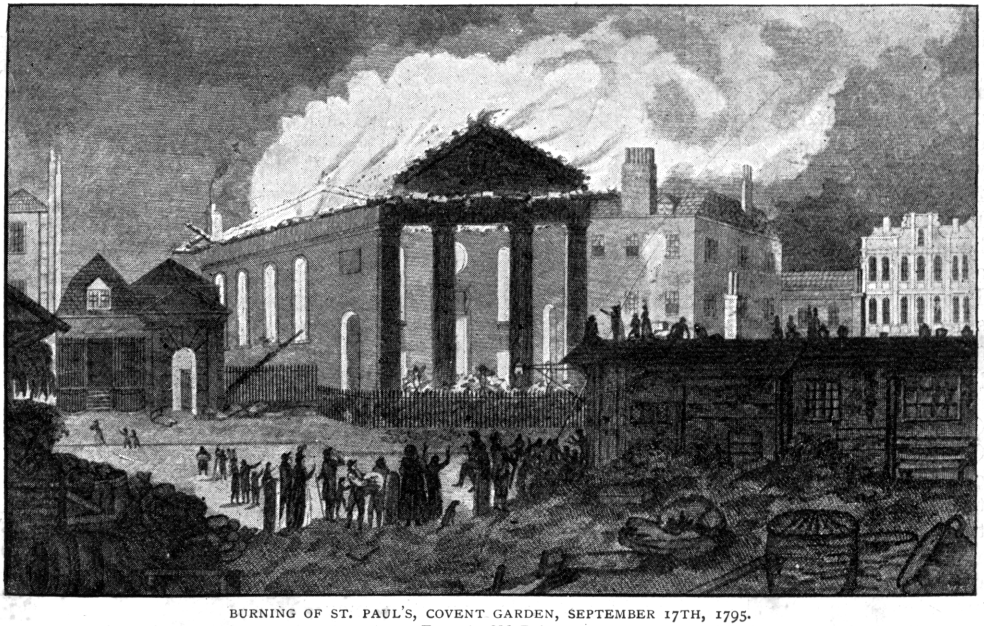
Among the articles advertised for sale during the year we find "Brunswick Royal Liquid Soap," "Patent Artificial Leg," "Composition Teeth," "Patent Steam Kitchen and Economic Cooking Machine," and "A New System of Shorthand." The following matrimonial advertisement will serve as a sample for many: "The advertiser, a young batchelor of thirty, of genteel person and address, of liberal sentiments, possessing an agreeable good temper, and an affable, cheerful disposition, would be happy to meet with a young lady or widow, possessing nearly the same qualities, who is inclined to enter into that happy state, and can command, at least, £500."

We thought it something new when the Great Eastern Railway Company began to deliver sea water in London, but we find the same thing in 1795—"Sea Water Bathing at 21, George Street, York Buildings. A cargo of pure salt water is just up, and any quantity may be had, from a quart to a hogshead, on reasonable terms." The following is the way the clergy were catered for: "To be disposed of. Manuscript Sermons; rational and pathetic, on the newest plan, warranted original, never preached or printed, and of which no copies ever have or will be given. Not more than six or less than two

will be sold to any one person. Apply to Mr. Jones, No. 5, Bell's Buildings, Fleet Street."

One or two odds and ends must bring this article to a close. On the 27th May there was a "sale by candle," which reminds us of a method of selling then in vogue. Instead of the "Going, going, gone!" system, a candle was lighted, and the sale remained open while it burnt an inch, the purchaser being the person who offered most in that time. Speaking of candles reminds us of an amusing incident that happened in April. "At the Chelmsford Assizes a jury was enclosed at 10 o'clock at night upon a question on which there was some difference of opinion. Before they agreed upon their verdict the candle burnt out; and there being no fire in the room, they were obliged to sit all night in the dark till the return of day enabled them to settle their verdict." The pillory existed at Charing Cross, and in February, a man who was placed in it was "dreadfully pelted by the ladies from St. Giles." The fires of the year included the destruction of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, as illustrated below, and unfortunately, about a year before, the insurance in the Westminster Office for £10,000 had been allowed to lapse. Among the fire insurance offices in that year there were, besides the Westminster, the Royal Exchange, Sun, Hand-in-Hand, Union, and Phœnix, and among the brewers we find the names of Whitbread, Meux and Co., and Hanbury.

If it be thought that the avocation of the pavement artist is a modern one, the following may be of interest: "On September 21st, 1795, an accident occurred on Blackfriars Bridge, by which several persons were run over, in consequence of a crowd gathering round a poor cripple who is well known about town for his ingenious writing in chalk upon the pavement of the streets." And lastly, in the way of labour troubles, we find under the date July 16th: "The millwrights at London Bridge, who make from 30 shillings to 2 guineas a week, struck work, and entered into a combination for an increase of wages"; and under August 5th, "On Monday morning the coal porters throughout the Metropolis struck, and refused to work without an advance of wages."



BURNING OF ST. PAUL'S, COVENT GARDEN, SEPTEMBER 17TH, 1795.
From an Old Print.

Stories from the Diary of a Doctor.

SECOND SERIES.

By L. T. Meade and Clifford Halifax, M.D.

[These stories are written in collaboration with a medical man of large experience. Many are founded on fact, and all are within the region of practical medical science. Those stories which may convey an idea of the impossible are only a forecast of an early realization.]

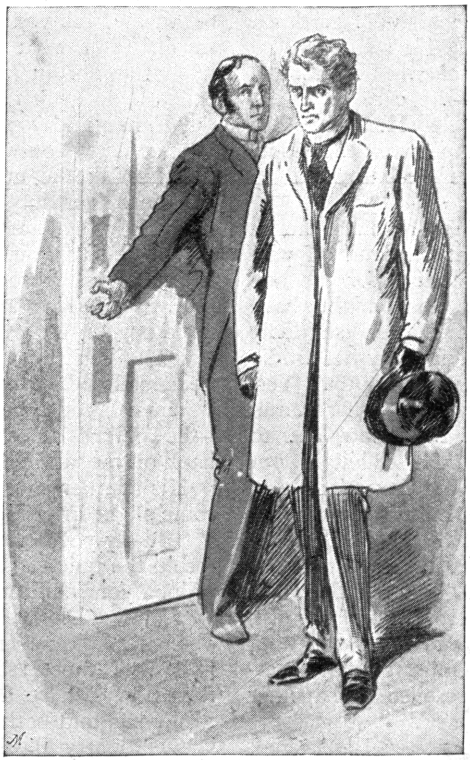
V.—THE RED BRACELET.

ONE morning, just at the close of my hours of consultation, my servant introduced into my consulting-room a tall, good-looking, middle-aged man. His name was Stafford. I had never seen him before. His face was slightly bronzed, and looked as if it had been much exposed to wind and weather. He had keen blue eyes, a frank expression of mouth, and a hearty manner which impressed me favourably. I motioned him to a chair and inquired what I could do for him. He looked at me for a moment or two without replying. I saw that he was taking my measure; I also noticed that there was considerable anxiety in his eyes. After a time he spoke abruptly.

"I fear I have come here on a wild-goose chase."

"Perhaps you will allow me to decide that," I answered, with a smile.

"Yes," he continued; "of course, you are the one to decide. I had better tell you what I want at once—I am not here on my own account—I have a daughter——" Here he broke off abruptly, and taking his handkerchief from his pocket, wiped the moisture from his brow. As he did so he sighed.



MR. STAFFORD.

"Your daughter is ill, and you want me to see her?" I interrogated.

"I want you to see her, certainly, but she is not ill," he answered, springing suddenly to his feet—"that is, not ill in the ordinary sense of the word. I don't suppose anything can be done—still, I have heard a great deal of you. You have a facility for helping people out of difficulties. The facts of the case are briefly these: My girl—she is my only child—is blind, she is affected with congenital blindness. I have taken her to the best oculists in Europe, and they all alike regard her case as hopeless."

"I am sorry to say that I agree with them," I interrupted. "Congenital blindness is, as a rule, hopeless. It arises, in all probability, from some defect in the construction of the eye. The optic nerve, or some other important part of the wonderful mechanism of sight, is omitted. I shall be glad to help you, but in the first place I am not a specialist, and——"

"I have not come to ask you to help me in the matter of the blindness," said Mr. Stafford. "My daughter is so accustomed to this that she scarcely feels her defect. She has been splendidly trained, and can do almost every single thing that a person with full sight can attempt — she rides, she walks, she rows like any other girl; as to her music, it is wonderful. But, there, I must come to the point."

"Is your daughter in town?" I interrupted.

"No, she is in the country. We live in Yorkshire. Molly hates town. The atmosphere of a town has a particularly irritating effect upon her nerves. Her mother and I can seldom get her to visit London with us."

"What are her special symptoms?" I asked.

"In the ordinary sense she is not ill at all. She sleeps well, eats well, and enjoys life to the full."

"What are you uneasy about, then?" I asked.

"What am I uneasy about? I'll tell you. You must know that our child is the heiress of great wealth. I am a rich man, and she inherits all I possess. About two months ago, a man who went by the name of Winchester took up his abode in our village. He stayed at the 'White Hart' and spent the greater part of his time fishing. No one knew anything about him. He was tall, good-looking, and about fifty years of age. On a near view his eyes repelled you—they were too close together, and had an ugly expression in them. In an evil moment my little girl made his acquaintance. He had the luck to save her life. You may think I ought to be grateful for this, but upon my honour, whatever he did in the first instance, I don't think I could feel a sense of gratitude towards that man. Well, I'll tell you how they came to know each other. I mentioned that the girl could ride—she can, as if she had the keenest sight under Heaven. She was fond of having a gallop across the moors on her mare, of course accompanied by someone.

"One afternoon, a little more than a month ago, the mare took fright and ran off with her. The brute made straight for the line of rail. I don't know what might have happened had not Winchester suddenly appeared and caught the mare by her bridle just as the groom came galloping up. Yes, I acknowledge that it was a brave act, and of course I had to thank the fellow, and to make his acquaintance. He called at our place, and from the very first I noticed that he had an extraordinary influence over my child. My belief is that he hypnotized her almost directly. To make a long story short, this fellow, old enough to be her father, has had the presumption to propose for my girl, and she is so desperately in love with him, that if I don't give my consent to the marriage her health, reason, or even perhaps her life itself, may be endangered."

"You use strong expressions," I answered. May I ask what you expect me to do in the case?"

"I want you to open my child's mental eyes, in some way or other, in order that she may see this man as he really is. It is a craze—a regular craze—with the girl. Winchester hasn't a penny; he only wants the child for her money. Do you think he would saddle himself with a blind wife if he didn't want her gold?"

"Perhaps not," I answered; "and yet I have known blind girls very attractive."

The father gave an impatient sigh.

"My child would be a lovely creature if her eyes were right. The sightless balls are well formed, the eyelashes black and long, and the eyelids well open; but the eyes are covered with a thick film, and this film gives to her face a peculiarly strange, and even startling, appearance. I know Winchester doesn't care a bit for her except for her gold, and I'm determined he sha'n't have her."

"I am truly sorry for you," I answered, "but I must frankly say I am puzzled to know how to help you. How is it possible for me to influence your daughter, when I don't even know her?"

Stafford gave me a hopeless gaze.

"I thought you might suggest something," he said. "I have heard of you from several friends. I tell you the man has hypnotized my girl, and what I want you to do is to hypnotize her in another direction. Now, can you, and will you?"

"I am afraid you ask for an impossibility," I replied. "You will forgive me for saying that I think the matter simple enough. It is plainly your duty to remove your daughter from the immediate vicinity of this man. You don't like him, you think his object in paying his addresses unworthy, you have but to be firm, to refuse your consent to the marriage, to take your child away, and the influence which Winchester exercises over her will be weakened and will gradually die out."

When I said this, Stafford shook his head—he walked across the room, turned his back on me, and gazed out of the window.

His manner annoyed me, and I spoke with some slight irritation.

"Surely you, as Miss Stafford's father, can forbid the union?" I said. "Surely you have trained your child to obey you?"

"I have, Dr. Halifax; a sweeter and more obedient child never lived until she met this fellow. I must tell you frankly, however, that now I have lost all power over her. Molly has told both her mother and me that she will marry Basil Winchester whether we wish it or not. Our wishes, our distress, have not the slightest power over her. We consider her, in short, scarcely responsible for her actions. The man's influence is the strangest thing I have ever seen. I believe he can hypnotize her even from a distance, and he is so clever that if we take her to the other end of the world, he will contrive to follow us."

"I WANT YOU TO HYPNOTIZE HER."

"Well," I said, "as you cannot influence Miss Stafford to yield to your wishes, had you not better try the other way round. You think that Winchester wants your daughter for her gold. Can you not inform him that if he marries her without your permission, you will cut her off with the proverbial shilling?"

Stafford shrugged his shoulders, and gave a grim smile.

"I might say so twenty times," he replied, "but Winchester would not believe me. He would know, what is a fact, that whatever the child did, I could not be unkind to her. The fact is, she is the apple of her mother's eye and mine. At the present moment she is simply lost to us: she is deaf to our entreaties. She thinks of nothing morning, noon, or night but this man, who has contrived to get such an appalling power over her. I tell you what it is, Dr. Halifax, I have such a dislike to the fellow that I would rather see my only child in her grave than his wife, and yet I feel that if something is not done at once he will contrive to accomplish the marriage."

"The case is a strange one," I said; "still——"

"You will do something for us, won't you? I have come up to London on purpose to consult you."

"You are very good, but you place more faith in me than I deserve."

"You do acknowledge that there is a power in hypnotism?" asked Stafford.

"Undoubtedly."

"Well, can't one hypnotist counterbalance the will of another, if he happens to have a stronger power?"

"Perhaps so," I replied. "To tell the truth, I have never gone thoroughly into this subject."

"Well, at least, will you do this? Will you come down to Yorkshire and see my girl?"

"Certainly, if you wish it."

"I do. When can you come?"

"Towards the end of the present week, if that will suit you."

"Admirably. Come on Saturday and stay till Monday. We will speak of you to Molly as a friend, and not address you by your name of doctor."

"As you like," I replied.

"Very well, then—that is happily arranged. Our place is called Mount Stafford, and is situated about five miles out of York. If you will send a telegram to state the hour when you will leave town, I will meet you at York station. I am heartily obliged to you for giving me so much of your time."

On the appointed day I went down to Yorkshire. Stafford met me at the railway station. It only needed one glance at his face to see that something fresh had occurred.

"Thank God you have arrived," he said, taking my hand in his great grip. "Now come along to the carriage."

"Is anything the matter?" I asked, as we hurried across the platform.

"Yes, yes; but I won't wait to tell you here. What a relief it is to see your face. Here we are. Step in, Dr. Halifax. Home, Jenkins, as fast as you can."

The carriage door was opened by a footman in livery. Immediately afterwards a pair of spirited horses started forward at a quick pace. We had soon left the picturesque city of York behind us.

"What has happened?" I asked, turning to my host.

He took off his hat, and, pulling a handkerchief out of his pocket, wiped his overheated face.

"What do you think?" he exclaimed. "That scoundrel made an appointment no later than yesterday morning to run off with my child. To this last act of wicked folly had he brought the gentlest and most obedient creature that ever breathed. She waited for him in the pine wood at the back of our house for one hour—two hours. It rained—she was wet to the skin. By the merest accident I found her there—she looked like one in a trance. I touched her and called her name. She turned round quickly and told me what she meant to do, just as though it were the most natural thing in the world. I expressed some of my horror to her—I expostulated—I appealed to her old affectionate feelings—I might as well have spoken to a stone.

"'I am going with him—I shall die without him,' she reiterated over and over again.

"There was no shame in her—no sort of sense of guilt. I had finally to bring her back to the house by force. I left her with her mother and went off to the 'White Hart.' You can imagine my feelings. When I inquired for Winchester, I was told that he had left—gone off, bag and baggage, at an early hour that morning—left no address, and owed some debts in the neighbourhood. He has not since been heard of."

"He is a good riddance," I could not help exclaiming.

"Yes, yes; but, Halifax, the child is dying."

"Oh, come; it can't be so bad as that!" I exclaimed.

"But it is—I tell you it is. You don't know the power that man had over her. She was the brightest creature you can possibly imagine; but, after all, she was not like other girls, and this love affair was not of the ordinary kind. I told you, of course, that it was in my opinion a case of hypnotism from first to last.

"Even in the short month of their intercourse she has changed from a hardy, healthy-looking girl to a mere shadow. Sleep and appetite have failed. The scoundrel won her heart by the most underhand means, and then deliberately forsook her."

"I sympathize with all your feelings with regard to that man," I answered; "but, under the circumstances, he did the best thing he could when he left your daughter."

"SHE LOOKED LIKE ONE IN A TRANCE."

"You say so, because you have not seen her," replied Stafford. "She has touched no food since yesterday morning—her sleep is more like torpor than natural slumber. Her low moans would wring anyone's heart. In

short, she only takes consolation in one thing."

"What is that?" I asked.

"The fellow gave her a bracelet, which he told her he had hypnotized—it is made of red coral. He had the face to inform the child that when she wore it round her arm she would be able to ascertain his wishes—he said it was a link between her and him. Badly as he has treated her, her overpowering passion for him is beyond all reason—she clings to the bracelet as if it were her life. It is piteous to see her sitting apart from everyone worshipping this silly trinket, and imagining that the scoundrel is communicating with her through it."

"There is no doubt that Winchester's influence has affected Miss Stafford's mind for the time being," I replied. "We must see what can be done to get it into a healthy channel as quickly as possible. As to the bracelet, it is bad for her to have it, and, if possible, it ought to be taken from her."

"There is no use in thinking of that, Halifax. She would find it wherever we put it. Her mother managed to slip it from her arm last night while she slept. Mrs. Stafford took it from the room, and locked it in her own wardrobe. What do you think happened? Molly awoke, felt her arm, found that the bracelet was missing, and walked straight from her own room into ours, approached the wardrobe, placed her hand on the drawer which contained the bracelet, and asked her mother for the key.

"'I want to get my bracelet out of that drawer, mother,' she said.

"'How can you possibly know it is there?' asked my wife, quite startled and thrown off her balance by the child's words.

"'I see a light pointing to the red bracelet,' she answered. 'I shall go mad if I don't have it. Give it to me at once.'

"There was nothing for it but to humour the child—her mother gave her back the bracelet, she pressed it to her lips, sighed with pleasure, and carried it off at once. Well, here we are. You shall see my daughter in a moment or two, Halifax. She knows you are coming. I have told her you are a friend of mine—I have not mentioned the fact of your being a physician. Try and get her confidence, if you can."

The carriage drew up before a tall portico. A footman ran down a flight of steps to open the door. The next moment we were in my friend's entrance-hall.

"Tell your mistress we have arrived," said Stafford, turning to the servant.

The man immediately left the hall, and in a moment Mrs. Stafford came hurrying out of one of the reception-rooms to meet us. She was a tall, dignified-looking woman with a pale face, and large, dark grey eyes. These eyes showed traces now of recent tears.

"How is Molly?" asked Stafford, when he had introduced me to his wife.

"Just the same," answered Mrs. Stafford, with a sigh.

"Have you tried to get her to eat anything?"

"I have, but it is useless," replied the mother. "She pushes all food aside with the extraordinary remark that her throat is closed. She is lying down at present, and when I left her room she had the red bracelet tightly pressed against her cheek. I think she sleeps just now. As I was leaving her room I heard her murmur that terrible man's name."

"Suppose I go up and see her while she sleeps?" I said. "I will be very careful not to arouse her."

Mrs. Stafford gazed at me fixedly.

"Perhaps you forget," she said, "that our poor darling is blind. All you have to do is not to speak. Molly has never seen anything in the whole course of her life. She will not know you are in the room if she does not hear your voice."

"Well, that is all the better," I answered, cheerfully. "I can watch her without her noticing me."

"She is very weak," answered the mother, as she took me upstairs and led me down a corridor to Miss Stafford's room. "Her failure of strength is most remarkable. It is now nearly thirty hours since that man disappeared. Each moment seems to take something from her vitality. I could never have believed that hypnotism was such an awful power if I did not witness its effects upon my child."

"It is a fearful and dangerous power," I replied. "The sooner your daughter is released from its spell, the better."

"Sometimes I fear that it may be necessary for us to find this Basil Winchester," said Mrs. Stafford. "He has exercised this spell over the child: he alone may be able to remove it."

"I hope we may relieve Miss Stafford by some other means," I answered. "The less she sees of Winchester in the future the better—but now let me see her. Is this her room?"

"Yes; let us tread softly—I should like the child to have her sleep out."

We entered a very dainty and prettily furnished girl's room. The last rays of the evening sun were streaming into the chamber, and one of them now fell right across the foot of the bed on which the recumbent figure of a very young and remarkably pretty girl lay. Thick dark lashes shaded the cheeks — the brows were delicate, finely pencilled, and perfectly black. The hair, which was thrown back over the pillows, was abundant, and of the luxurious and curly order. Its shade was of a rich tone of brown, with a slight admixture of red in it—the complexion was delicate—the features regular. As I looked for the first time at Molly Stafford, I could not help feeling a distinct pang at my heart. She was an only child—she was the one treasure of this rich and prosperous couple. Without her, of what avail to them would be their house, their lands, their gold? If ever a girl appeared ill unto death, this one did. There was a transparency about her complexion—a waxlike hue was spread all over her face, which showed me how serious was the drain on her system made by a mysterious and little understood power. I took one of her limp hands in mine, and felt her feeble, fluttering pulse. The other hand was pressed against her cheek. On the wrist of this small right hand I saw the bracelet—the red beads pressed the sleeper's soft cheek, making faint marks there. The mother came up and stood by my side as I gazed. Suddenly she bent forward and touched my arm.

"What do you think of her?" she asked, in a whisper of uncontrollable anxiety.

"Hush," I replied. "I will talk to you presently."

As I spoke I bent down over the child, and pushing back the hair from her brow, listened to her hurried breathing. When I did this she suddenly, and without the least warning, opened her eyes wide. The effect was so startling that I stepped back. While she slept I had forgotten the fact of her blindness—now it was abundantly manifest. The opened eyes made such a complete change in her whole appearance that her beauty vanished, giving place to positive ugliness—ugliness of an almost repellent order. The sightless eyes themselves were well formed and of a good size. They were turned now full upon me, and the brows became slightly knit. I had never seen such eyes before. I can only describe them as all white. There was no cornea, no iris, no pupil. The entire eyeball was white, as is the outside margin of the ordinary eye.

"Who touched me?" said the girl, starting up in bed, and covering the wrist on which she wore the bracelet with her other hand. "There is an adverse influence in the room. I won't have anything to do with it. Mother, are you there?"

"I am close to you, my darling."

"But there is someone else in the room—someone who is against me. Who is it?"

"Tell her at once," I said to the mother; "there is no use in deceiving her."

"You can't deceive me even if you try," answered Miss Stafford. As she spoke she flung the bed-clothes aside and sprang out of bed—she had lain down in her dress—she came quickly up to where I was standing.

"Who are you? Tell me at once," she repeated.

"I am a friend of your father's," I answered, "and I hope also to be a friend of yours.

"WHO ARE YOU?"

Your father and mother have told me that you are in trouble."

"Yes, I am—I am in awful trouble," she answered.

"Well, as I am a doctor, I may be able to do something for you."

She laughed wildly.

"Of all people in the world, I wish least to see a doctor," she answered. "I am not ill—at least, in the ordinary sense. I am in trouble because—because my heart bleeds—but this comforts me. It is warm—it has life in it—some of his life."

Here she pressed the coral beads passionately to her lips.

"Listen to me," I said, in a firm voice. "You are at present under the influence——"

"Oh, you need not tell me," she interrupted. "I glory in being under Basil Winchester's influence."

"You are at present under the dangerous influence of hypnotism," I answered.

She started violently when I said these words; then, with a swift movement, infinitely touching, went straight up to her mother, and put her arms round her neck.

"Mother, darling, don't let that man say anything more to me," she whispered—"he is a stranger—his influence is adverse—I don't want to get under it—take him away from me, mother."

"You are mistaken, Molly," answered Mrs. Stafford; "this gentleman would not hurt you for the world: he is a friend of ours, Dr. Halifax."

"I don't wish to have anything to do with him. I know what he has come for—he wants to take my bracelet away."

"You are altogether mistaken," I said, coming near her as I spoke. "I faithfully promise not to touch your bracelet, if you will do something for me."

A look of great relief came over her face.

"I will do anything, if I may keep my bracelet."

"On one condition you may keep it."

"What is that?"

"That you eat something which I am going to order for you."

"I can't eat, my throat is closed."

"No, that is folly," I replied. "You are giving way to a feeling of hysteria. This is causing your father and mother great unhappiness. Your throat is not closed, you only imagine it. Mrs. Stafford, will you get your daughter to wash her face and hands and then bring her downstairs to one of the sitting-rooms? You will eat something, Miss Stafford, when I tell you to?" I finally added.

She made no reply, but detaching her arms from her mother's neck, she let them fall to her sides, and followed me with her queer, sightless eyes as I left the room. The terrible eyes seemed to watch me as if they could see. I went immediately downstairs, and in about ten minutes Mrs. Stafford appeared in one of the drawing-rooms, leading her daughter by the hand.

To my astonishment, the girl loosened her clasp of her mother's hand and came straight up to me, exactly as a person with sight would do.

"Here I am," she said. "I promise to obey you if I may keep my bracelet. Now, what am I to do?"

"Take this glass of port wine, and drink it off," I said.

I had asked Stafford to have wine and biscuits in readiness, and I now filled a glass with good old port, and put it into Miss Stafford's hand.

"Drink," I said; "you can do so if you wish."

She didn't even attempt to struggle against my stronger will. Taking the glass, she raised it to her lips and drained off the contents at one draught.

"That is capital," I answered, "now eat this biscuit."

She did so with a sort of queer, desperate haste. When she had finished the first, I gave her another, which was also devoured quickly.

"That will do," I said, when she had finished the second biscuit. "Now sit here—I want to have a talk with you."

"I may keep my bracelet?" she inquired.

"I have said so," I answered. "I hope, before long, that you will give it to me of your own free will, but until that time comes I, for one, will certainly not deprive you of it."

"I believe that you are speaking the truth—I believe that I can trust you," she answered, with a profound sigh of relief.

She sat down on a low seat. The coral bracelet was on her left wrist; she stroked the red beads tenderly with the fingers of her right hand. As she did so, pleased smiles began to flit across her worn, little face.

"I am better for my food," she said, after a pause.

"Of course you are," I answered. "It was very silly of you to refuse to eat. You must have another meal presently, but not just yet."

She raised her head and gave me one of her sightless gazes; alarm became manifest in her face.

"I don't believe I shall be able to eat any more," she said; "my throat is getting that dreadful closed feeling again."

"You won't feel your throat troubling you when I wish you to eat," I said.

"But, surely, doctor, you are not going to hypnotize me?"

"I am not," I answered.

"Then why do you suppose that I shall obey you?"

"Because I intend to exercise my strong will over yours—yours is just now weakened by sorrow."

"Oh, yes," she interrupted, "by terrible, maddening grief."

"You have parted for the time being with common-sense," I continued, taking no apparent notice of her anguish. "I mean to bring that precious possession back to you."

I spoke so far in the driest way, but then, seeing how weak she was, I allowed some of the sympathy which I really felt to get into my voice.

"I pity you sincerely," I said. "It is possible that I may be able to help you, if we can have a little talk alone. May I see Miss Stafford for a few moments by herself?" I continued, turning to the parents.

"Certainly," said Stafford. He and his wife had been watching us with the most intense anxiety. They now left the room. Molly took no notice of their departure. She sat huddled up near a fire, which was not unpleasant on this late autumn day. Her sightless eyes seemed to watch the flames as they flickered.

"Do you know that there is a fire in the grate?" I asked, suddenly.

"Yes," she replied.

"You doubtless feel the warmth?" I continued.

"I feel the warmth," she answered, "but that is not all. I have a sensation when my eyes are fixed on a fire, or on the sun, as if at any moment I were going to understand the full meaning of light. I have had that strange sensation all my life. I daresay most blind people know it."

"Possibly," I replied; "you were born blind, were you not?"

"Yes, but pray don't talk about my blindness now, it is incurable; my eyes are not made the same way as other people's. That which gives sight has been denied them."

"So I have heard," I answered, briefly.

"Don't let us talk of it now. I don't miss what I never had; but, oh, my God, my God, I miss one thing *inexpressibly*."

Here she clasped her hands so tightly together, that the delicate blue veins started into view. She stood up and gave utterance to a low and bitter cry.

"You know what has happened?" she said, turning swiftly round to me. "The man I love has left me."

"SHE SAT HUDDLED UP NEAR A FIRE."

"I know," I answered — "your father has told me. You see, he is not a good man."

"What does that matter? He is necessary to me."

"Do you really love him?" I asked. My words evidently surprised her; she paused in thought.

"I can't tell you whether I love him or not," she said at last. "I can only repeat that he is necessary to me. I have only known him for a little over a month, and during that short time he has become an essential part of my life. All the rest of the world may go, but if he remains, I shall be happy. He has gone, and the world is dark—dark as my sightless eyes. Oh, this agony will kill me. I feel as if my heart were bleeding inside—it will soon bleed itself to death."

The poor girl gave utterance to a terrible groan as she spoke—she sank back into a chair, her face looked ghastly.

"If this man were back with you, you would be happy?" I asked.

"My heart would stop bleeding."

"But, answer me, would you be happy?"

"I don't—quite—know." She brought out these words with startling distinctness.

"When people love, and are together, they are generally happy," I said.

"I have heard so," she replied. "I never thought that love—love of this sort—could come into the life of a blind girl. It came, but I don't think my sensations were ever those of happiness. I can't tell you what I really felt. An irresistible and great force surrounded me. I knew that I had no will apart from that of Basil Winchester's. Anything he told me, I did—even if he asked me to do wrong, I did it. My father and mother were opposed to our marriage, but I cared nothing for their opposition. I lived—I live—only for him. He has gone now, and—I am dying—it is as if the sun had set."

"You ought not to speak in that way—think of your parents."

She shook her head.

"It is useless," she murmured.

"They love you dearly."

"I know that, but the knowledge of their love doesn't affect me in any way."

"Don't you love them in return?"

"No, I don't think I love anyone. The only emotion my heart is capable of is of a great, passionate, starved yearning to be with Basil Winchester."

"Suppose you found out that Winchester was not a good man—that he was, in short, a scoundrel?"

"I should not care—he would still be Basil Winchester to me."

Beads of perspiration were standing out on her forehead. As she spoke, she panted. I saw that I must not question her further.

"Well," I said, in a soothing tone, "you have my promise not to take your bracelet from you—that is, if you will continue to eat when I think it necessary to give you food."

"I will do anything if you will leave me my bracelet. I am certain that, without it, I shall lose my senses."

She began again to stroke the beads with her thin fingers. As she did so, a look of calm returned to her face.

"This bracelet is part of the man I love," she said. "When I press it to my cheek, I experience a very strange sensation. I feel as if cords were drawing me to where my lover is. I feel as if I must arise, and go to him—then I seem to hear his voice telling me to stay where I am—I try to be patient—I endure—but the drops of blood come from my heart all the time. My starved heart is dying. Dr. Halifax, can anything be done for me?"

"Certainly," I answered; "what you need more than anything else just at present is quiet sleep—you have talked quite enough. I am going to ask your mother to put you to bed, and then I will give you something to make you sleep."

"But my bracelet?"

"You have my promise that it shall not be touched. Now, I am going to speak to your mother."

I left the room—Mrs. Stafford was waiting for me in the ante-room.

"The strain and excitement are considerable," I said. "I can't conceal from you that the case is one of great anxiety. The hypnotist has exercised his wicked power to the full. I by no means despair, however, and the first thing necessary to be done, is to get your daughter to have a long, refreshing sleep. Will you see that she goes to bed at once, Mrs. Stafford? When she is comfortably in bed, I want to give her a composing draught."

Mrs. Stafford hurried off to obey my orders. In half an hour the exhausted girl was lying between the sheets. I took a draught which I had specially prepared to her bedside.

"Drink this at once," I said.

I was glad to find that my voice had already considerable power over her. The moment I spoke, she raised herself obediently on her elbow. I put the glass containing the medicine in her hand—she drained off the dose.

"Now you are certain to have a pleasant sleep," I said. "I am going to sit with you until I find that you are in refreshing slumber."

I took my seat by the bedside. Miss Stafford closed her eyes immediately. In less than ten minutes she was in the land of dreams.

The rest of the evening passed quietly. Soon after dinner Mrs. Stafford went up to her daughter's room. She was absent for nearly an hour; when she returned there was an excited, triumphant expression on her face.

"What has happened, Mary?" asked her husband.

"I think I have done a good thing," she replied. "I have got rid of the coral bracelet at last."

I started up in annoyance. "Have you really taken the bracelet from Miss Stafford's arm?" I said. "If so, I must ask you to put it back at once."

Mrs. Stafford gazed at me in astonishment.

"I don't understand you," she said. "The influence of that bracelet has been most pernicious—I removed it just now when the child was in such heavy sleep that she did not in the least notice what I was doing."

"I promised Miss Stafford that she might keep the bracelet," I repeated. "Will you kindly give it to me, and I will slip it back again?"

Mrs. Stafford looked startled and distressed.

"But I can't," she replied. "I was wondering where to hide it, for Molly's instinct about recovering it has been marvellous. As I was hurrying downstairs, one of the servants came to tell me that a gipsy woman, whom I know very well, was waiting in the lower hall to speak to me. It occurred to me that I would give her the bracelet. I did so; she slipped it on her baby's arm, and left Mount Stafford some minutes ago."

Mrs. Stafford had scarcely said these words, and I had no time to reply, when a slight noise near the door caused us all to turn our heads. To our astonishment and dismay, Molly Stafford, in her long white night-gown, entered the room. She was staring straight before her with her queer, sightless eyes. She walked across the room in the direction of an open window. One glance into her face showed me that she was walking in her sleep.

"STARING STRAIGHT BEFORE HER."

"Hush," I whispered to the parents, "we must not awaken her—let us follow her."

She stepped over the window-sill and went out into the starlit night. Straight up the avenue she went—her rich hair fell over her neck and shoulders—her feet were bare, and I wondered that the pain of walking on the gravel did not awaken her. We all followed her at a little distance. Presently she paused at a wicket gate which led up to one of the lodges; she opened the gate quickly, and with a decided push; walked up the narrow path, and lifting the latch of the door entered. There was a bright light inside; the lodge-keeper and his wife were sitting over their supper, and in one corner I saw to my astonishment the dark face of a woman who evidently must have been a gipsy. A baby sat on her knee. On the baby's arm dangled the coral bracelet.

With a warning gesture Mr. and Mrs. Stafford enjoined silence on the amazed group. Miss Stafford walked quickly to the child, snatched the bracelet from its arm, slipped it on her own, and left the cottage as abruptly and noiselessly as she had entered. As quickly as she had left the house, she now returned to it, entered the drawing-room by the open window, crossed the room, and went straight upstairs to her own bedroom. She lay down in bed with a sigh of relief, folded the bed-clothes around her, and clasped her recovered treasure to her cheek.

The whole occurrence must have been a dream to her, and she would not in all probability know anything about it when she awoke.

"I should like to watch by her for the present," I said to the mother.

"I will share your watch," she replied.

The sick girl slept far into the night. As the hours went by her condition satisfied me less and less. The sleeping draught I had given her had produced heavy slumber, but there was no doubt, from her restless movements and her heavy groans, that her mind

was awake and active. Few doctors believe in the well-known phrase, "a broken heart," but if anyone were likely to die of this malady, the girl over whom I was now watching would be the one. Her blindness and her peculiarly nervous and highly strung temperament would all conduce to this effect. Amongst the many victims of hypnotism, there would be no sadder case than that of Molly Stafford, unless I could devise some means for her relief. Up to that moment no light dawned upon me, but I waited in hope.

About three in the morning, the sick girl awoke. She opened her sightless eyes, and in her own peculiar fashion turned them immediately upon the person nearest to her. I happened to be that person. She looked at me without speaking—presently she put out the hand on which she wore the bracelet and touched my coat-sleeve.

"You are there?" she said, in a whisper.

"Yes," I answered.

"Why do you watch me?"

"Because you are ill," I replied. "Now, I am going to give you something to eat."

"My throat is closed," she began.

"I am not going to listen to that sort of nonsense," I answered. As I spoke I motioned to Mrs. Stafford—she approached the bedside with a cup of strong beef-tea. I took the cup in one hand, and putting my other hand under the girl's shoulder, raised her to a semi-sitting position.

"Drink this at once," I said.

For a moment she seemed to shrink into herself, but then, making an effort, she held up her lips obediently. I held the cup to them—she emptied the contents, lying back again on her pillow with a sigh.

"Now you are going to sleep again," I said. "Give me your hand."

"No," she answered, "you will hypnotize me; Basil used to hold my hand when he wanted me to do what he wished—I don't wish anyone else to hold my hand."

"I promise not to hypnotize you," I answered, "but I should like to hold your hand for a few moments, for I think it will help you to sleep."

"I want to rest," she answered, in a low voice—"I am tired—tired to death!"—as she spoke, she slipped her little hand into mine.

For the first few moments she was restless, then she quieted down; she had nearly dropped off to sleep, when she raised herself to say a few words.

"I don't feel the dreadful, drawing sensation so badly now," she whispered. Then her eyes closed in slumber.

When she was quite sound asleep, I motioned to Mrs. Stafford to take my place by the bedside, and softly left the room.

I had thought hard while she slept—an idea had come to me at last.

Stafford was waiting for me downstairs; he was far too anxious to go to bed.

"Well," he said, when he saw me, "what do you make of the case?"

"It is serious," I answered. "It would be wrong for me to tell you anything else, but I don't consider it hopeless."

"What do you mean? Can you do anything to counteract the terrible influence under which our child is lying?"

"At present I am not quite certain," I answered. "The right thing—the only thing to do will be, by some means or other, to divert your daughter's thoughts into a completely new channel. Her illness is due to a strange and overstrained condition of the imagination. All her thoughts are turned inwards. Her blindness adds much to this condition. If I could only give her back her sight!"

Stafford laughed, hoarsely.

"My dear fellow," he exclaimed, "even doctors can't do impossibilities—remember, the child was born blind."

"I know," I answered. I did not add any more.

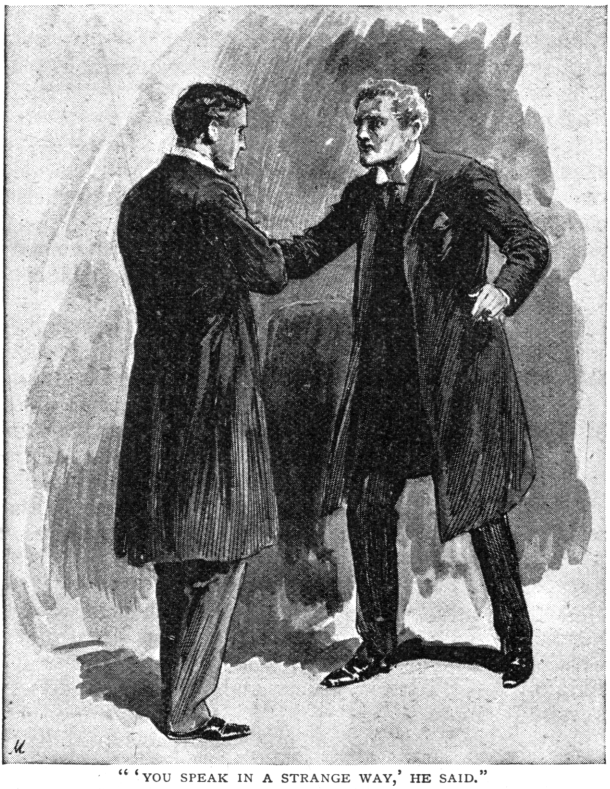
"Her mother and I have taken Molly to nearly every oculist in Europe," continued Stafford. "One and all pronounce the case hopeless. A glance ought to show you, Halifax, that the eyes are not properly formed—there is no coloured part—the entire eye is white."

"Yes," I answered again. I was silent for a few minutes, thinking deeply; then I spoke.

"With your permission, Mr. Stafford, I should like to examine your daughter's eyes very carefully by full daylight. I have doubtless no right to differ from my brother doctors, but I have noticed a strange peculiarity about your child, which I have never seen before in a blind person. She is stone blind, but she turns her eyes fully upon the person she is speaking to. She confessed to me also that in strong light, such as bright fire-light or the full rays of the sun, she has a sensation which she thinks must resemble the feelings of those who see light. I own that I have very little to go upon, but I shall not be satisfied with regard to the condition of your daughter's eyes until I have examined them for myself."

My words could scarcely fail to excite Stafford—his eyes sparkled, his voice shook.

"You speak in a strange way," he said, "and I am the last to put an obstacle in your path, but for God's sake don't arouse a hope in that poor child which can never be realized."



"'YOU SPEAK IN A STRANGE WAY,' HE SAID."

"In her present condition, even the presence of such a hope for a few hours can be nothing but beneficial," I answered. "When I examine her eyes it will be necessary for me to ask her a few questions. If I am right—if there are really perfect eyes behind the curtains which now shroud them—I am firmly convinced that your girl will be completely cured from the strange infatuation under which she labours. The effect of hypnotism is overpowering to some natures. Your daughter was an easy victim. I can scarcely think of that scoundrel with patience, but if Miss Molly can get back her sight, I am convinced that all will be well with her."

"I should think so," exclaimed Stafford. "To think of Molly with eyes like other girls' is too great a hope to be realized quickly."

"Don't build on it," I answered, "but allow me to examine the eyes as soon and as thoroughly as possible."

The day which was now about to dawn was Sunday.

Soon after eleven o'clock Miss Stafford softly entered the room where I was sitting. I did not know that she was awake, and could not help starting when I saw her. She was dressed in white, and looked very young, beautiful, and child-like. A glance, however, at her sightless eyes changed the beauty into ugliness. Oh, that I could but remove the hideous veil which covered them. She came into the room with a gliding, graceful motion peculiarly her own, and as was her wont, came straight up to me as though she saw me. She put out her hand and spoke in a low, musical voice.

"I feel a little better," she said. "That last sleep refreshed me. You soothed me when you held my hand. I don't think any the less of Basil—the links between us are still complete, but I am less restless when you are by."

"That is right," I answered, in a cheerful tone. "Please remember what I told you yesterday—the man whom you call Basil Winchester has hypnotized you. I am not going to hypnotize you, but I am going to exercise my will over yours."

"You have done so already," she answered. "I eat when you tell me; I sleep when you wish me to; I don't feel wicked when I am with you. I even begin, just a little, a very little, to take an interest in my father and mother again. Basil used to make all the rest of the world a blank. He always stood himself in a wonderful light, but beyond him was darkness."

"You talk of light," I said, suddenly; "what do you know about it?"

A wave of colour rushed up to her pale cheeks.

"Nothing really," she replied, "and yet a great deal. I am always imagining what light is like. On a sunshiny day nothing gives me such pleasure as to go out and gaze directly up to where the great heat comes from. I seem to see light then. I know well it is only seeming, for I shall never see light, but I picture what it is like."

"I wish you would try to describe your picture," I said.

"It is difficult," she answered, "for of course you know I have no knowledge of colour. I can best describe what I fancy light to be by telling you what noises are to me. Do you know the clashing sound of a full string band? Bright light seems somewhat to resemble that. Twilight is like the slow movement in one of Mendelssohn's 'Songs Without Words,' and darkness resembles the 'Dead March.' Oh, I know I am talking nonsense."

"Not at all," I replied; "you describe your sensations wonderfully. Now come and stand in this sunshine, and tell me what you feel."

To my surprise, she went immediately and stood by the window. The noonday sun was pouring a great flood of light into the room.

"How did you guess that the sunshine was here?" I asked.

"I heard the noise of the string band," she answered; "now I feel the heat on my face. Oh, I have a rapturous moment—it is almost as if I must burst some veil at any instant, and really see."

"Stay still for an instant," I said; "I should like to look into your eyes."

"Don't, they are terrible to look at."

"They are peculiar; now stand perfectly still while I examine them."

She stood as motionless as a statue. The sightless balls were turned full upon me—I examined them carefully. The white sclerotic membrane completely covered the entire ball, but where the cornea ought to be in the ordinary eye, I noticed a very slight bulging. That was enough.

"Thank you, Miss Stafford," I said to her; "that will do for the present."

She replied, in a fretful tone.

"I wish you hadn't looked at my eyes," she said. "Many doctors have done so already. I have had many brief moments of hope, but they have always been extinguished in despair. You are not an oculist. Why did you raise hopes that can never be realized?"

"How do you know they can never be realized?" I said.

"How do I know?" she answered. "I have got no eyes in the ordinary sense."

"It would make you very happy to see like other people?" I continued, after a pause.

"Happy," she answered; "it is unkind of you even to speak of it."

She stood perfectly still, while large tears gathered in her sightless eyes and rolled down her cheeks.

"I can't bear it," she said, after a pause; "no one knows what the longing for light has been to me. There have been moments, but that was before I knew Basil, when I even wished to die, because I believed that afterwards I should see."

"Come over here," I said, taking her hand. "Sit down, I have something to say. I have just looked at your eyes, and an idea which occurred to me last night has been very much strengthened. Now you must stay quite calm while I speak to you. Your blindness is of a very peculiar and uncommon type. I don't *know* that it can be cured."

"Cured," she exclaimed. "You speak as if there were a possibility. Oh, Dr. Halifax, do you dare to give me hope?"

"Yes," I answered, slowly, "I do. You are blind—you are afflicted with congenital blindness, but nevertheless I believe there is a chance of your sight being restored. Now I will tell you frankly what my idea is. I think—remember, it is only conjecture after all; but I am strongly inclined to believe that you possess perfect eyes under the thick membrane which now covers them. My reasons for this idea are twofold. First, you have a conception of light, which a totally blind person who has never seen does not as a rule possess. Second, your sensations are intensified when you look full up at the sun, or when you gaze at a very bright fire. This would be scarcely likely to be the case if the organs of vision were altogether absent. I have a third reason for my hope. Where the cornea ought to exist in the normal eye, you have a very slight bulging. In short, my hope with regard to your recovery of sight is sufficiently strong to induce me to ask you to consent to a slight operation. If, after all, my hopes are false, you will be no worse off than you are at present. If, on the other hand, I am right——"

"Yes, if you are right?" exclaimed Molly—she grasped my hand, holding it with the strength of iron. "If you are right?" she repeated.

"If I am right," I said, quietly, "you will see as well as any other person."

"Oh, merciful and kind God," she exclaimed—she covered her face with her trembling hands—"then I shall see Basil! Oh, I can scarcely dare to think of this rapture."

"I am going to speak to your parents now," I said; "stay quietly here until I return to you."

I left her and went to seek Stafford, who

was wandering restlessly about, evidently waiting for me.

"Well," he said, when he saw me—"well, did you examine her eyes?"

"I did—let us come into this room, I want to talk to you."

Stafford drew me into his smoking-room. Mrs. Stafford was there—she looked even more excited than her husband.

"My husband has told me all about your extraordinary thought, Dr. Halifax," she said. "Have you looked at our child's eyes? Is there a vestige of hope?"

"There is," I replied. "I have examined your daughter's eyes very carefully. Their condition is peculiar—the sclerotic membrane covers the entire eyeball. The present condition of the eyes points to hopeless congenital blindness; nevertheless, I am not without hope. In examination I noticed a bulging where the cornea ought to be. My hope is that there is a perfect eye behind the membrane which now completely covers the whole ball. I have told my hope to your daughter."

"You have told Molly? How cruel of you," exclaimed Mrs. Stafford.

"No," I answered, "if you saw Miss Stafford now, you would not think what I have done cruel. She is so excited—so lifted out of herself—that, for the time, at least, she has almost forgotten the strange craze which is over her. She will willingly submit to an operation."

"An operation? We ought not to risk it," said the mother.

"There is no risk," I answered. "At the worst the slight scar which I shall make will quickly heal, and the eye will be no worse than it is now. At the best—remember all that that includes—sight!"

"Oh, dare we think of anything so joyous?" said Mrs. Stafford.

"Allow me to perform the operation," I said, going up to her. "I am not a rash man; believe me, I would not advise this if I did not think there was a fair hope of success."

"Suppose you are wrong: the child will then be in a worse condition than ever."

"Even if I am wrong, that will not be the case," I replied. "The thread of her present thoughts will have been broken if only for a few hours. That fact alone will be greatly to her benefit. If I am the means of restoring her sight to her, I am fully convinced that the spell under which she now labours will vanish."

"You are right," said Stafford, who had not spoken a word up to this point. "Mary, my dear, we will allow our good friend to have his way. If the operation is successful, we shall have our child as we never had her yet; remember, too, that if by any chance she is permitted to see Winchester's face, her love for him must vanish on the spot—those sinister eyes of his would repel anyone."

"She does not love him now," I interrupted. "What she feels is not love. She is hypnotized. The restoration of sight will make such a complete revolution in her whole being, that I doubt if the man could hypnotize her again even if he tried. She will soon forget this strange and terrible episode in her life. In short, I believe in the acquisition of sight as a complete cure."

"We will make up our minds to the operation," said Stafford. "Am I not right?" he added, turning to his wife.

"Yes, we will consent," she answered.

I looked at her when she spoke — her face was as white as a sheet, but her eyes blazed with light and colour. I noticed for the first time the strong likeness between mother and daughter. In the case of the mother, however, the eyes were of the deepest, clearest grey—scintillating eyes, full of light and expression. I thought of the blind girl's charming face, and wondered what it would look like if it could ever be lit up with eyes like her mother's. The thought cheered me, and strengthened my resolve to do my utmost for Miss Stafford.

"Very well," I said; "I have your consent to perform the operation. In order to get the necessary instruments, I will take the next train to London. I can return here at an early hour to-morrow, and will operate on one eye immediately."

"Will the operation be painful?" asked Mrs. Stafford. "Will it be necessary for you to use chloroform?"

"No; I shall put cocaine into the eye—don't be alarmed, Miss Stafford will feel no pain. I shall only operate on one eye at a time. A very slight incision will enable me to confirm my theory, or to see that it is hopeless. While I am absent, please talk frankly about the operation. Induce your daughter to eat and drink plenty; get her to bed early to-night; do everything to keep up her strength. I will go back to say a word to her now."

I re-entered the drawing-room. Miss Stafford was sitting just where I had left her—her hands were crossed on her lap—the right hand clasped the red bracelet, which encircled the left-hand wrist. She knew my

footstep, and looked up with a face of expectation.

"Well?" she said, in a hoarse whisper.

"Good news," I replied, cheerfully. "Your father and mother consent to the operation. I am going to town by the next train and will return with my instruments to-morrow. Keep up your courage—by this time to-morrow we shall know whether the precious gift of sight is to be yours or not."

"If you fail, I shall die," she answered, speaking in a low and intense voice.

"No," I replied, "even if I fail, you will be too brave, too good, deliberately to throw away your life. Try to think now of success, not failure—try to think of what life may be yours if you can see like other girls."

She sighed; there was hope, even joy, in that sigh. I hurriedly left her. The next day, at an early hour, I was back again at Mount Stafford. The operation which I meant to perform was quite simple in character, and I did not require any help. I suggested to Mr. and Mrs. Stafford that it would be best for me to be alone with my patient.

"She feels the presence of anyone so intensely," I said, "that she will be less nervous, and will keep more quiet, if I am alone with her."

The father and mother agreed to this suggestion, and decided to wait in the outer drawing-room. I placed Miss Stafford in a chair facing the window.

"Now, you must keep up your courage," I said. "I shall operate to-day on your right eye. You must keep perfectly quiet. This will be easy—for you won't feel the slightest pain."

"I could even bear pain with the great hope of sight before me," she answered.

I saw that she was in a state of tense and rapt excitement. She had strung herself up to bear anything.

"You will feel no pain," I said, taking her hand as I spoke.

Her pulse was fluttering, but not weak and fitful like yesterday. I supported her head with props, and then dropped the cocaine into the eye. After waiting until complete insensibility was produced, I quickly began to operate. I carefully divided the sclerotic at the upper part of the eyeball, just where I had seen the bulging, such as there is at the edge of the cornea in the normal eye. After dividing the sclerotic, I made a small flap, which I raised. It did not need my patient's sudden exclamation to tell me that I was right in my conjecture, and that there was under the thick membrane a cornea intact and transparent. To dissect off the whole of the fibrous curtain which covered this cornea was but the work of a few minutes.

After her first cry, Miss Stafford did not utter a sound. But when I had finished she started up and looked wildly around her.

"I see," she exclaimed—"I see! How queer everything is—how confusing—I would almost rather be in the dark again. I feel as if mountains were surrounding me. I don't know where I am—all is hopeless confusion. I see—oh, I am glad, I am glad; but I can't *use* my sight. Now that I have it, I don't know what to do with it."

As she uttered these last words, she fell back in her chair in a semi-conscious state.

I applied restoratives, and then carefully bound up the wounded eye.

The shock and joy were almost too much for her in her weak state. I had her taken straight to bed. I gave her a composing draught, and she fell quickly asleep. Having seen her in a satisfactory slumber, I hurried downstairs to speak to her father.

"'WHAT DO YOU MEAN?' ASKED STAFFORD."

"Your girl will have as beautiful and perfect eyes as anyone need care to possess," I said. "I will operate on the left eye in a week's time. For the present, the right eye must be kept bandaged, but the bandage may be removed in a day or two. She will then have to learn to see just as if she were an infant."

"What do you mean?" asked Stafford.

"What I say," I replied; "your daughter cannot focus at present. She has no idea of distance—she must learn to use her sight just as a baby does."

"But she possesses eyes," said the mother, who

had followed me into the room. "Oh, Dr. Halifax, how can we thank you?"

The second operation was performed as successfully as the first, and in a month's time from the date of the last operation, Molly Stafford could use her new possession with tolerable freedom. The eyes were beautiful: clear grey like the mother's, with black rims. They transformed her face, making it a specially lovely one.

A few weeks later, as I was about to leave my consulting-room after my morning's work, Stafford was announced. He came into the room in a hurry, and with signs of agitation on his face. He held in his hand a little box, which he laid on the table.

"How are you, Halifax?" he said, grasping my hand in his great grip. "I won't take up more than a moment or two of your valuable time. I have come with news."

"What is it?" I asked. "I hope nothing bad has happened. How is my patient?"

"How can I tell?" I said.

"Molly sees as perfectly as I do," said Stafford. "Her joy in her new possession is beyond all words. Since the date of the first operation she never once mentioned Winchester's name. Her mother and I hoped she had completely forgotten him, but we did not fail to remark that she still wore the coral bracelet."

"I should take no notice of that," I interrupted.

"Well, let me proceed. She wore the coral bracelet day and night, but she never spoke of the man. Yesterday she went out accompanied by a girl, who is a great friend of hers. This girl, Miss Henderson, is the daughter of our next-door neighbour. She told us exactly what occurred. They were walking in the pine wood, chatting, as girls will, when who should appear directly in their path but that scoundrel, Winchester! He came up to Molly and tried to take her hands.

"She started back in amazement.

"SHE STARTED BACK IN AMAZEMENT."

"In perfect and blooming health."

"Something has disturbed you, however," I continued, giving him a keen glance; "what is it?"

"Yes," continued Stafford, "I am both disturbed and relieved. I hurried up to town on purpose to tell you. What do you think happened yesterday?"

"'Pray don't touch me,' she said. 'I don't know who you are.'

"He laughed and spoke in that confoundedly seductive voice of his.

"'I am the man whom you love—Basil Winchester,' he said. 'I have come to explain why I could not meet you six weeks ago. Can I see you alone?'

"'You, Basil Winchester?' exclaimed Molly. She looked full at him with an expression of puzzled incredulity. Then her voice took a half frightened, half scornful tone. 'You must be mistaken,' she said. 'I could never, never at any moment have loved a man like you.'

"Before he could utter a word, she turned from him and fled back to the house. She rushed into her mother's presence, flung her arms round her neck, and burst into tears.

"'Mother,' she exclaimed, 'I met a dreadful man in the wood just now. He told me his name was Basil Winchester. He said that I—I loved him once.'

"'But you don't love him now, my darling,' said her mother, soothing and kissing her.

"'I could never have loved that man, mother,' said Molly. 'I have a dim remembrance of an awful time, when someone of the name had a terrible power over me; but it could not have been that man, mother. I looked in his face, and I saw his ugly soul.'

"Miss Henderson came in just then and gave us a full account of the interview. The moment Molly fled from him, Winchester left the pine wood. Perhaps you think that is the end, but there is more to follow. Two hours afterwards the news reached us that the fellow had been arrested. The fact is the police had been wanting him for a couple of months. His reason for deserting Molly on that first occasion was fear of arrest. He ventured back hoping to secure his prize, the spell was broken, and he saw he could do nothing with the child. He was arrested on a grave charge of forgery, and is now in York Gaol awaiting his trial."

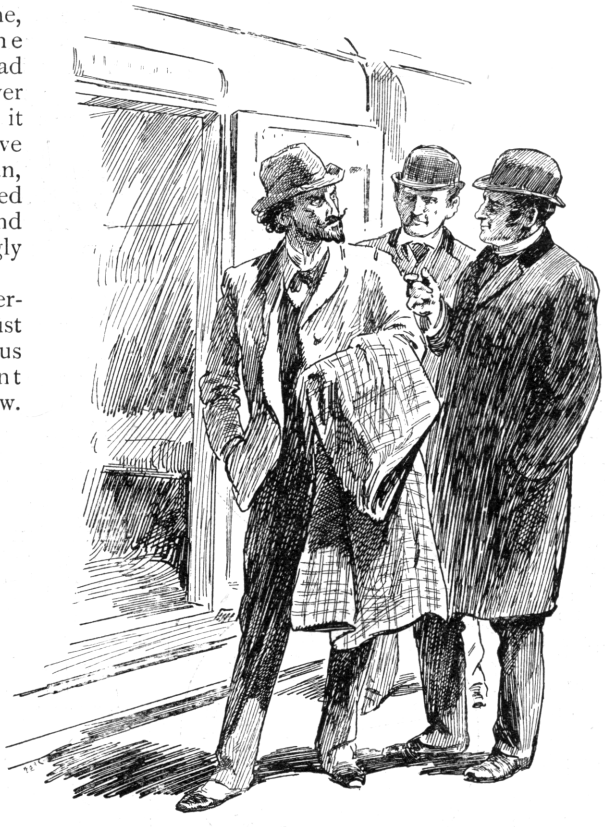
As Stafford said these last words, he sank back in a chair in manifest agitation.

"When I think of my child's narrow escape, I can't help shuddering, even now," he said.

"She has escaped, and now all is well," I answered.

"Yes, all is well. We have our child as we never thought to have her—beautiful, perfect, with eyes as lovely as her mother's. By the way, she told me to give you this."

When Stafford left me, I opened the little parcel. It contained—the red coral bracelet.



"ARRESTED."

The Census Up To Date.

(April 6th, 1895.)

By J. Holt Schooling.

(Fellow of the Royal Statistical Society, etc.)

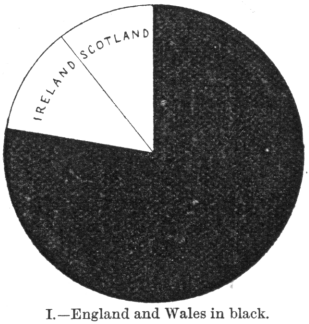
WHEN we have a mass of observed facts relating to the past, we can often use those facts as a means to forecast future events of a similar nature, with a degree of approximation to truth that comes near to certainty. This is specially the case when we deal with so large a mass of facts as is afforded by the population of such a country as the United Kingdom. Unstable and elusive of calculation as are facts relating to the individual—nothing is perhaps more reliable as a working base for computing future events than is the aggregate of past individual facts. The "chances" that individuals meet in life are merged and disappear in the mass, and apparent disorder and erratic "chance" are lost in the harmonious order of human events which stands revealed when we view them *en masse*. And so we will see how we now number as a population, without taking the trouble to issue the six or seven millions of schedules required by a modern census of the United Kingdom.

Before we look at any of the results of our 1895 census, let me say that in every possible instance I have gone to the original facts of April 6th, 1891, and that in no single case has any deduction from these facts been accepted second-hand. Every calculation has been independently made, and has moreover been stringently checked by processes that are sufficiently familiar to the actuary or to the statistician—in fact, while we may perhaps see our results in a more graphic and interesting form than is usually adopted for statistical results, we may also feel assured that they have been as carefully prepared as if intended for an audience of statisticians, instead of for the much larger and more varied audience who themselves form no inconsiderable part of the subject-matter of this paper.

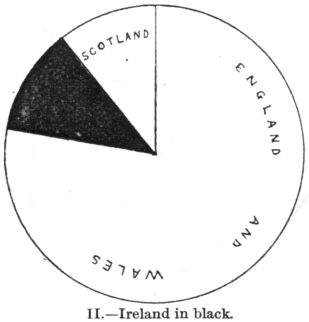
In No. 1 we see a diagrammatic picture of the following figures :—

	Population, April 6th, 1895.	Per 1,000 of the Total Population.
England and Wales	30,270,817	— 778
Ireland	4,522,982	— 116
Scotland	4,142,471	— 106
United Kingdom	38,936,270	— 1,000

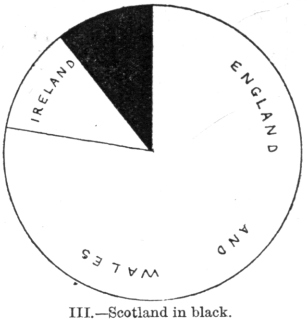
and, in stating the present population at nearly 39 millions, we are probably very near the truth, because the rate of growth which actually operated during 1881–1891 may be used to compute the population four years later than 1891, with a chance of serious error which is so small that, for practical purposes, it becomes inappreciable. As regards the splitting-up of the population, we see that more than three-quarters of the whole are inhabitants of England and Wales, and that less than one-quarter are inhabitants of Ireland and Scotland combined.



I.—England and Wales in black.



II.—Ireland in black.



III.—Scotland in black.

No. 1.—Each of the above circles represents the population of the United Kingdom on April 6th, 1895. The black part of each circle represents the population of: *I. England and Wales. II. Ireland. III. Scotland.*

It is interesting to note in connection with these distribution-rates that in 1821, when the first complete census of the United Kingdom was taken, the figures were :—

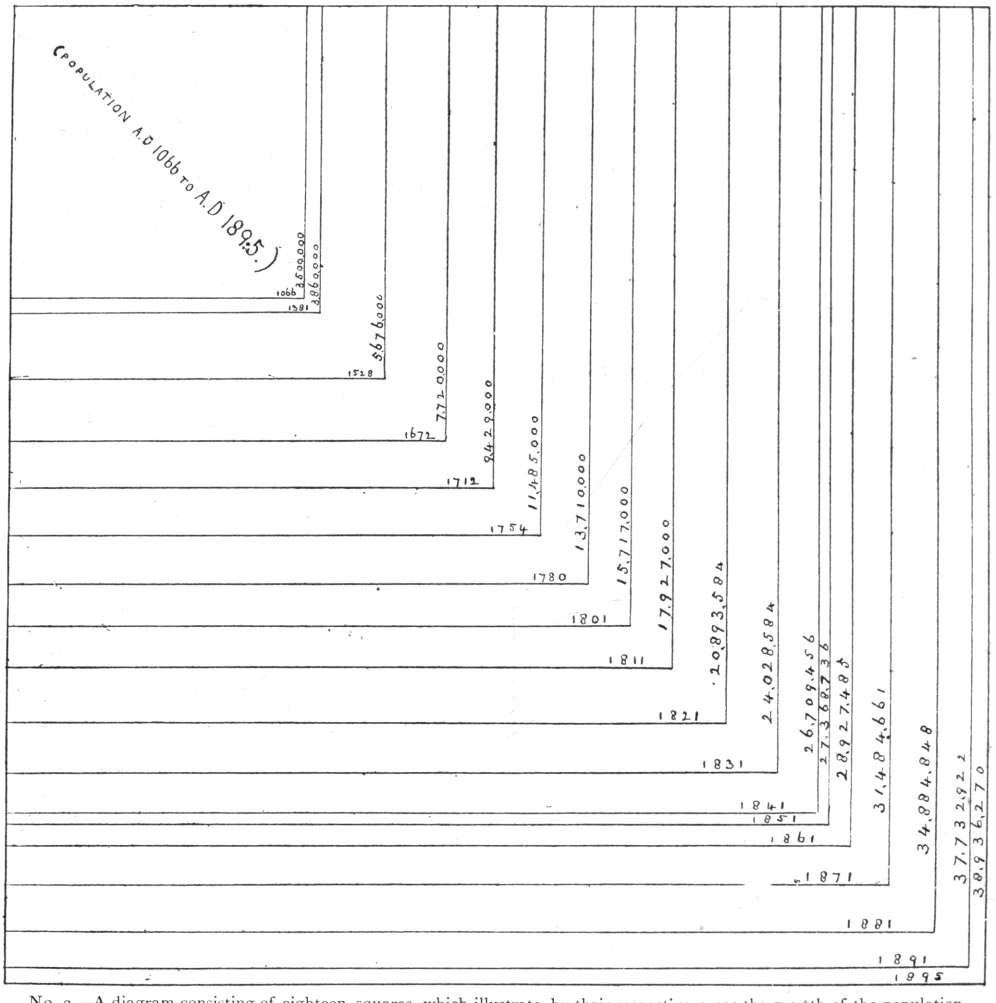
	Per 1,000 of the total population.
England and Wales	574
Ireland	326
Scotland	100
United Kingdom	1,000

At each of the seven censuses since 1821 the percentage residing in England and Wales has increased, while the percentage residing in Ireland has continuously declined, the Scotch proportion remaining practically unchanged but for a slight tendency towards increase.

If we express the three black sectors of circles seen in No. 1 as parts of one hour on a clock-dial, we then find that the English and Welsh population equals 46 minutes 39 seconds; the Irish population 6 minutes 58 seconds; the Scotch, 6 minutes 23 seconds; *total, United Kingdom—one hour.* At no very distant date, *viz.*, in the year 1900, the inhabitants of Scotland will be as numerous as the inhabitants of Ireland, and so, at the next official census (1901), there will be recorded, for the first time in history, a numerical superiority of the Scotch over the Irish population.

The diagram No. 2 is a very carefully drawn series of squares, each of which represents by its area the total population of the countries which are now the United Kingdom at various dates from A.D. 1066 to A.D. 1895. The successively increasing squares give us a better idea of the growing population than do the actual numbers which are written at the corners of the squares, and which, for the most part, are the results of censuses, the earlier populations being the most reliable estimates which have been made as to our numbers in the early days of our history.

The *rate* at which we have increased during these eight centuries has varied considerably. From the Norman Conquest up to the time of Richard II., about three centuries, the ranks of the troubled people were thinned by disease, pestilence, and war, to nearly the same degree that they were increased by the birth of children in those hazardous days.



No. 2.—A diagram consisting of eighteen squares, which illustrate by their respective areas the growth of the population of the United Kingdom from A.D. 1066 to April 6th, 1895.

and so the population had but a slow and stunted growth, which, for every ten thousand persons living in the January of a year, could add at the December of that year only three persons to the ten thousand on a yearly balance of gain over loss of population. The people grew more quickly during the succeeding one and a half centuries, *i.e.*, from Richard II. to Henry VIII., and also during the years which bring our history up to the second Charles. The net rate of growth was then over two persons added to a thousand during one year. And this quicker growth of our population went up to more than five per 1,000 per annum during the eighteenth century. As regards the present century, the quickest growth of the population of the United Kingdom occurred during 1811-1821, when, on the average, nearly fifteen and a half persons were annually added to every 1,000 of the population: this rate was almost as high up to the year 1831, and then came a slower growth, which again quickened up to ten per 1,000 per annum during 1871-1881, and which is now somewhat less than eight persons added to a thousand during one year. Taking the whole period of 829 years from A.D. 1066 to A.D. 1895, the average yearly rate of growth has been just under three persons increase for every one thousand. In other words, if we merge all variations in the rate of growth, the 3½ millions of population in the year 1066 would have increased to the 39 millions existing in 1895, by applying a uniform growth-rate of 2·9 persons per 1,000 per annum to the population for each of the 829 years from 1066 to 1895.

No. 3 shows us pretty clearly in col. (1) the increasing numbers which, in later years than 1066, represented exactly one thousand persons living in that year. We see how the thousand became eleven hundred in the year 1381, over two thousand in 1672, nearly four thousand in 1780, more than eight thousand in 1861, and how, finally, there are now more than *eleven* thousand persons in our population for every *one* thousand existing at the time of the Norman Conquest. And in col. (2) of No. 3 this process is reversed, and it shows us the gradually decreasing numbers in years prior to 1895 which represented one thousand of our present population. Even so recently as 1871 there were only 809 persons for every thousand persons now inhabiting this country, and in 1801 we see that there were only 404 to every present

Showing for each year stated below:—
(1) For every 1,000 persons in A.D. 1066, the increased numbers in LATER YEARS
(2) For every 1,000 persons in A.D. 1895, the smaller numbers in EARLIER YEARS.

YEAR	(1)	(2)
1066	1,000	90
1381	1,103	99
1528	1,622	146
1672	2,206	198
1712	2,694	242
1754	3,281	295
1780	3,917	352
1801	4,491	404
1811	5,122	460
1821	5,970	537
1831	6,866	617
1841	7,631	686
1851	7,820	703
1861	8,265	743
1871	8,996	809
1881	9,967	896
1891	10,781	969
1895	11,124	1,000

(1) The DOUBLING of the Population from A.D. 1066.
(2) The HALVING of the Population from A.D. 1895.
(3) The YEARS in which the Population numbered (or will number) exactly 5 MILLIONS, 10 MILLIONS, ETC., up to 40 MILLIONS.

YEAR	POPULATION	No. of YEARS
1066	3,500,000	
		560
1626	7,000,000	
		157
1783	14,000,000	
		72
1855	28,000,000	
		86
1941	56,000,000	
1895	38,936,270	
		79
1816	19,468,135	
		98
1718	9,734,068	
		249
1469	4,867,034	
1066	3,500,000	
		413
1479	5,000,000	
		245
1724	10,000,000	
		69
1793	15,000,000	
		25
1818	20,000,000	
		16
1834	25,000,000	
		31
1865	30,000,000	
		16
1881	35,000,000	
		17
1898	40,000,000	

No. 3.—A condensed statement of the growth, etc., of the population of the United Kingdom from A.D. 1066 to A.D. 1895.

thousand; and so we go back and back, as we read col. (2) from bottom to top, until we see that in the year 1066 there were only 90 persons for every thousand now living in the United Kingdom.

The other part of No. 3 contains some rather interesting results I have computed as to (1) *The Doubling of the Population from* A.D 1066 *to* A.D. 1941; (2) *The Halving of the Population from* 1895, *backwards;* and (3) *The Years in which the Population numbered exactly* 5 *millions*, 10 *millions, etc.*

One often comes across statements about our population doubling itself in "fifty years." So far as I have been able to trace this still existing notion, it was originated by the late Dr. William Farr, at one time superintendent of the statistical department of the Registrar-General's office, who, when commenting forty years ago on the 1851 census, said that the population of England and Wales would double itself in fifty-one years provided that the rate of growth for the first half of this century should be maintained during the second half. A correct statement, but which does not justify the prevailing idea as to the doubling of our population in fifty years. We can see from the right-hand column in No. 3 that our present numbers were exactly one-half in the year 1816, so that seventy-nine years have been required for the most recent doubling of the population of the United Kingdom. As regards England and Wales only, I find that their 1895 population was one-half in the year 1837; so that fifty-eight years have been the doubling period for England and Wales alone.

I may say with reference to (1) *the doubling of the population from* A.D. 1066, No. 3, that the result for A.D. 1941 is based upon the assumption of a future rate of growth equal to that which took place during 1881–1891. Although we may forecast the *near* future with considerable precision, we cannot expect the same degree of accuracy in our results when we make a forecast of nearly fifty years, as is the case here, so the statement of population for the year 1941 is not entitled to the same degree of credence that may safely be extended to the less distant future events with which we are dealing. The balance of existing probability points to the conclusion that the rate of growth in the distant future will be less than that which has operated in the near past, and, therefore, this 1941 estimate may, perhaps, be too high. But we shall turn the scale at forty millions in the year 1898—three years from now—and, at that date, it will have taken just eighty years (1898 *minus* 1818) for the then population to have doubled itself. We numbered twenty millions in 1818—see the concluding section of No. 3.

Next to the numbering of a people should come some account of the land upon which they live, so here is a brief statement of the area of the United Kingdom. These areas include inland water, but not tidal water or foreshore:—

	Area in square miles.	Percentage of total area.	Persons to 1 square mile.
England and Wales	58,310	48	519
Ireland	32,353	27	140
Scotland	30,406	25	136
United Kingdom	121,069	100	322

If we divide the country equally among its population, and assume that each person is temporarily placed in the middle of his or her plot of land, we obtain by calculation the following somewhat interesting results:—

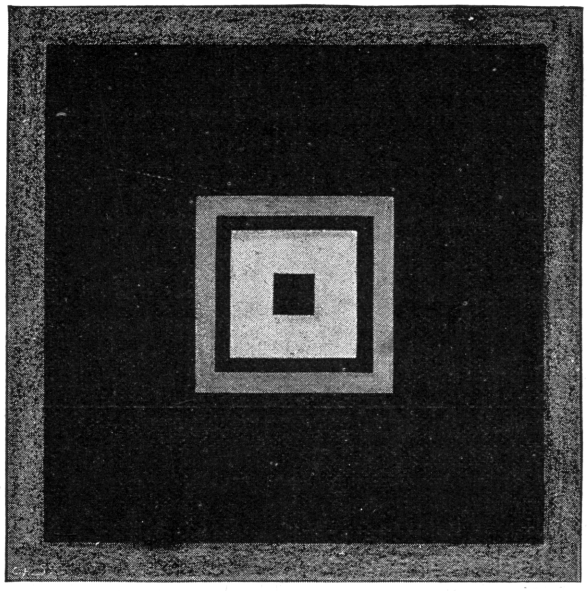
	Acres for each person.	Distance separating each person from his or her neighbours.
England and Wales	1¼	83 yards.
Ireland	4½	160 ,,
Scotland	4¾	162 ,,
United Kingdom	2	105½ ,,

Thus, we must not offer "three acres" to everybody, as the land wouldn't go round: we must be content with only 1¼ acres apiece in England and Wales, and if we each sat down on a chair in the centre of our plot of ground, and so presented the pretty spectacle of equal distribution of the English and Welsh population, the chairs would be eighty-three yards apart in every surrounding direction all over the whole country. [Ingenious readers can puzzle their brains a little in finding out how this distance between the chairs has been calculated.]

Illustration No. 4 helps to show us of what kind of land our 1¼ acres apiece consist. England and Wales are composed as follows, according to the most recent and authentic official statement:—

	Per cent. of whole area.
II. Land under crops, bare fallow, permanent grass, nursery grounds	75
III. Houses, streets, roads, waste ground, etc.	12
IV. Mountain and heath, used for grazing	7½
V. Woods, plantations	5
VI. Inland water	½
I. Whole area of England and Wales	100

In No. 4, the large shaded square, of which only the edges are visible, represents the whole area; the large black square, which occupies three-quarters of the whole, stands for "II. Land under crops," etc.; the third square—the small, lightly-shaded one—denotes "III. Houses, streets," etc.; the small black square placed upon this, and nearly covering it, represents "IV. Mountain and



No. 4.—Six superimposed squares. These illustrate, by their respective areas, the areas of the different kinds of land and water which make up the Area of England and Wales. *See text for description.*

heath"; the plain white square stands for "V. Woods, plantations"; and the little black square in the centre shows the proportion of "VI. Inland water" to the whole area of England and Wales.

We see from this diagram that 75 per cent. of us would have to be content with 1¼ acres apiece of "crop-land," the more valuable "house-land" sufficing for only 12 out of every 100 persons.

Part I. of No. 5 shows how the people are distributed as regards their ages. From it we see that of the ten-year groups, the one at ages 5 to 14 contains the largest share of the population—228 out of every 1,000 being children of these ages. If we take all children under 15, we get 120 *plus* 228 = 348 per thousand, *i.e.*, more than *one-third* of the whole population are children under 15 years of age! If we consider the best period of life to be from ages 15 to 44, we can see that the best ages account for 456 persons out of every 1,000 of the population—a very satisfactory proportion, which may be still more increased if we include the *males* aged 45—54 under the head of "best" ages.

It is interesting to see how many persons there are to each male at the "working" ages 20 to 64. I find that the whole population is composed thus :—

Males aged 20 to 64	9,273,842
All other persons	29,662,428
Total population	38,936,270

so that on the average each of these males—who for practical purposes may be considered as the workers of the country—has dependent upon him rather more than three other persons; he has to maintain four persons if we include himself.

Part II. of No. 5 gives a synopsis of the

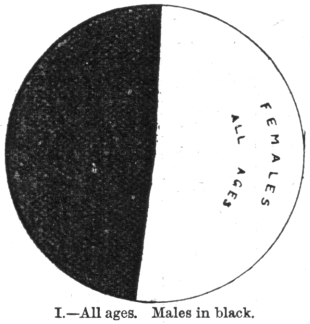
I		II			III		
AGES	PERSONS	AGES	PERSONS	POPULATION	AGES	PERSONS	POPULATION
0 - 4	120	0-100	1000	1000	0 - 4	120	1000
5 - 14	228	5-100	880	1000	0 - 14	348	1000
15 - 24	196	15-100	652	1000	0 - 24	544	1000
25 - 34	147	25-100	456	1000	0 - 34	691	1000
35 - 44	113	35-100	309	1000	0 - 44	804	1000
45 - 54	87	45-100	196	1000	0 - 54	891	1000
55 - 64	59	55-100	109	1000	0 - 64	950	1000
65 - 74	35	65-100	50	1000	0 - 74	985	1000
75 - 84	13	75-100	15	1000	0 - 84	998	1000
85-100	2	85-100	2	1000	0-100	1000	1000
POPULATION =	1000						

No. 5.—A concise statement of the proportional age-distribution of the population of the United Kingdom on April 6th, 1895. I., in individual groups of ages; II., in groups of ages which include the age specified and all older ages; III., in groups of ages which include the age specified and all younger ages.

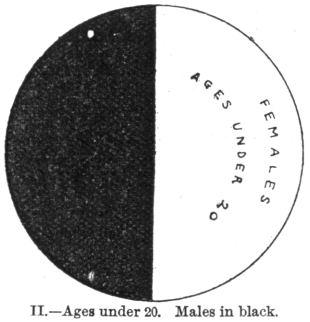
age-distribution of the people in large groups of ages, which extend from the age stated right up to the end of life. It shows us, for example, that fewer than one-half of us (456 per 1,000) are aged 25 and older, that five in every 100 are old people aged 65 and older, etc. Part III. reverses the process given in Part II., and tells us, among other things, that more than one-half the population (544 per 1,000) are young people under 25 years of age.

It is no unusual thing to hear various random statements about the extra females in this country — such as "there are three women to every man," etc. In No. 6 we have black and white representations of the actual facts as regards the sex-distribution of the population, and as they have been most carefully drawn, they are worth some attention.

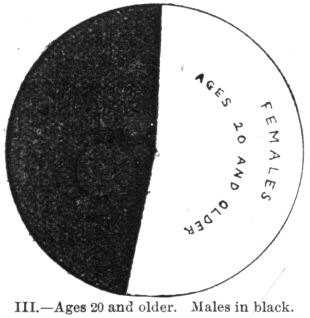
If we compare females with males, and make no distribution as regards age—*i.e.*, if we simply split up the people into males and females in two big groups — we obtain the result shown in I. of No. 6, which is equivalent to saying that out of every 100 people, 48½ are males and 51½ are females — not a very alarming difference, although quite appreciable when taken in connection with a large population. Parts II. and III. of No. 6 show us the numerical relations of the sexes in two large groups of age, *viz.*, *ages under* 20 and *ages* 20 *and older*. As regards the young ages, we see that there are nearly as many males as there are females, for the black portion of Part II. is almost equal to its white portion. Expressed in figures there are, at ages 0 to 19, 49¾ males to 50¼ females in every 100 of the population under 20 years of age—a difference so small that it is not of much practical account. Coming to the second group of ages, 20 and older, we see that here lies the greatest difference between the sexes, *viz.*, 52½ women to 47½ men in every 100 of the adult population. But this excess of women is not nearly sufficient to justify the random statements to which I have just referred—and a very good thing it is that facts entirely contradict this popular and mistaken notion as to the vast numerical superiority of women over men: they are, we are told, really so superior in all other ways, that if their numbers were so great as is popularly supposed, the men — of no importance — would be completely eclipsed.



I.—All ages. Males in black.



II.—Ages under 20. Males in black.



III.—Ages 20 and older. Males in black.

No. 6.—This diagram illustrates the numerical proportion of Females to Males in the population of the United Kingdom on April 6th, 1895. I. For all ages. II. For ages under 20. III. For ages 20 and older. *White represents females; black represents males.*

We may see in No. 7 to what extent females are relatively more numerous than males at the various ages therein stated, and also at the large groups of ages given in the second part of No. 7.

After ages 5 to 14, where there are more males than females, the gap between the two sexes widens nearly constantly right up to the end of life. We read this table thus: At ages 0-4 there are 1,002 female children to every 1,000 male children; at ages 25 to 34 there are 1,098 women to 1,000 men; while at the advanced ages of life the old women out-number the old men to a degree that increases from 1,217 per 1,000 at the ages 65 to 74, to 1,706 old women aged 95 to 100, for every 1,000 old men of those ages.

Looking at the second part of No. 7, we see that for all ages combined (0 to 100) there are just 1,060 females per 1,000 males. For ages 25 and older there are 1,116 females to every 1,000 males; for ages 65 and older there are 1,246 females per 1,000 males, etc.

We have now been able to see how far women are relatively superior to men in point of numbers, and I give in No. 8 a concise statement of the actual numbers of "surplus" women from age 20 and upwards in the population of the United Kingdom. The total number of extra women is over one million, and more than one-quarter of the total excess is in respect of women aged

AGES	FEMALES	MALES	AGES	FEMALES	MALES
0 - 4	1002	1000	0-100	1060	1000
5-14	995	1000	5-100	1069	1000
15-24	1050	1000	15-100	1096	1000
25-34	1098	1000	25-100	1116	1000
35-44	1078	1000	35-100	1124	1000
45-54	1105	1000	45-100	1151	1000
55-64	1147	1000	55-100	1191	1000
65-74	1217	1000	65-100	1246	1000
75-84	1293	1000	75-100	1317	1000
85-94	1479	1000	85-100	1490	1000
95-100	1706	1000	95-100	1706	1000

No. 7.—A bird's-eye view of the proportional distribution of the sexes in the population of the United Kingdom on April 6th, 1895. First, in individual groups of ages; second, in groups of ages which include the age specified and all older ages.

25 to 34, *viz.*, 268,291 surplus women at these ages. But it has occurred to me to make some test of quality as well as quantity, and I have gone carefully into the matter of the respective brain-weights of men and women. The results of several independent investigations by scientists go to show that, for practical purposes, we may say that the male brain weighs on the average 48 ounces and the female brain 43 ounces, giving an excess of five ounces of male brain. In the second part of No. 8 I show the results of applying these brain-weights to all the men and women aged 20 and older, and from these results we see that there is still a substantial predominance of male brain at the best period of life (20 to 54), despite the marked numerical excess of women at those same ages: in all, there are in the country 559 tons of male brain, at picked ages, in excess of female brain, and against this predominance of male brain there is only an excess of female brain at advanced ages amounting to 108 tons. Now, facts of this kind have really a good deal of significance attached to them, and until these 559 tons of extra male brain become very appreciably fewer, it is not at all probable that the possessors of the heavier brains will be able to fully indorse certain current opinions as to the equality of women and men—even if it were desirable to bring to terms of equality personalities that are and must always remain essentially different and non-equal.

The occupation of the people is a matter worth looking into, and in No. 9 we have a diagram which bears on this point and which illustrates the following figures:—

Class.	Per 1,000 of the population.
II. Children, and Adults with no specified occupation	555
III. Industrial	239
IV. Agricultural and Fishing	67
V. Domestic	62
VI. Commercial	44
VII. Professional	33
I. Total population of the United Kingdom	1,000

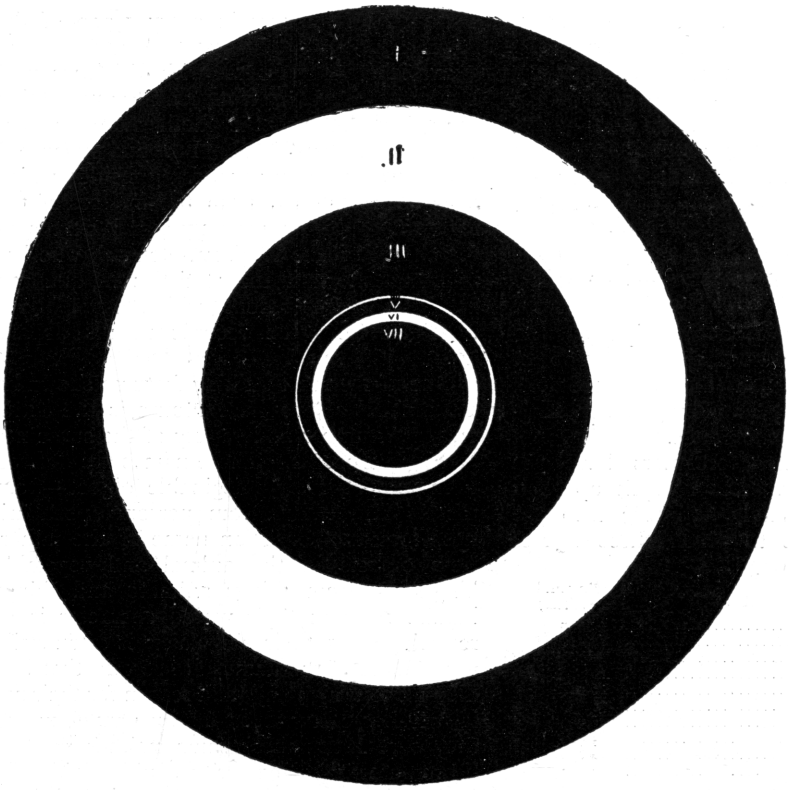
These are the proportions actually ascertained to exist in 1891, and we may use them now without much risk of any important error.

The discs in No. 9 are numbered I. to VII., and correspond with the above classes of occupation. We see that Class II., represented by the large white circle II., contains more than one-half of the population. It consists largely of children, and of women who have no occupation—who are for the most part dependent upon the exertions of the classes represented by the smaller circles.

The Industrial Class III. contains nearly one quarter of the population, and there remain only four relatively small classes, of which Agriculture and Fishing combined claim 67 per 1,000 of the total population.

AGES	NUMBER OF SURPLUS WOMEN	BRAIN-WEIGHT OF THE ADULT POPULATION			
		MALE BRAINS (TONS)	FEMALE BRAINS (TONS)	MALE BRAINS IN EXCESS (TONS)	FEMALE BRAINS IN EXCESS (TONS)
20-24	86,019	2,325	2,135	190	.
25-34	268,291	3,661	3,521	140	.
35-44	166,445	2,832	2,674	158	.
45-54	169,335	2,167	2,096	71	.
55-64	156,848	1,435	1,440	.	5
65-74	133,341	824	877	.	53
75-84	63,926	292	330	.	38
85-94	13,512	38	49	.	11
95-100	1,005	2	3	.	1
20-100	1,058,722	13,576	13,125	559	108

No. 8.—An unsugared pill for "advanced" women. The above statement illustrates the superiority of women over men as regards quantity, and—notwithstanding the inferior numbers of the males—the superiority of men over women as regards quality: taking the aggregate brain-weight of the two sexes as a broad criterion of quality. The facts relate to the adult population of the United Kingdom on April 6th, 1895.



No. 9.—Seven superimposed discs, numbered I. to VII., four of which are black discs and three are white discs. These discs respectively represent, by the area of each, the proportional distribution on April 6th, 1895, of the population of the United Kingdom (I.) in six main classes of occupation (II. to VII.). *For description see text.*

The Domestic class numbers 62 per 1,000, and it consists almost entirely of servants and washerwomen. The Commercial class accounts for 44 out of every 1,000 of the population, and the Professional class for only 33 per 1,000. Under "Professional" are included the Civil Service, defence of the country, the clerical, legal, medical, and educational sections of the people, *plus* some miscellaneous professions. Members of four professions may be interested in the following figures :—

Profession.	Number of Persons to One Professional. England & Wales.	Scotland.	Ireland.	United Kingdom.
Clergyman, Priest, Minister	788	812	750	786
Barrister, Solicitor	1,452	1,294	2,262	1,499
Physician, Surgeon, General Practitioner	1,523	1,551	2,052	1,577
Teacher	145	193	222	156

Taking the facts for the United Kingdom, there are 786 men, women, and children to occupy the attention of each clergyman, there are 1,499 clients for each lawyer, if we include juvenile clients, and 1,577 patients for every medical man, while the teachers would have an average of 156 scholars if they were to extend their teaching to adults as well as to children. As regards the very useful class of domestics, of whom there are now nearly 2½ millions, there would be rather more than sixteen persons for each to serve, if everybody had the services of a domestic, or rather of one-sixteenth part of a domestic.

The birthplaces of the present population can be estimated with considerable precision by means of the facts obtained in 1891. Thus, the 39 millions of persons stated at the commencement of this article were born (approximately) as follows :—

74·39	per 100	were born	in	England and Wales.
10·60	,,	,,	,,	Scotland.
13·87	,,	,,	,,	Ireland.
98·86	,,	,,	,,	The United Kingdom.
0·44	,,	,,	,,	Colonies and Dependencies.
0·69	,,	,,	,,	Foreign Countries.
0·01	,,	,,	,,	at Sea.
100·00				

It by no means follows that all of the 0·69 per cent. who were born in foreign countries (268,660 persons) were not British subjects, although we cannot say exactly how many of these were foreigners by nation as well as by birth. The 1891 returns were defective in this respect, and thus we do not possess the necessary data upon which to work.

As regards England and Wales, we can make a fairly close estimate of the number of foreigners in the country — who are foreigners by nationality and by birth. There are now about 244 thousand persons in this country who were born in foreign States, and of these, 37 thousand are British subjects, leaving 207 thousand who are foreigners by

nationality and by birth. These estimates are probably rather below than above the actual numbers, but they are sufficiently reliable to give us a fairly good idea of the number of foreigners now living in England and Wales. The 207 thousand foreigners may be thus classed by their nationality :—

852	per 1,000 foreigners are natives of	European States.
133	,, ,, ,,	America.
9	,, ,, ,,	Asia.
5	,, ,, ,,	Africa.
1	,, ,, ,,	other parts.
1,000		

Of the 133 per 1,000 foreigners who belong to America, no fewer than 100 of these 133 are natives of the United States, *i.e.*, one out of every ten foreigners in England is a native of "the States."

But the European foreigners have the most interest for us. Let us split up their numbers (approximately 176,420) into the European countries to which these figures belong :—

	(In England and Wales.)
Germans	52,875
Russians and Poles	47,106
French	21,735
Italians	10,356
Swiss	6,915
Dutch	6,636
Norwegians	6,550
Austrians and Hungarians	5,929
Swedes	4,832
Belgians	4,094
Danes	3,253
Spaniards	2,345
Other Europeans	3,794
April 6th, 1895. Total European Foreigners in England and Wales	176,420

As the majority of these and other foreigners are here for business purposes, or as sailors on board ships trading with this country, we should expect to find the largest porportions of them in large towns and centres of industry, or in the ports. And this is actually the case, for nearly one-half of the 207 thousand foreigners (of all kinds) are to be found in London, while Cardiff, South Shields, and Manchester all rank pretty high as regards the sprinkling of foreigners in their populations.

We are not so much over-run by foreigners as is popularly supposed, for even in London, where they are thickest, they number only about 23 in every 1,000 of the population. Taking the whole of England and Wales, there are not quite 7 foreigners in every 1,000 of the population.

An interesting feature with which we may fitly end our present inter-censal enumeration of the population is the family nomenclature in England and Wales. For this purpose I shall use some rather surprising results, which have been obtained from the indexes of the registers of births, marriages, and deaths in the charge of the Registrar-General, who has informed me that the statistics in question are the most recent which have been extracted from the records in his department.

One of the most striking features shown by the indexes at Somerset House is the extraordinary number and variety of the surnames of *English* people. These names are derived from almost every imaginable object—from places, from trades, from personal peculiarities, from the Christian name of the father, from objects in the animal and vegetable kingdoms, from things animate and things inanimate—and their varied character is as remarkable as their singularity is often striking. Some of the names are so odd that it is difficult to assign any valid reason for their use in the first instance as family names, unless they were nicknames, which neither the first bearers nor their posterity could avoid. In Wales, however, the same variety is not shown, most of the Welsh surnames having been formed in a simple manner from the Christian or fore-name of the father in the genitive case, *son* being understood. Thus, Evan's son became Evans, John's son became Jones, etc. Others were derived from the father's name mingled with a form of the word *ap* or *hab* (son of), by which Hugh ap

1	Smith	18	Green	35	James
2	Jones	19	Lewis	36	Morgan
3	Williams	20	Edwards	37	King
4	Taylor	21	Thompson	38	Allen
5	Davies	22	White	39	Clarke
6	Brown	23	Jackson	40	Cook
7	Thomas	24	Turner	41	Moore
8	Evans	25	Hill	42	Parker
9	Roberts	26	Harris	43	Price
10	Johnson	27	Clark	44	Phillips
11	Robinson	28	Cooper	45	Watson
12	Wilson	29	Harrison	46	Shaw
13	Wright	30	Davis	47	Lee
14	Wood	31	Ward	48	Bennett
15	Hall	32	Butler	49	Carter
16	Walker	33	Martin	50	Griffiths
17	Hughes	34	Morris		

No. 10.—Fifty of the most common surnames in England and Wales, arranged in the order of their numerical importance.

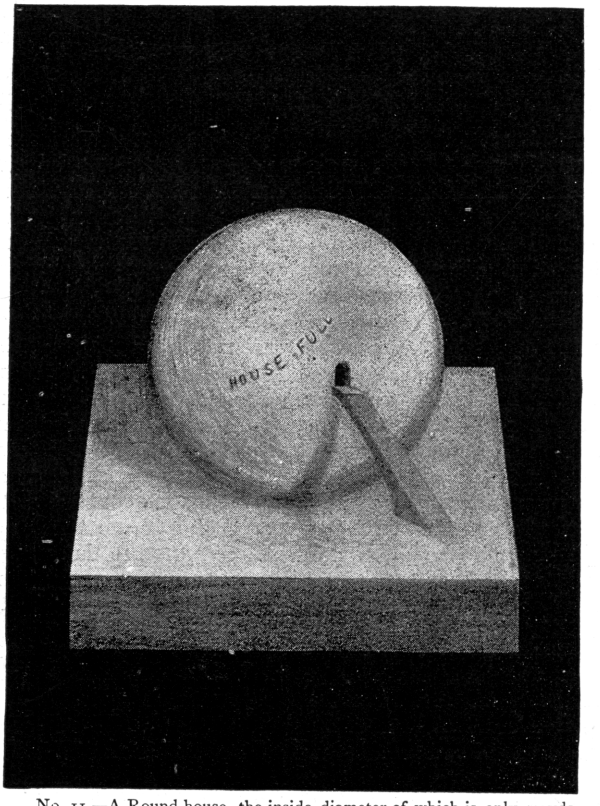
Howell became Powell, Evan ap Hugh became Pugh, and so on.

Concerning the number of *different* surnames in England and Wales, an estimate based on the entries in the registers gives the approximate result of *forty thousand* different names. This number includes such variations of a name as are illustrated by the name Clerk being spelt Clark and Clarke, or by the name Smith being entered in the registers as Smyth, Smythe, and even as Smijth. Therefore, if we disregard these variations of a name, our total number of forty thousand would be considerably reduced: *not* disregarding these variations, we obtain the following results for England and Wales at the 6th April, 1895:—

Population.	Different surnames.	Average number of persons to 1 surname.	Number of different surnames to every 10,000 persons.
30,270,817	40,000	757 (nearly)	13·2

But perhaps the most interesting information which the registers supply is that which tells us what are the most popular names amongst us: it is curious to notice the predominance of certain names which seem to have been preferentially adopted by large numbers of the people, and which now prevail in every county. I append in No. 10 a list of fifty of the most common surnames in England and Wales, arranged in the order of their numerical importance.

We see from this list that the popular idea is not correct which places Smith 1, Jones 2, Brown 3, Robinson 4; for the Browns come sixth instead of fourth, and Robinson is certainly a bit of a fraud in having for so long a time occupied the fourth place in public estimation, when he is entitled to only the eleventh. The most remarkable thing in this list is the importance of Welsh names: the Jones family—who, by the way, are numerically nearly as important as the Smiths—are well backed up by the other Welsh names, Williams, Davies, Thomas, Evans, Roberts, etc. It is almost needless to say that all persons now bearing these Welsh names are not strictly Welsh people (because the whole population of Wales would not suffice to provide bearers for these prominent Welsh names), but it certainly does seem that Welshmen have somehow or other perpetuated their names in England to a surprisingly important degree. As regards the list generally, I may say that—on the average, and taking England and Wales—one person in 73 is a Smith, one in 76 a Jones, one in 115 a Williams, one in 148 a Taylor, one in 162 a Davies, and one in 174 a Brown.



No. 11.—A Round-house, the inside diameter of which is only 421yds., or less than a quarter of a mile: this house is nevertheless large enough to contain the entire population of the United Kingdom on April 6th, 1895—each person having twenty-seven cubic feet of space.

Now that we have numbered the population, inquired their ages, sorted out the women from the men, glanced at their various occupations, and made our name distinctions, we will take our leave of them—or shall we say of each other?—to meet again in the round-house shown in No. 11. This house, which is infinitesimally small in comparison with the size of the country, shows us what a lot of spare room still exists here, for it could easily contain every one of us—resident foreigners included.

THE SECOND VIOLIN

FROM THE FRENCH OF AUGUSTE VITU. BY ALYS HALLARD.

WHILST I was staying at W—— I never missed one single performance at the opera. There was a *chef-d'œuvre* given every night: "The Freischütz," "The Huguenots," "Robert le Diable," "Don Juan," "The Magic Flute," etc. All of these operas were well put on, great attention being paid to every detail, so that the whole result was all that could be desired.

I do not for a moment say that the artistes were irreproachable, and there were certainly not many good soloists in the large orchestra, but yet they all seemed to understand the thing they were performing, and to observe most scrupulously the lights and shades as the composer had meant them, and as, perhaps, only a German or an Italian orchestra ever does observe them. The baritone, for instance, did not attempt to drown the tenor, nor the tenor the prima-donna; so that the general effect was most satisfactory.

One evening when "The Huguenots" was being given, I set myself to follow the orchestra in the development of the piece. It is a most enjoyable occupation to analyze a piece and to study it note by note when one knows the score thoroughly. It always seems to me that in doing this, one has the same kind of pleasure as when, after riding on horseback through a forest, one returns to explore it more thoroughly, and to gather the flowers which one had not noticed the first time.

My place was in the first row of the orchestra stalls, so that I could lean on the balustrade which separated me from the musicians, and when the contra-bass was played I could feel the vibration in my arms. To my left were the wind instruments, and just in front of me the second violins. Among the latter I had noticed the very first night a young man, whose happy-looking face caused me some surprise.

To my mind there is nothing more unsatisfactory than the part which the second violin takes. All the lovely melodies belong to the first violin, and then, as though out of compassion, every now and then the seconds are permitted to attempt a kind of imitation of the air, then some arpeggios, and the strings are pulled and almost beaten like a drum, whilst the melody itself is taken up by some other instrument. It seems to me, then, that the second violins, condemned thus to do all the filling in, all the servile work as it were, must get morose, taciturn and spiteful, and I came to the conclusion that this one in the orchestra of the theatre of W—— must be an exception to the rule.

He was young and handsome; he had an oval-shaped face; soft, light curly hair, and such happy-looking blue eyes. He appeared to play with the greatest ease, evidently knowing all by heart, as he only glanced every now and then carelessly at the score. His eyes, and evidently his thoughts too, were elsewhere.

Very soon I thought I had found out, at any rate, where his thoughts were. He was seated to the right of the stage, and, consequently, was exactly opposite the stage-box

on the left. He could see everything which went on in this box, and I noticed that he took advantage of his opportunities.

Of course there was a woman in the said box, and I observed that she was quite young and very beautiful. She was, perhaps, just a trifle over-dressed for anyone so young. The diamonds in her hair flashed every time she moved, and she appeared to be paying just about as much attention to the stage as the young violinist did to his score. Once I just happened to be looking at them when their eyes met, and I saw that her cheeks turned pale just as though all the blood in her veins had suddenly rushed to her heart, while a flush came over the young musician's pale face.

"COUNTESS ULRICA VON HANZIG."

During the interval I overheard several snatches of conversation around me which enlightened me partially. Two young men, who were looking through their glasses into the box on the left of the stage, spoke of this beautiful girl as the Countess Ulrica von Hanzig, and I knew that that family was a branch of the reigning house of W——.

As I said, though, the information only partially enlightened me, for if the beautiful woman with her flashing diamonds were of such high birth, how was it that she could be so interested in a poor violinist? For interested she was, I felt sure of that from the glance I had seen pass between them.

I immediately began to build up in my own mind a little romance, with the Countess Ulrica and the second violin of the orchestra for my heroine and hero. Every time the curtain fell I noticed that my young friend, instead of going out with his fellow-musicians, simply put down his instrument, leaned back in his chair, and gazed up at his idol. This was certainly strange, especially considering that the Countess Ulrica was not alone in her box. There was an elderly man with her, probably either her father or her husband; and he must surely have noticed the admiration expressed on the young violinist's face. It seemed to me once that the elderly man was smiling at him, but afterwards I thought that must surely have been my imagination. Anyhow, the whole affair seemed to me rather mysterious and very interesting to watch.

When the curtain rose, I became so absorbed in the opera, that I completely forgot the Countess Ulrica, but as luck would have it, when I went home that night I was doomed to see something else of the little comedy. I was walking leisurely down the wide staircase at the close of the opera, and as I was in no particular hurry, I had stepped aside two or three times to let some of the pushing, scrambling people get out, when I saw in front of me the Countess Ulrica. She was just getting into her carriage as I reached the door, and the elderly man took his seat beside her. The carriage-door was left open, and I noticed that the young Countess kept leaning forward as though looking out for someone.

Presently the violinist I had been watching during the opera appeared on the scene, carrying his instrument in its case under his arm. He stepped into the carriage, sat down opposite the young Countess, took both her hands in his, and then the carriage moved away.

After this, every night I used to watch this trio at the opera, and it seemed to me that the Countess and the violinist were evidently more and more in love with each other every evening, but, of course, I had no means of getting to the bottom of the mystery. One evening, I found that my usual place was occupied by a young officer, who appeared to be the centre of attraction to a little group of the most dandified men in W——. The officer was fair, and just the type of a Hanoverian. He looked half German, half

English, was very handsome, and had that high and mighty, rather consequential air which women adore, and which exasperates beyond endurance all other men.

I took the nearest seat I could get to my own, and I could not help overhearing the conversation of the little group. It was the usual kind of club talk: horses, women, and society gossip. I could gather from the young officer's questions that he had only arrived that day in W——, after being garrisoned in some other town. Without wishing it in the least, I thus became acquainted with all the gossip going amongst the *high life* of W——.

Just before the curtain rose, the door of the box on the left of the stage opened and the Countess Ulrica entered, with the elderly man, who appeared to follow her about like her shadow. She was more beautiful than ever that night, and I noticed that her appearance caused quite a sensation. I also observed that many people glanced from her to the young violinist, and several ladies put their fans up to hide their smiles. The officer who had taken my place seemed more surprised than anyone else. He put his eye-glass on, and then I heard him exclaim:—

"By Jove! if there isn't my cousin Ulrica! Let me pass, you fellows: I must go up and speak to her."

The fair-haired warrior went away with a most self-complacent expression on his handsome face, and a minute or two later he appeared in the box in question, evidently to the Countess Ulrica's surprise. He put on a most familiar, almost affectionate, manner, and appeared to be talking to her most confidentially. He had all his trouble for nothing, though, as she kept looking at her violinist. I happened to glance at him too, just as the officer was leaning forward and saying something to the young Countess in the most confidential manner. The violinist's face flushed, and he frowned ominously.

One of my friends who has a great fancy for chemistry said to me one day:—

"I do not know anything that has a stronger freezing power than a woman's disdain; in some instances, and under special circumstances, I am sure a woman could ice a bottle of champagne by only looking at it."

That night I had an example of the truth of what my friend asserted, for the refrigerating influence of the Countess Ulrica on the young officer was wonderful. I noticed that he seemed to lose his self-assurance and was reduced to fumbling with his gloves, and when he left the box and came down again to his place he was stroking his moustache nervously.

"Stolberg has had the cold shoulder to-night!" remarked one of the dandies, just before the young officer returned; and the others nodded.

Stolberg, however, not knowing that he had just been the subject of remark, said, as he sat down:—

"Why, just think, my cousin Ulrica is married!"

"Ah!" said one of the other young men, half-condescendingly and in a half-jesting tone.

"She gave me the cold shoulder, quite, and I should like to know whether she is angry or whether it was just indifference!"

No one answered, but most of us glanced at the young musician, who was at that moment brandishing his bow over the strings with all the energy of a savage cutting his enemy's throat. There was an awkward pause, and then one of the young officer's friends remarked:—

"Then your beautiful cousin was by no means gushing just now, Stolberg?"

"No, indeed, Max, and it is all the more strange that she should behave in that way to *me*, as it is certainly the first time she has treated *me* coldly."

"Since her marriage, you mean?"

"Why, of course, considering that that event has taken place during my absence, and that I was not even informed of it. The question is: Was the marriage arranged for her against her will? I am inclined to think it was, although she did not tell me so."

The second violin at this moment introduced some chords into the "Freischütz" which would certainly have astonished Weber, and I could see that one or two of Stolberg's friends were on thorns, but they did not dare to say anything lest the whole affair should end in a scene.

The young officer looked furious, and it was easy to see that he was jealous of his cousin's husband.

"Do any of you know this famous Count von Hanzig?" he asked, presently, trying to appear to speak carelessly.

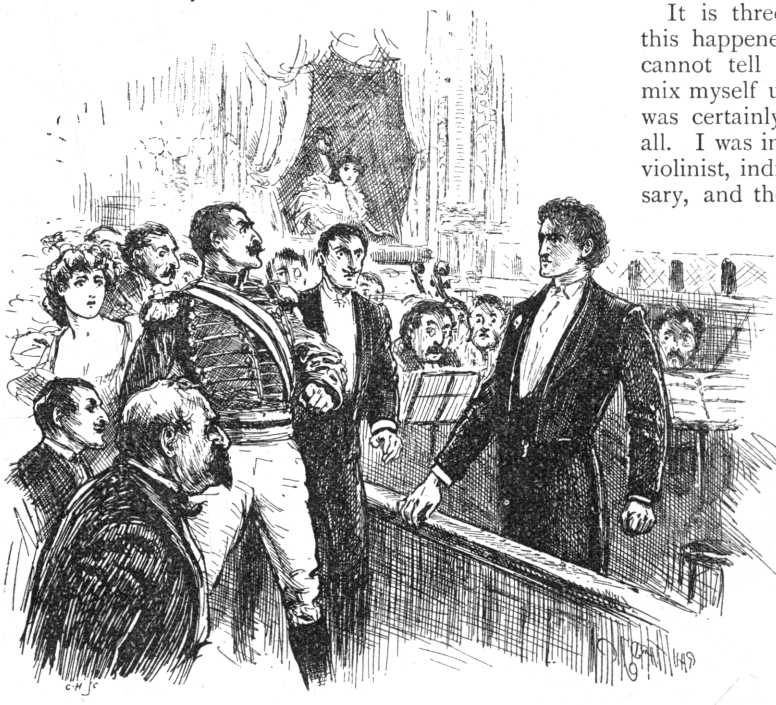
His friends glanced at each other, some of them annoyed at the turn the affair had taken, whilst the others were enjoying the idea of the forthcoming scandal.

"Ah! I see by your silence that he does not belong to our society, whoever he may be. Who on earth can have advised Ulrica to make such an insane sort of marriage?"

The young musician rose from his seat and advancing towards Stolberg said, very distinctly :—

"I am the Count von Hanzig."

There was a cry from someone in the box on the left of the stage, the people in the orchestra stalls rose in confusion, and the opera was interrupted. There was such a buzz of voices that I could not catch all that passed between the two men, but I did gather that the violinist refused the offer of two or three of the young dandies who wished to act as his seconds.



"I AM THE COUNT VON HANZIG."

"No, thank you, gentlemen," he said, proudly; "I do not care to have any of you who did not think it worth while to interfere before I was insulted, and especially as you doubtless consider that '*I do not belong to your society*,' as Herr von Stolberg said. No, I should prefer a poor musician like I am myself, and I would not refuse a perfect stranger who would offer me his hand loyally."

"Then will you take me?" I said, pushing my way past one or two of the young men. "I have overheard the whole of the affair."

He grasped my hand and shook it cordially. I gave him my card with my address, and turning to Stolberg, he said :—

"We shall see each other to-morrow," and then, without another word, he disappeared through the low orchestra door.

I glanced at the stage box and saw that they were carrying the Countess Ulrica out, for she had fainted.

It is three years ago since all this happened, and to this day I cannot tell what induced me to mix myself up in a quarrel which was certainly not my business at all. I was interested in the young violinist, indignant with his adversary, and then, too, I felt curious to know more about this romantic marriage, so that all these motives together caused me to act on the impulse of the moment. I had put up in the Dorothea Strasse, and it was there that Count Albert von Hanzig came to call upon me the next morning at eight o'clock.

"I want to tell you something about myself," he said, as he took the chair I placed for him; "you must forgive my abruptness, but my time now is so precious."

I was going to interrupt him, but he stopped me and said :—

"I understand that out of delicacy you want to tell me that it is not necessary for me to confide in you, but I should all the same prefer to do so. You have generously taken up the cudgels on my behalf, although I am a perfect stranger to you. It is only right that you should, at any rate, know something about the man whose part you have taken. It must certainly appear strange to you to find the Count von Hanzig acting as second violin in the theatre of W—— at a salary of a hundred florins, and I should like to explain the mystery to you.

"In the first place, I am not German, but Polish, and my family belong to the Grand Duchy of Posen. The House of Hanzig took its part nobly in the great national war of 1792, so that its name is written in letters of blood in the history of our country, whilst it has for generations stood high amongst

the nobility of Poland. My father, brought up as he had been to honour the traditions of our country, could not remain deaf to the voice of his conscience, and in 1831 he took up arms and was one of the first victims at Warsaw.

"I was left an orphan, then, at the age of nine, and made my escape from the city, where I should certainly have been massacred. I had no idea in my flight where I was going, but kept hurrying on as straight as I could go, until at last my strength gave way, and I just lay down on a great plain all covered with snow.

"MY STRENGTH GAVE WAY."

"A well-known musician, who was emigrating after having fought valiantly, happened to find me, and he cared for me and gave me refreshments, and, when I could walk, took me on with him. We travelled through part of Germany on foot, the great composer earning our daily bread with his violin. He was on his way to France, where he was sure of a home with some friends, but he could not take me with him there.

"Some old friends of his in Germany interested themselves in me for his sake, and I was placed at the W—— Conservatorium to study music. At sixteen I was admitted to the orchestra of the opera as second violin.

"Later on I heard that my benefactor was dead: sorrow and exile had done their work, and neither the hospitality he met with in France, nor yet the homage rendered to his genius, could make up to him for all he had suffered in losing his country. I have always felt deep gratitude towards him, as, if he had not taken pity on me, I might have had to beg my bread like so many of those of my poor compatriots who escaped the Russian guns had to do.

"Fortunately for me my tastes were simple, and there was nothing repugnant to me in the career which seemed to be my future lot in life. My only ambition was to become some day conductor of the orchestra in the theatre of the Grand Duchy. I was wrapped up in my work and musical studies, and had very little leisure time for thinking of anything else.

"One evening, however, at the opera there was to be a new work given, and the Grand Duke was to be present. All the important families of the Duchy were that evening in their boxes, and I glanced round at the house to see the general effect of the magnificent costumes and the flashing diamonds. I was in reality little interested in all these great people, for I felt myself separated from them by an insurmountable barrier. You see," he added, smiling bitterly, "the violinist's bow may ennoble the hand of an ordinary citizen provided he be talented, but it only degrades the hand of a fallen count.

"Well, on the evening in question, in a box just opposite to me, a lovely girl was sitting. I was indeed perfectly startled by her beauty, for never in my dreams had I imagined any woman so exquisitely graceful and fascinating. In my delight I know that I smiled, and it seemed to me that she looked down with interest at me. One of my comrades told me that it was the Countess Ulrica von Schaffenbourg, the daughter of one of the Grand Duke's Chamberlains. The thought of my position at once flashed across me, and I felt humiliated to the very dust, and then almost angrily I seized my violin, and during the whole evening I carefully refrained from looking again at that box.

"Ulrica, however, came again several times to the opera, and it always seemed to me that there was the same look of interest

on her face whenever our eyes met. I did my utmost not to give way to the kind of magnetism which attracted my eyes to that box, but all in vain. For a whole month things went on like this, and then, as her father had to go abroad on political business, she was placed, in the meantime, at the convent of Meilen.

"I expect you wonder how I found out all these details. And to this day I hardly know myself how I managed to discover everything I wanted to know. One thing is sure, though, that, as far as anything concerning this girl was in question, I should certainly have found a way to baffle the most skilful diplomat in the world.

"Well, I went on thinking about her, dreaming of her, for two long years. I knew nothing of her character, except what I had read in her eyes. I would have given ten years of my life to have heard the sound of her voice. I began to work now in feverish earnest. I had hitherto looked on my violin as the means of earning my daily bread, but now it seemed to me that it must be more to me, and that I must earn distinction through it. I gave myself up entirely to my musical studies, and I got on so well that it seemed as though I had every chance of success.

"The next event in my life was the competition at the Conservatorium, which in Germany is, as you know, of considerable importance. I entered my name, and when the day came there was a large and attentive audience. If I could win distinction that day there was some chance for me. My competitors were heard one after the other, and my name happened to be called last.

"You must forgive me if I sound my own praises, but, inspired as I was by love, I played a theme of Handel's with such feeling that I saw tears in the eyes of some of my judges. My own eyes were moist, too, and I shall never forget the sensation of those few minutes. It was as though all my youth and all my strength were at last having a free course after all the long years that my feelings had been either lying dormant or stifled. I had only the last variation to perform, and my triumph seemed certain. It was a terrible passage, arpeggios, to be played with fearful rapidity from the lowest note to the very highest. It wanted a strong wrist and the lightest fingers. Oh! the accursed variation! But still I felt sure of it, and was going to attack it with perfect confidence. I lifted my bow proudly and then, alas! I suddenly saw Ulrica. The tears were in her eyes, but her face was radiant. All my assurance went, my hand suddenly became feeble, and my fingers uncertain. I hesitated—and that was the end of it, for it was all over with me after that. The concert was over, and there was a murmur of disappointment all through the room, whilst I felt more dead than alive.

"The first prize was, of course, given to another competitor, but out of pity they gave me an accessit. All that did not move me, though; I had seen Ulrica turn pale with emotion; I felt, I knew, that she cared for me, and I thought to myself that is surely more than the first prize at the Conservatorium. Directly after, though, a feeling of despair came over me, and I reproached myself bitterly for my weakness. I had proved myself totally unworthy of her, and she was surely worthy of an emperor. And then, too, was it not, after all, a great misfortune, this unhappy love?—for there was no hope whatever for us. What was to become of me? Just as I was thinking moodily in this strain the Director of the Conservatorium sent for me.

"'Albert,' he said, 'you will find a carriage at the door, which is to take you to the Palace of the Grand Duke.'

"My astonishment was extreme, but, notwithstanding, I went down and got into the carriage without staying a minute to reflect. A major-domo was waiting for me at the door of the palace. He begged me to follow him, and what was my astonishment soon, on finding myself face to face with the Count von Schaffenbourg—Ulrica's father.

"'Are you Count Albert von Hanzig?' he asked, coldly.

"Upon my reply in the affirmative, he continued:—

"'I sent for you to ask you to give violin lessons to my daughter—the Countess Ulrica von Schaffenbourg.'

"I could not find a single word to say; I staggered, for I had suddenly turned giddy.

"'You love her!' he said, smiling.

"I did not answer, but I bowed my head, and how it was that I did not there and then lose my senses I have never been able to fathom, for he continued:—

"'The son of my old friend Louis von Hanzig can marry the daughter of the Count von Schaffenbourg without its being by any means a *mésalliance*.' Those were his very words, and it seems to me that I shall not forget them to my dying day." The young Count stopped for a minute, too deeply moved by these recollections to be able to continue.

"Ulrica became my wife," he said, presently,

"and all the happiness which true love alone can give has been ours. I have been happier than I had thought possible in my very wildest dreams, and yet——" The young Count paused again, and his face clouded over when he continued his story. "Our days were just one long *fête*, and we had so much to say—so much always to tell each other. I told her all about my desolate childhood and then about my work and my struggles, and she told me of all her happy days and of her little schemes and plans in order to bring her father to consent to our union and, what was still more, to get him to send for me and to propose it. Oh! how gay and happy we were, and how we laughed at each other's stories.

"WE HAD SO MUCH TO SAY."

"Our marriage had naturally caused a lot of gossip in W——, but as the Grand Duke himself approved of it, there was nothing further to be said. Gradually people became accustomed to seeing us together in public, and so forgot the romance of it all. *We* had not forgotten, though, and my wife wanted to go again for the first time since our marriage to the opera, where we had first met. We went, and we sat in the box on the left of the stage, where you must have seen Ulrica yesterday evening. It was very strange to me at first to find myself up there instead of with my comrades in the orchestra. Ulrica looked down at the music-stand behind which she had always seen me, and I noticed that she seemed very absent-minded and did not pay any attention to the opera. Every time I looked at her, her eyes were fixed on my old place, and yet my successor did not resemble me much."

The Count smiled as he told me all these details, which were evidently quite fresh in his memory.

"My successor," he continued, after a slight pause, "was a little, bald-headed old man, with a very long, red nose, on which rested a pair of enormous gold spectacles. We went constantly to the opera after that evening, and every time my wife was just the same, until at last I begged her to tell me what it was that was troubling her, and why she took no interest in the music.

"'Albert,' she exclaimed, 'you know I do not care what the world thinks or says. My one wish, my one desire, is to see you there again in your old place and to listen to you, just as I used to, and live over again those days. It would make me so happy. Oh! I wish that by some miracle it could be so!'

"I did not say anything to my wife, but the next day the little old man with the gold spectacles received his salary to the end of the season, and I, after seeing my wife to her box, left her on some pretence, and then hurried downstairs and took my old place in the orchestra. It was not without a pang that I had decided to do this. I could not help feeling the difference, for I am certain that, no matter in what position in life I had met Ulrica, I should there and then have loved her, and now it seemed to me that if I were to hope to keep her love, I must have recourse to my poor Stradivarius. It was a woman's caprice, her love of the romantic, for now that she was my wife, perfect in every way as she is, I knew that it was from eight o'clock to eleven every night at the opera that I came up to her ideal, and that she loved me with all her soul."

This, then, was what Count von Hanzig

had to tell me, and wildly improbable as so much of it sounded, I felt that he was telling me just exactly how matters stood. He was silent again when he had finished his story, and was looking moodily before him. I felt that time was precious, and that I must remind him of the unfortunate business which was now before us.

"And Herr von Stolberg?" I began.

"Ah! I had not spoken of him, because he has only crossed my path in life to bring me bad luck. I believe by some family arrangement it had been intended that he should marry Ulrica, and consequently through me, I suppose, he considered his future prospects blighted."

"Do you think that this duel is absolutely obligatory?"

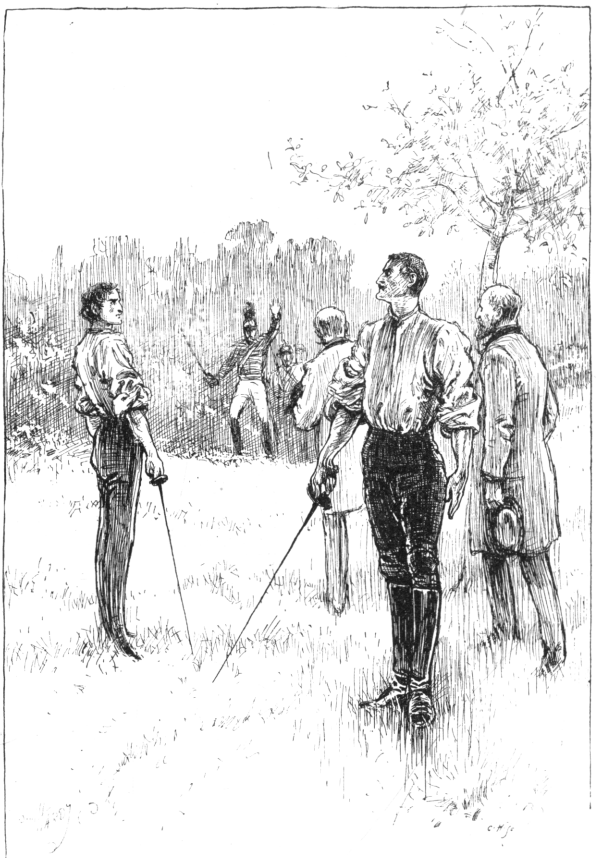
"What do you think about it as my second?"

"Well, there was no irreparable insult."

"Ah! do not let us waste our time discussing useless questions," interrupted the Count, impulsively. "You want, of course, to avoid if possible any bloodshed, but in reality you know as well as I do that there is no help for it. The world would never understand any sentimental explanations, and to the world if I, Albert von Hanzig, act as second violin in the orchestra of the opera, why, I am a disgrace to my name and to my rank. Now, if I am either killed by Lieutenant Stolberg in a duel or if I kill him, no one will dare to reproach me with my violin bow when I have shown that I can also wield a sword."

I had felt this myself before the Count had said it, and I knew really that there was no help for it all. We arranged then to take for the other witness a soldier belonging to the Grand Duke's Guards. In the afternoon Herr von Stolberg's seconds came to call on me: the duel was fixed for the following morning, and the weapon chosen was the sword.

I have never yet come across the man who could be present at a duel and keep his *sang-froid*. The two duellists themselves have their honour and their life at stake, and their moral courage, as a rule, keeps them up. The task of the seconds is a most painful one, and nearly always, on meeting the six men concerned in a duel on their way to the place fixed upon, you will find two of them calmer than the others, and, as a rule, those two are prepared to face death.



"THE TWO ADVERSARIES."

We had chosen a field where the light and shade were pretty equally distributed, and a ditch marked the limits. Count von Hanzig was calm and serious, but Herr von Stolberg was just as haughty and contemptuous as the other night at the opera. He bowed, however, very politely, and the preliminaries were then arranged. The two adversaries were just about to commence, and there was dead silence, that terrible silence which makes itself felt when one knows that something tragic is about to take place.

Suddenly, at the other end of the field, the branches of the trees were pushed aside and an officer of high rank in the army made his appearance, followed by a detachment of infantry. As he approached we saw that it was an aide-de-camp of the Grand Duke.

"Follow me," he called out, "in the name of His Royal Highness!"

"Conrad," said Lieutenant Stolberg, turn-

ing to one of his seconds, "you'd better call for the fiddlers, the situation is amusing—extremely amusing."

Count von Hanzig did not speak, but his face turned livid with suppressed emotion, and I could see that his hands trembled too.

"I am executing the express order of His Highness, who will not suffer the law as regards duels to be violated in his realm."

"Conrad," said Stolberg again, "the situation is really dramatic: are you not a musician yourself?"

His friend turned his head away, annoyed at the bad taste displayed by Stolberg, but the latter continued:—

"I pride myself that I am no musician, but it seems to me that a violin duet would be perhaps more easily executed than a sword duet—even if the latter were between men of good blood."

"The Grand Duke has dishonoured me," said Count von Hanzig, bitterly, giving up his sword to the aide-de-camp; and there was something in the vibration of his voice as he uttered the words that made one feel that the insult was not to be forgotten so easily.

The aide-de-camp took Stolberg's sword too, and then, just as I was going to speak to my new friend and was trying to find something to say which might reconcile him, the officer turned to me and said:—

"The Grand Duke would be glad if you could make it convenient to hasten your departure. He desires me to say that he shall count on your being able to leave within twenty-four hours."

There was no choice left me in the matter. I glanced at Count von Hanzig, and our eyes met in a silent farewell. I then turned and went away, in obedience to the Grand Duke's commands.

A few months ago one of my friends at Constantinople got to know several Hungarian and Polish officers who had served under the command of Georgey, during the struggle taken up by the Magyars against the House of Austria. These refugees used frequently in their long conversations to relate the various romantic or terrible episodes which had come under their notice during that desperate war. One of these stories, which my friend told me after, aroused my attention. It seems that everyone had specially noticed in a volunteer corps commanded by Bern two young men, who were both very handsome, and who had displayed marvellous courage and boldness. The taller and older of the two was not only a good soldier but a wonderful musician, and he often charmed the others by playing Polish airs on a violin which he always had with him; the other one was so fair and delicate-looking that he might have been taken for a woman.

These two friends were both killed by a detachment of the enemy, which had taken them by surprise. When they died, the stronger one had thrown his arms round the other man, as though to protect him. There was a broken violin just near, and a pistol which had recently been fired; a scrap torn from a letter was there, too, and it had evidently served for loading the pistol. On this scrap of paper the name of Albert von Hanzig could just be read. This indication was, of course, not enough to establish the identity of the young man, and he was buried there where he fell, together with his companion. They both rest there under a grassy mound, which is covered every spring with violets and marguerites, and these simple flowers serve as their monument.

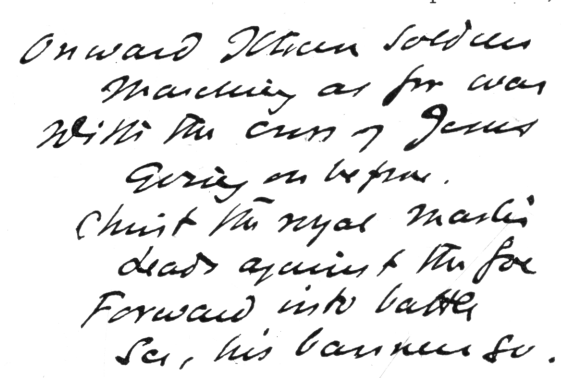
Some Popular Hymns, and How They Were Written.

By Francis Arthur Jones.

IN no country are hymns more popular than in England, and yet it is the few who know the writers of them. This is to be attributed, I think, not so much to lack of interest on the part of the public, but to the plan adopted by many editors of excluding from the hymnals they compile the names of the various contributors. Particularly well is this plan carried out in "Hymns Ancient and Modern," the most popular work of the kind in the language; for with the exception of the large and expensive musical editions, no names, either of composers or authors, are permitted to appear. Small wonder, then, if to the majority the names of the writers of even such favourites as "Thine for ever! God of Love," "Nearer, my God, to Thee," "Just as I am," and many others are as little known as the hymns themselves are familiar.

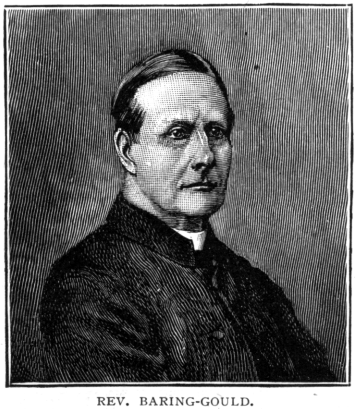
Happily, many compilers of Nonconformist and other hymnals are setting examples which other editors would do well to follow, for not only have they begun to print the name of the author below every hymn, but also the year in which it was written. This is an excellent plan, and one I should much like to see adopted by the publishers of "Hymns Ancient and Modern." As it is, while the hymns themselves are remembered and treasured, the names of those whose thoughts they embody are lost sight of and forgotten.

It struck me many times how interesting would our "songs of praise" appear to us could we but view them as they left the authors' hands, before conversion into prosaic print, as they were first conceived and written. The idea grew, and I determined to attempt the work of tracing the whereabouts of the original MSS. of some of our most well-known hymns. I have now been "hymn hunting" for some considerable time, and the present article is the result. It was surprising to me and somewhat damping to my natural enthusiasm to find, almost at the outset of my investigations, how very few MSS. had been preserved. This is to be accounted for, I think, by the fact that at the time of their composition many of our now most popular hymns were so little appreciated that the originals, soon after publication, were probably destroyed. I have therefore gained access to comparatively few MSS., but though the list be small, it has one advantage: it contains no hymn which is not well known and sung throughout Christendom.



FACSIMILE OF MS. OF FIRST VERSE OF "ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS."

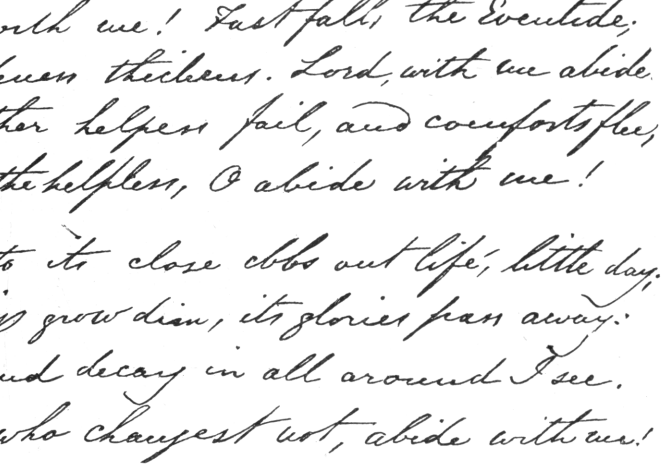
"Onward, Christian soldiers" is a hymn well known to even the smallest child attending Sunday-school. In fact it was *written* for children, though many compilers of works on hymnody affirm that the author had *adults* in his mind when he wrote it. The hymn was written in a great hurry for the author's missions at Hisbury Bridge about the year 1865. Here the children had to march many a long mile to take part in what is dear to the heart of every true child—a school feast. Owing to the distance from the church to the scene of the festivities, an early start was necessary, and marching in



REV. BARING-GOULD.
(Author of "Onward, Christian soldiers.")
From a Photo. by W. & D. Downey.

procession with banners waving, colours flying, and a cross preceding them, the little ones sang lustily all the way. It was sung to Gauntlet's tune, for Sullivan had not then composed that stirring march which would have made his name a household word had he never penned another note. The composer informs me that the original MS. of the music was destroyed years ago, and a similar fate seems to have befallen that of the words also.

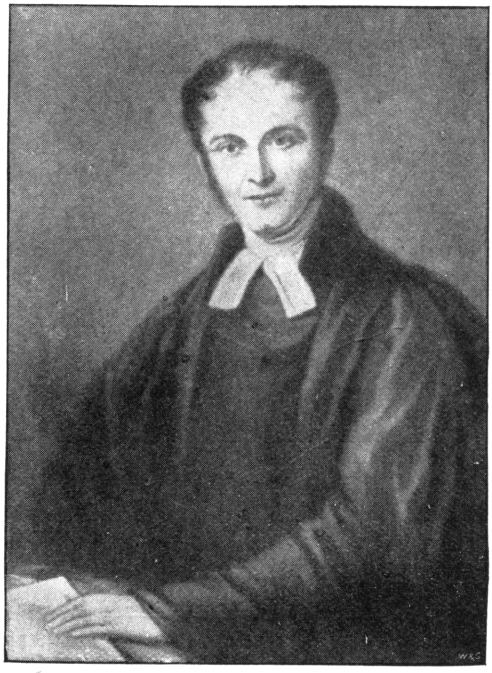
There is melancholy interest attached to the MS. of "Abide with me, fast falls the eventide," which perhaps accounts for its having been preserved. It was the last hymn the author ever wrote. More often sung at evening service than even Keble's "Sun of my soul," it occupies a place in English hymnody which can never be supplanted. It was written one summer evening during the year 1847, at Brixham, the historic and picturesque little fishing port on the shores of Torbay. Here the author, the Rev. Henry Francis Lyte, had been vicar for many years, greatly beloved by the fisher-folk, among whom his influence was immense. Several members of Mr. Lyte's choir are still living, and by one I was informed that the famous hymn owes its origin in a great measure to the fact that a short while prior to its composition many Sunday-school teachers and other helpers in the parish (eight in all, I believe) suddenly left the church and went over to the Plymouth



Abide with us for it is toward
Evening and the day is far spent
Luke 24-29.
abide with me! Fast falls the Eventide;
The darkness thickens. Lord, with me abide.
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me!

Swift to its close ebbs out life, little day.
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away.
Change and decay in all around I see.
O Thou who changest not, abide with me!

FACSIMILE OF FIRST TWO VERSES OF "ABIDE WITH ME.'

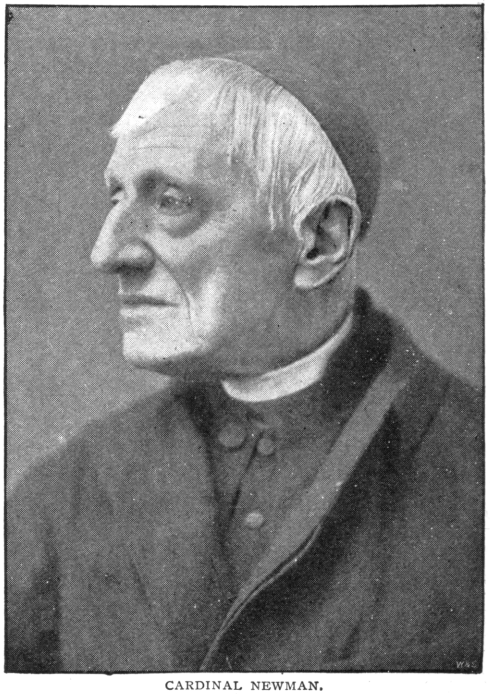


REV. H. F. LYTE.
(Author of "Abide with me.")
From a Painting. Photographed by Mr. G. F. Newman, Brixham.

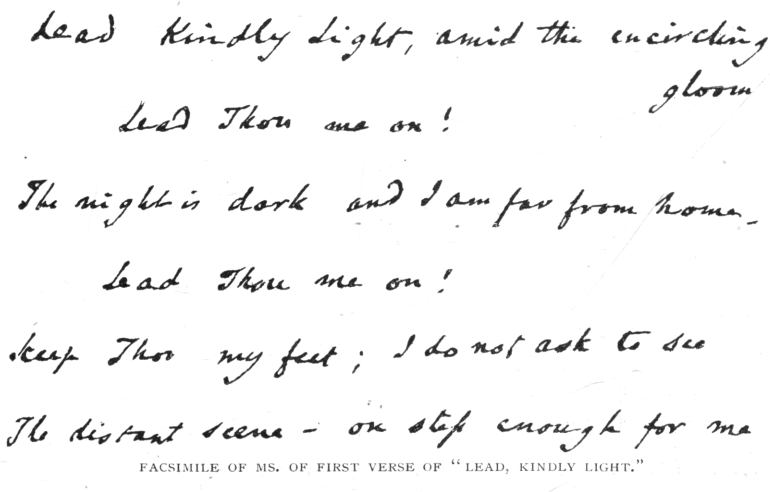
H. F. Lyte

Brethren. To these deserters the author is said to allude in the first verse, where he writes, "When other helpers fail." Whether this were so or not, it is certain that the hymn was written at a time of great mental as well as bodily suffering. Owing to the state of his health, broken and lost in his devotion to his flock, the good vicar was obliged to seek the restoring influence of a warmer clime. During the evening previous to his departure for Nice he strolled, as was his custom, down by the sea-shore alone; on his return, he retired to his study, and an hour later presented his family with "Abide with me," accompanied by music, which he had also composed. The next day he left Brixham to return no more; dying a few months later at Nice, where he now lies buried.

The original music to the hymn is now seldom sung, having been supplanted by Dr. Monk's beautiful composition, "Eventide." In all, Dr. Monk contributed forty tunes to "Hymns Ancient and Modern," and his manner of setting Mr. Lyte's hymn will serve as an example of the rapidity with which he could compose. Starting out one morning



CARDINAL NEWMAN.
(Author of "Lead, kindly Light.")
From a Photo. by Barraud.



Lead kindly light, amid the encircling gloom
Lead Thou me on!
The night is dark and I am far from home—
Lead Thou me on!
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene — one step enough for me

FACSIMILE OF MS. OF FIRST VERSE OF "LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT."

with the late Sir Henry Baker, his co-worker in the editing of "Hymns Ancient and Modern," he suddenly recollected that there was no tune to No. 27, "Abide with me." They returned to the house, and, undisturbed by a music lesson that was going on, the doctor sat down and wrote the exquisite and popular tune in ten minutes!

The original MS. of "Lead, kindly Light," owing to the circumstances under which it was composed, is one of the most interesting in my collection. The hymn was written during the summer months of 1833, at a time of much mental distress, and the words are a very echo of the author's own loneliness. In his "Apologia pro vita sua," Cardinal Newman tells the story of how the hymn came to be written. While travelling on the Continent he was attacked by a sudden illness, which necessitated a stay at Castro Giovanni. Here he lay weak and restless for nearly three weeks, the only friend at hand being his servant, who nursed him during his illness. This occurred early in May, and on the 27th of that month he was sufficiently recovered to attempt a journey to Palermo.

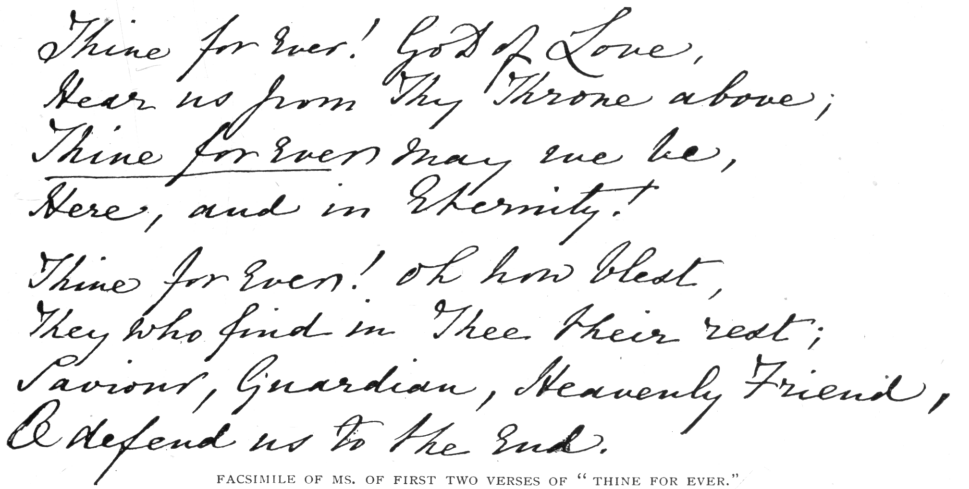
"Before starting from my inn," he wrote, "I sat down on my bed and began to sob

bitterly. My servant, who had acted as my nurse, asked what ailed me. I could only answer, 'I have a work to do in England.' I was aching to get home; yet, for want of a vessel, I was kept at Palermo for three weeks. I began to visit the churches, and they calmed my impatience, though I did not attend any services. At last I got off in an orange boat bound for Marseilles. We were becalmed a whole week in the Straits of Bonifacio. Then it was that I wrote the lines, 'Lead, kindly Light,' which have since become well known. I was writing verses nearly the whole time of my passage."

The MS. of the first verse, here reproduced, was written by the late Cardinal on March 9th, 1875, and sent with his "prayers and best wishes" to a friend. I believe there are several MS. copies of the first verse of "Lead, kindly Light" to be found among the autograph collections of private individuals, for Cardinal Newman, in reply to the inevitable and numerous requests for his autograph, thought (unlike most great men) so little of that which seemed to please his correspondents as to forward in return a verse of his well-known hymn.

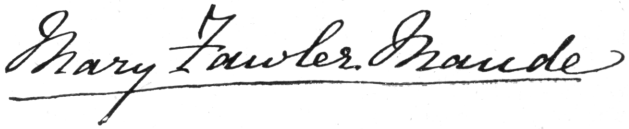
The authoress of "Thine for ever! God of Love" is Mrs. Mary Fawler Maude, and the hymn was written for the confirmation candidates in her husband's parish, St. Thomas, Newport, Isle of Wight, in 1847. It is not unworthy of note that, besides this hymn, Mr. Midlane's "There's a Friend for little children" was also written at Newport, while Mrs. Luke, the authoress of "I think when I read that sweet story of old," is now resident in the same town. Henry Bennet, another well-known writer of hymns, also resided at Newport, and there composed those lines which have now become so popular, "I have a home above."

Mrs. Maude's hymn, "Thine for ever! God of Love," has found acceptance in many lands, and is to be met with in almost all collections. Nor, alas, has it escaped "alteration" (with never a "by your leave") at the hands of various editors.



FACSIMILE OF MS. OF FIRST TWO VERSES OF "THINE FOR EVER."

MRS. M. F. MAUDE.
(Authoress of "Thine for ever.")
From a Photo. by C. Hawkins, Brighton.



As an example, in the fourth verse, the lines

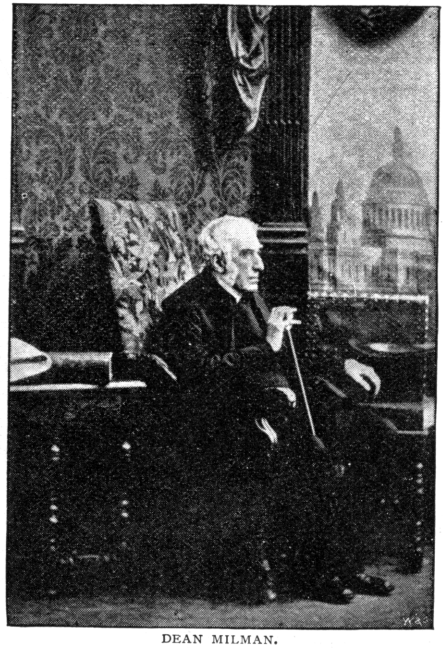
> Thine for ever! *Shepherd* keep
> *These* Thy weak and trembling sheep

have been converted into

> Thine for ever! *Saviour* keep
> *Us* Thy *frail* and trembling sheep.

Now, the connection between "shepherd" and "sheep" (as written) is as apparent as the harshness of beginning a line of poetry with the word "us." Moreover, the *thought* of the verse is lost, for the first two lines are a prayer for the catechumens from the congregation; then the supplication reverts and embraces all present. This comment on the "ways" of editors is spontaneous, as I think the unprincipled mutilation of an otherwise poetic verse demands some explanation. It is to be regretted that a hymn so universally sung should not be allowed to appear as written by the author.

"O, help us, Lord; each hour of need," is a hymn by the late Dr. Henry H. Milman, Dean of St. Paul's. Whether the MS. is the original, or merely the "fair" copy, I am unable to say. It came into my hands through a dealer, and I value it very highly. By referring to "Hymns Ancient and Modern," it will be found under No. 279, and though not, perhaps, as popular as the same writer's "When our heads are bowed with woe," or "Ride on! ride on in majesty," is, nevertheless, very well known, and frequently sung. The MSS. of these two last hymns, as well as those of many of his other contributions to hymnody, seem to have been destroyed. "I have never even seen a MS.," wrote Mr. Arthur Milman, "of my father, Dean Milman's hymns, and I greatly doubt whether any can have survived." As it chanced, I received the accompanying MS. only two days prior to the receipt of Mr. Milman's letter. Nearly all of Dean Milman's hymns were written for Bishop



FACSIMILE OF MS. OF FIRST TWO VERSES OF "O, HELP US, LORD; EACH HOUR OF NEED."

DEAN MILMAN.
(Author of "Oh, help us, Lord.")
From a Photo. by Netterville Briggs, Leamington.

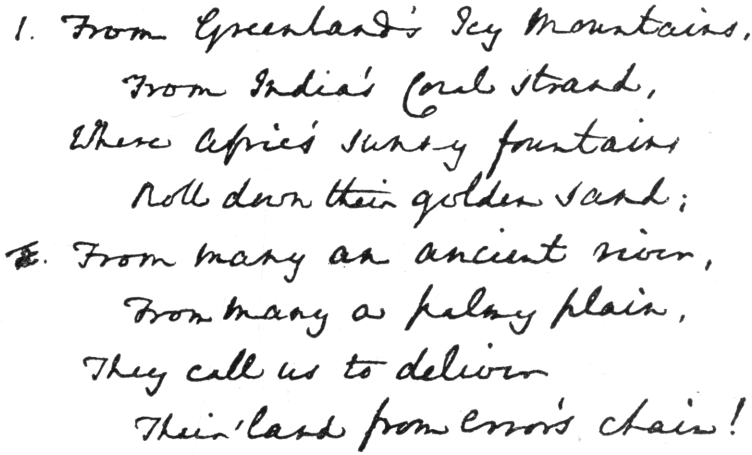
Heber's collection, and are frequently referred to in his correspondence. Mr. Milman sends me the following interesting extracts from some letters written to his father by Heber, and which are now in his possession. Under date of May 11th, 1821, the Bishop writes to Milman:—

"I rejoice to hear so good an account of the progress which your saint" ["The Martyr of Antioch"] "is making towards her crown, and feel really grateful for the kindness which enables you while so occupied to recollect my hymn-book. I have during the last month received some assistance from —— which would once have pleased me much, but, alas, your Advent, Good Friday, and Palm Sunday hymns have spoilt me for all other attempts of the sort."

Again, December 28th, 1821, Heber writes: "You have, indeed, sent me a most powerful reinforcement to my projected hymn-book. A few more such, and I shall neither need nor wait for the aid of Scott and Southey. Most sincerely, I have not seen any hymns of the kind which more completely correspond to my ideas of what such compositions ought to be, or to the plan, the outline of which it has been my wish to fill up."

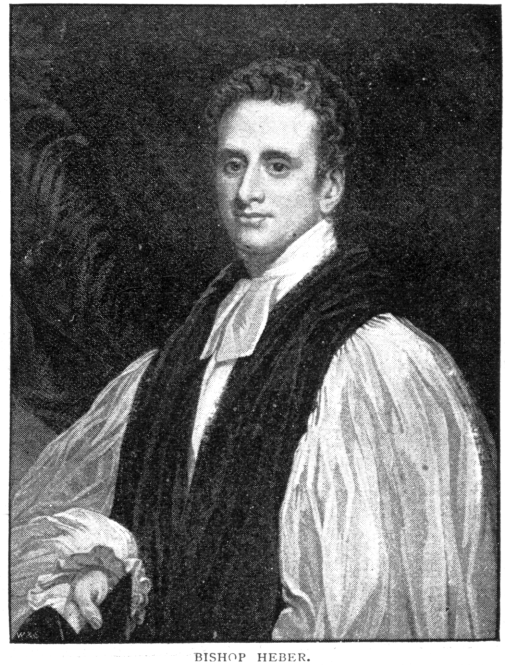
Perhaps Milman's best-known hymn, however, is the festival hymn taken from "The Martyr of Antioch," "Brother, thou art gone before us."

The most popular of all missionary hymns is, without doubt, "From Greenland's icy mountains," by Bishop Heber. It was written as far back as 1819, at Wrexham, where Heber's father-in-law, Dr. Shipley, Dean of St. Asaph, was vicar. On Whit-Sunday of the above year Dr. Shipley was to preach, in Wrexham Church, a sermon in aid of the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, and Reginald Heber, then vicar of Hodnet, happened to be staying at the vicarage at the time. On the Saturday before Whit-Sunday the Dean, Heber, and a few friends were collected together in the library, when the Doctor asked his son-in-law to write "something for them to sing in the morning." Heber, readily consenting, retired to the farther end of the room for the purpose. A short while later, Dr. Shipley asked what he had written, and Heber replied by reading the first three verses which he had then com-

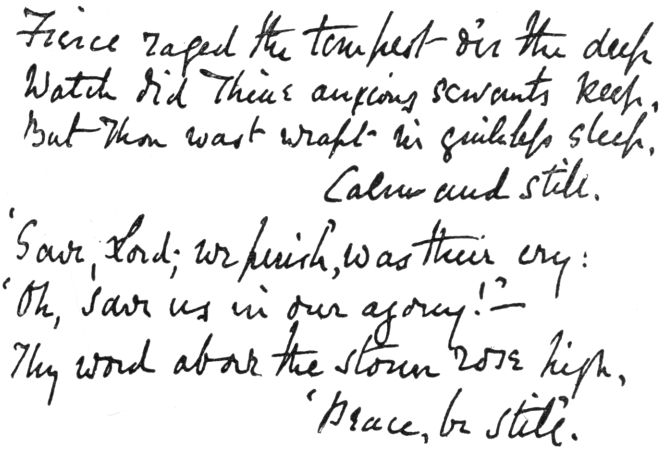


1. From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
2. From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain!

FACSIMILE OF MS. OF FIRST VERSE OF "FROM GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS."
Photographed from the original in the British Museum by Mr. L. B. Fleming.



BISHOP HEBER.
(Author of "From Greenland's icy mountains.")
From a Print in the British Museum. Photographed by Mr. L. B. Fleming, Hanwell.


Fierce raged the tempest o'er the deep,
Watch did Thine angel servants keep,
But Thou wast wrapt in guileless sleep,
Calm and still.

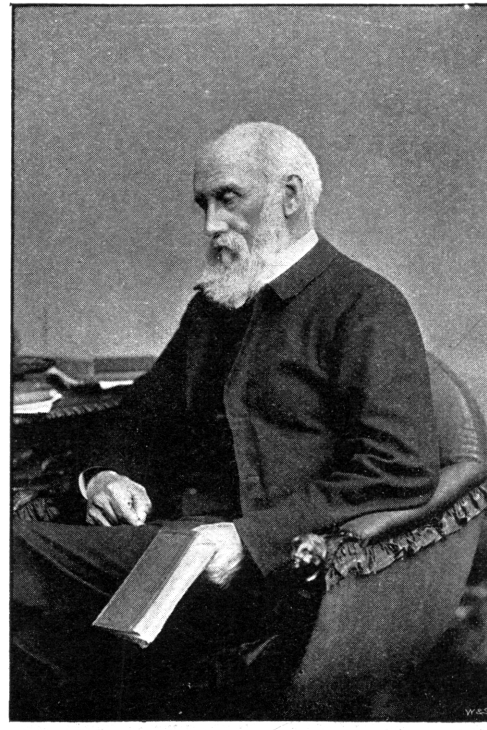
'Save, Lord; we perish,' was their cry:
'Oh, save us in our agony!'—
Thy word above the storm rose high,
'Peace, be still.'

FACSIMILE OF MS. OF FIRST TWO VERSES OF "FIERCE RAGED THE TEMPEST."

posed. His listeners were delighted, and would have had the hymn remain without any addition, but Heber said, "No, no; the sense is not complete," and insisted on adding a fourth verse. He afterwards gave the hymn to the Dean, who turned a deaf ear to his subsequent requests to add other verses. The next morning it was, for the first time, sung in Wrexham Church.

The MS. here reproduced is taken from a collection of hymns made for the *Christian Year* by the late Bishop, and now in the British Museum. Included in this collection are many of his earlier hymns, notably, "Holy! Holy! Holy! Lord God Almighty," and "The Son of God goes forth to war." The original MS. of "From Greenland's icy mountains" was for many years in the possession of the late Dr. Raffles, of Liverpool, himself a hymn-writer of some note.

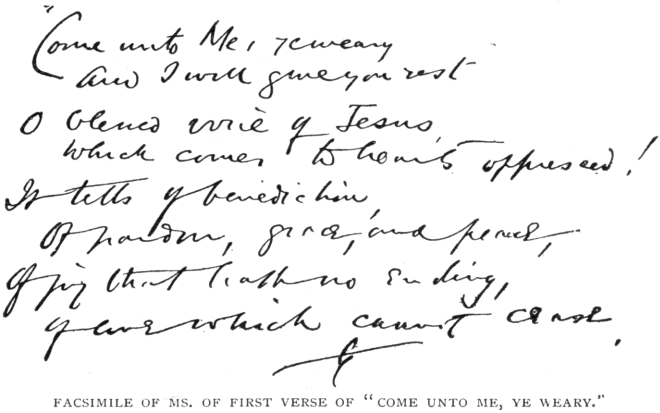
Dr. Raffles was a most ardent collector of autographs, and three years ago his entire collection, valued at many thousands of pounds, was offered for sale by Messrs. Sotheran and Co. Great interest was manifested when it became known that the Heber MS. was also to be included in the sale, and after a keen competition, it went for £42. I have not seen this MS., but I am informed that in it only one correction appears, viz., the substitution of the word "heathen" for "savage." It is the unanimous opinion of compilers of hymnals that every hymn written by Heber is now in common use.



REV. GODFREY THRING.
(Author of "Fierce raged the tempest.")
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

Godfrey Thring.

Among the hymns "for those in peril on the sea," Mr. Godfrey Thring's "Fierce raged the tempest o'er the deep" takes a foremost place. It was one of Mr. Thring's first contributions to hymnody, and was written in 1861. "I think," wrote the author to me some time ago, "that this hymn took its origin from my having pictured to myself the scene on the lake of Gennesaret, and thinking it a good subject for a hymn, I thought I would try and put my ideas into a poetical form. I was about that time beginning to take a great interest in hymns and hymn-writing, but had never written much. 'Fierce raged the tempest' was the third hymn I ever wrote; it was first published in 1861. My first hymn, 'We all have sinned and gone astray,' was written in the same year for my mother, who wanted a hymn to a particular tune for which she wished to get an appropriate hymn."

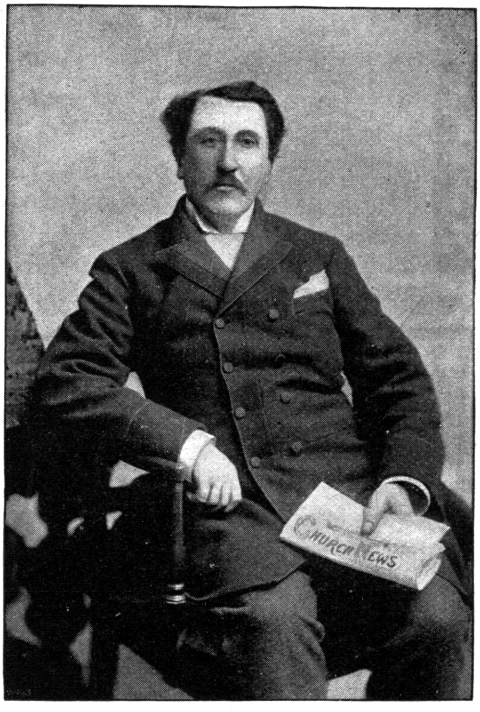


FACSIMILE OF MS. OF FIRST VERSE OF "COME UNTO ME, YE WEARY."

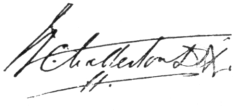
Another well-known hymn by this writer is "Saviour, blessèd Saviour." Mr. Thring was born in 1823, and was for many years rector of Alford-with-Hornblotton, in Somerset. This living, however, he resigned some little time ago, and now resides at Guildford. Mr. Thring has written many fine hymns, and has also edited the "Church of England Hymn Book," which contains no fewer than fifty-nine contributions from his pen.

It would be difficult to say which of the two somewhat similar hymns, "I heard the voice of Jesus say" and "Come unto Me, ye weary," is the most beautiful and popular. The thought in both is the same; the manner of expression not dissimilar; while the composer of the exquisite tune to each is the late Dr. J. B. Dykes, vicar of St. Oswald's, Durham. Probably if a consensus were taken it would be found that one hymn is as often sung as the other.

Mr. W. Chatterton Dix, the author of "Come unto Me, ye weary," "As with gladness men of old," and other well-known hymns, is, happily, one of our living hymnists, and at present resides in Clifton. Mr. Dix was born in 1837, and began writing hymns at a very early age. "Come unto Me, ye weary," which I have chosen for reproduction here, and which the author kindly sent me for the purpose, was written about the year 1867. The hymn has not altogether escaped alteration at the editor's hands, though in a lesser degree than the compositions of many other contributors to hymnody. Mr. Chatterton Dix informs me that there is no particular story connected with the writing of the hymn, save that he was ill and depressed at the time.



MR. W. CHATTERTON DIX.
(Author of "Come unto Me, ye weary.")
From a Photo. by Lurdon Hall, Clifton.



The Strange Case at St. Alban's.

By Winifred Smith.

WE were very busy at St. Alban's Hospital. Nurses and doctors were hard at work from morning till night, and from night till morning again. The severe winter was bringing its usual accompaniments of starvation and sickness. Hard times and bad living were working havoc among the poor; the hospital was full to overflowing. An unusual number of casualties, at the same time, brought stretcher after stretcher to the accident room.

The great clock over the entrance was just striking six as I threw my shawl round me and hastened off across the grounds to the dispensary. Running quickly through the snow, I soon arrived at the door, and was greeted by the customary growl which awaited late comers.

"I am sorry I am late in coming for the stimulants," I said, as soon as I could get my breath. "I could not leave the ward before. Let me see, six ounces of brandy for No. 20 and little No. 16's port wine: that is all, I think."

"Anything fresh this afternoon, Nurse Deaton?" inquired the dispenser, as I busily packed the bottles into my apron pocket, in order to leave my hands free for my shawl.

"Nothing for us," I answered. "A bad case has just gone up to 'Mary' Ward. A poor young fellow was brought in this afternoon, found dead in the snow—good evening," and I set off again across the white ground.

"Off duty at six," I said to myself, as I went. "I would not go off, only I am so tired, and Sister says I must."

"RUNNING QUICKLY THROUGH THE SNOW."

At the ward door I encountered Nurse Flemming, my chum and fellow-nurse, just emerging from the ward, accompanied by two women, one of whom was weeping bitterly.

"Oh, dearie," exclaimed Nurse as soon as she saw me, "I am so glad you are come. This is the wife of poor No. 12, who died this morning; she wishes to see him. I know you are off duty, dear, but do you mind taking her? I've just got a fracture in, and Mr. Hooper is waiting to attend to it; thank you." I nodded a cheerful acquiescence, and she turned back to attend to her many duties.

Taking the women with me, I went to the room of the porter, who kept the mortuary keys. With many growls he lighted his lantern and prepared to accompany us, as he was in duty bound to do. He was one of the many male officials of St. Alban's who considered it right to be as disagreeable as possible to the nurses whenever they required his services, so I took no notice of his murmurings, but devoted my attention to the poor woman at my side. While she

was telling me of the many virtues of her late husband, and of the dark future in store for herself and her eight children, we arrived at the door of the mortuary. Leaving us standing there, under a lamp which projected from the wall and which the porter lit from the flame of his lantern, the man entered alone, in order that he might bring forward from the large mortuary the particular body we wished to see; presently he opened the door again to admit us.

The door by which we entered led into a tiny chapel. It was here that the relatives of the deceased looked their last upon the pale, set faces of their departed friends. The body about to be visited was wheeled on a light trolly into the chapel, which was kept very clean, and daily redecked with white flowers.

As we entered, the porter stepped outside to do something to the lamp, which did not burn properly, while I went forward with the women, and gently turned back the sheet from the poor, dead face.

"GENTLY TURNED BACK THE SHEET."

The two women were too much absorbed—the one with her grief, and the other with her sympathy—to take any notice of me; so I, remembering a poor little waif who had died in my arms a day or two before, and thinking I should like to see him again, for I had grown to love the little, motherless creature, picked up the lantern from the floor, and went in search of my little patient. It was some time before I found him, and after imprinting a kiss on the small, pitiful face, I went to look at the new post-mortem room, which had lately been finished and which I had not seen. I was walking round, the light of the lantern gleaming weirdly on the white tiles which lined the walls and floor, when I suddenly heard a door bang. Without knowing exactly what had happened, I shivered with apprehension and my flesh crept uneasily. In a moment I had flown through the mortuary and into the chapel. Too late! The door was shut, and all was in darkness!

In a moment I knew what had happened: the porter, supposing that I had gone and left the visitors to him, had turned out the gas, locked the door, and gone away with them. Oh, it was too horrible! I beat on the door with both my fists! I raised my voice in a fearful scream, but that was worse than the awful silence, for the hollow walls took up the sound, and the mocking echo came back to me, as if the dead were shrieking in their places! I sank on my knees on the damp stones and covered my face with my hands.

The building stood far away from any other; the blustering wind would prevent my voice being heard even had I the courage to shout again, which I had not; no one would be in the grounds in such weather as this; I should not be missed. In the ward I should be supposed, being off duty, to be in my own room. Nurse Flemming, missing me from the supper-table, would imagine that I had gone to bed, and would probably retire without, as she thought, disturbing me. What should I do? What *could* I do? To remain there all night seemed impossible, yet how much more impossible to get away. I had always being accounted among my fellow-

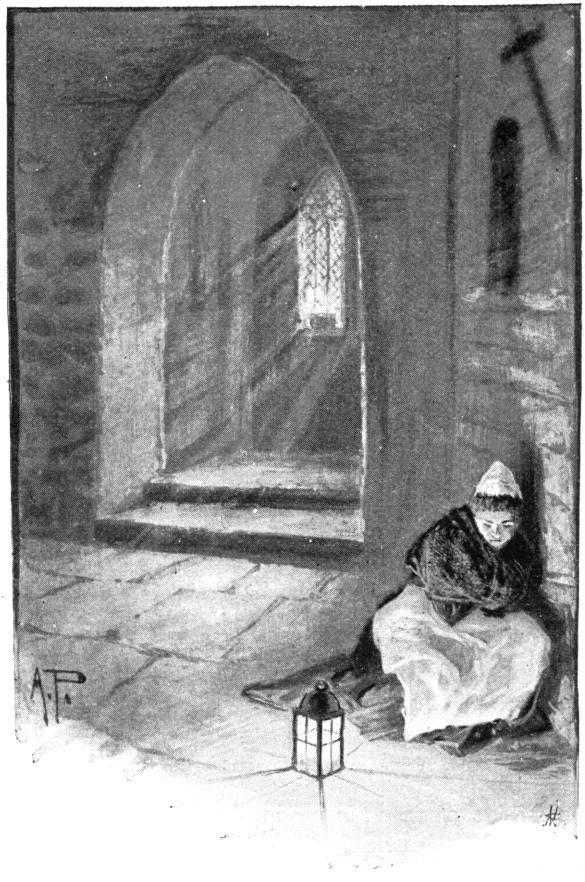
nurses as the most courageous, and I fear I had been wont to boast that nothing could frighten me, but I had never dreamed of anything like this. To sit among friendly faces in the daylight, or beside a cheery fire, was one thing. To be forced to spend a night alone with the dead, was another.

At length I gathered sufficient courage to turn round and try to realize my position. Oh, how I envied those fortunate mortals who, in moments of danger and dread, can quietly faint away into calm unconsciousness, to recover their senses only when the horror is past. If I could only lie down on that cold floor and sleep. Aye! even if it was the sleep that knows no waking, how gladly would I have done so. Anything rather than remain terror-stricken with these dreadful companions. I glanced at the lantern: how long would it burn? Could I depend on its light lasting till dawn? I looked at the trolly, with its cold, still burden, then, with a mighty effort, I crossed the chapel, and, seizing the end of the ghastly carriage, whirled it quickly into the large mortuary. With as much strength as my arms still possessed, I sent it into the darkness, and flew back into the dimly-lighted chapel, closing the door behind me.

Now at least I was alone, with nothing more unearthly than white flowers, and a large ebony cross which hung against the wall. Sinking down into the corner most remote from the inner door, wrapping my shawl closely round my shivering shoulders, I placed the lantern beside me, and strove vainly to think of pleasant things. I tried to think of the ward, with its cheerful fire and rows of beds with their cosy red rugs; of the fun we had had at Christmas with the children and the Christmas tree; of home, with the dear faces I hoped to see when the summer came, and with it the long-anticipated holiday. But all in vain! My eyes *would* keep glancing round at the horrible door. My ears *would* strain themselves to listen for sounds from that silent room. Oh! I should go mad! I could not bear it! How wicked! how cruel! that no one came to seek me! What was that? The great clock at the entrance was striking. One! two! — but, no, seven! eight! then silence. Only eight o'clock! Only two hours since I ran through the garden to fetch the stimulants!

Almost involuntarily I slipped my hand into my apron pocket. Yes, there were the two bottles, carefully wrapped round with my handkerchief, as I had put them.

For a moment a ray of hope darted across my mind: surely, when the bottles were missed from their place, inquiry would be made, and I should be sought for. But a moment's reflection brought back the old despair. It was not an unheard-of thing in those busy times for the dispensary to be forgotten until the door was locked and the dispenser gone. Mixtures and medicines would be left on the little shelf outside, but not the stimulants—and Sister, with a sigh at the forgetfulness of her nurses, would serve the patients from the stock bottles, and no thought would be directed to me.



"I WAS FEARFULLY COLD AND CRAMPED."

Whether I fell asleep or not I have never since been able to determine, but when I roused from the semi-consciousness into which I had fallen, several hours appeared to have elapsed. Instead of the dim light of the lantern at my side, the chapel was flooded with silver moonlight. In spite of my thick shawl, I was fearfully cold and cramped with leaning so long against the chilly stones. I was aware that something had roused me; something besides moonlight and discomfort. A glance at the skylight overhead showed me the moon sailing calmly through the dark, blue vault of heaven, surrounded by fleecy clouds; and, even as I looked and listened, the great clock struck two! For nearly six hours I had lain unconscious in that awful place. The fact did not tend to bring me comfort; I felt sick and ill, my limbs ached; the black cross, touched by the moonbeams, loomed dark and awful against the white wall. Oh, to die and forget everything! What was that? A sound!—a groan! Oh, Heaven! coming from the other side of that inner door!

I had risen to my feet, but now I sank back, frozen with horror, into the sheltering corner. For a few moments silence, then it came again. I listened—a low, long moan—but to my confused brain it was not the hollow, unearthly groan of the stage ghost such as we are wont to associate with rattling chains and lurid blue fire, but rather the groan of a human creature in pain. As soon as this idea took possession of my weakened mind, my courage returned. All my nurse-like instincts came to my aid.

The thought that a living human being was near, much more a fellow-creature who needed help, filled me with new energy, and I rose and took up my lantern. What I expected to find I hardly know: perhaps some workman who had been assisting with the new building had fallen asleep, or been overcome with drink, and shut in, like myself, through misadventure. How improbable a theory this was did not, fortunately, occur to me until long afterwards, and I opened the door and looked into the dark interior. At the sound of the opening door the groaning ceased, and for awhile I stood uncertain which direction to take.

"A LONG, THIN HAND PUSHED ITSELF FROM BENEATH."

Presently a movement at the further end decided me, and I made my way slowly

round the stone ledges, casting the light of the lantern on the ground as I went. No sign of a human figure could I see. No British workman's recumbent form gladdened my eyes. I stood still, in perplexity. Oh, heavens! what was that? Close beside me, not yet placed in a shell, but lying on the stone slab, lay a long, still figure. Still! Oh, horror! As I looked, unable to stir, I saw the white sheet that covered it *move*—a long, thin hand pushed itself from beneath and almost touched me. All my former experience was nothing to this. In a moment the fingers had pulled the sheet from the face, and a pair of dark eyes gazed into mine!

How long I stood thus I shall never know. At length, a long, quivering sigh from the white lips called me to myself, and I gathered courage to bend over and touch the prostrate form. Enough! The spell was broken! I knew then that this was no time to hesitate—no time to give way to womanish fears. I took the cold hand in mine.

"Do not fear," I said, in as calm a voice as I could command, "I will do all I can for you"; and, taking the shawl from my shoulders, I folded it round the shivering form. Instinctively I remembered the bottles in my pocket, and, drawing them forth, dropped a little brandy between the chattering teeth. After a while the returning colour in the lips, the increasing warmth of the limbs, told me that my efforts had not been in vain. Oh, if I could only summon aid; but that was impossible! If I could keep life in my companion, my patient, until help arrived. Fortunately my shawl was a large, warm one; fortunately, old No. 20 had not got his brandy, but I had it safely here.

"Where am I?" asked the man, as he looked round the dim place, his face full of surprise—and no wonder, for his surroundings had, to say the least, an unusual appearance. I did not think it wise or necessary to explain matters more than to tell him he was in St. Alban's Hospital, and would soon doubtless be well. He told me what I had already guessed, that in travelling on foot through the snow he had been overtaken by intense fatigue, and being unable to overcome the drowsiness he knew well might be fatal, he had fallen asleep. "It's a wonder I'm not dead," he concluded, and I made no answer.

I had been so absorbed in my work that I had taken no account of the hours as they went by, until now I heard the clock ring out six! Oh, the joy of that sound!

We kept early hours at St. Alban's, and at six o'clock we were expected to rise. I should be missed, sought for, and found!

I was shivering and sick. The man had fallen into a doze, from which I could not find it in my heart to rouse him, lonely and miserable as I felt. Oh, how cold it was! My thin cotton dress was scanty covering from the icy air. How long would it be before they found me?

Would they seek long before they thought of the mortuary? Would they think of the mortuary at all? How all these thoughts tormented me, chasing each other through my aching brain until, at last, a sound of a key turning in the lock—the voice of my dear nurse companion saying, in bewildered tones, "She cannot be here, porter." Then the whole place spun round, and I saw and heard no more.

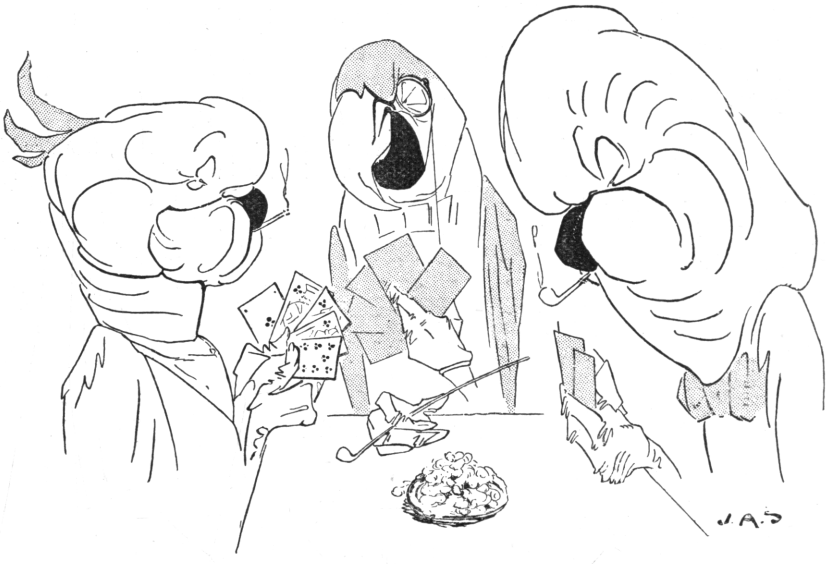
It was long before I returned to my work. Pneumonia set in, and for weeks I was too ill to leave my bed.

Tenderly was I nursed, and much was I praised for what they were pleased to call my bravery. My patient, I learned, had recovered and was full of gratitude for his strange rescue from an untimely end. The case of "suspended animation" was much talked of among the doctors, and the medical papers took it up with interest. "You saved his life, you know," said the nurses to me, apparently to console me for my unpleasant experiences; and the patient himself has told me the same thing a hundred times since that day, for I am now his wife.

Fables

Illustrated by J. A. Shepherd

THE PARROT, THE CARDS, AND THE BEAK.

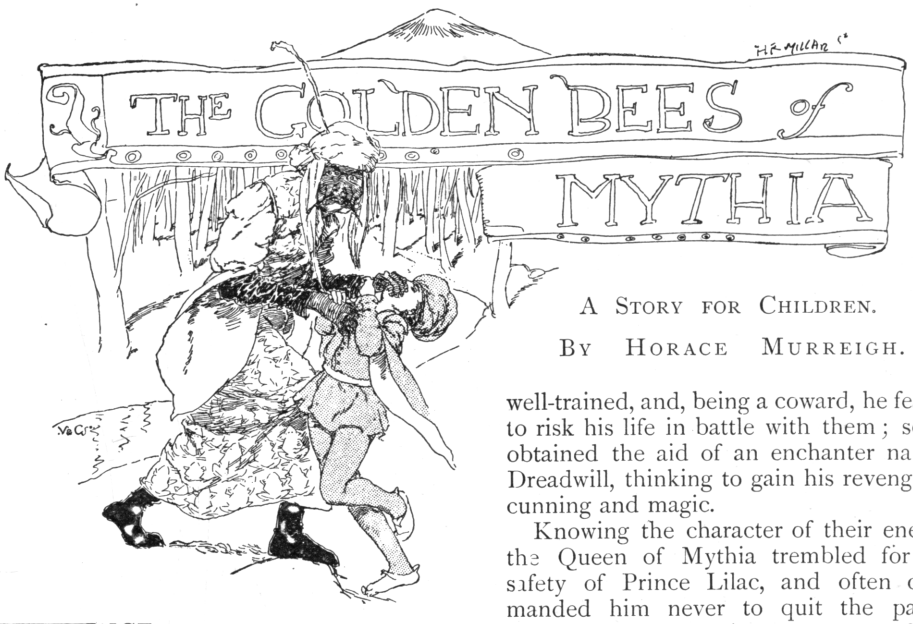


1.—A PARROT, HAVING A GOOD HAND AT CARDS—

2.—MADE QUITE SURE THAT THE STAKES WERE HIS, AND WAS, THEREFORE, ALL THE MORE PUT OUT AT FINDING THAT THERE HAD BEEN A MISDEAL.

3—HE LOST HIS TEMPER—

4.—WITH THE RESULT HERE DEPICTED



A Story for Children.

By Horace Murreigh.

ONCE, many, many years ago, there lived a King called Rulewell, who reigned over the country of Mythia. He was a good monarch, just and kind, and his people all loved him and his beautiful Queen, Ruwella. Throughout the wide dominion of the King his subjects were prosperous, loyal, and happy, for they lived under the best of laws, and were ruled by a Court the Sovereign of which set such an excellent example of virtue that all the people could not but admire and follow it. Robbery was unknown in the land, and one could walk through it by day or night without being in any way molested.

The King and Queen had one child, Prince Lilac, whom they loved dearly, and of whom they were very proud, for he was a bright, lovable little fellow, of a gentle disposition, and giving every promise of being a worthy successor of his good father.

Now, there was a country close by called Mystria, over which there ruled an evil King whose name was Blackbrow, who hated the good King of Mythia. Blackbrow was a cruel tyrant, and grievously ill-treated his subjects. So hateful was his rule that many of his people, from time to time, fled from the country, and took refuge in Mythia, where, of course, they were sure of protection; and because King Rulewell refused to give up these poor people, Blackbrow hated him, and was ever seeking to injure him. He was afraid to go to war with Mythia, for the soldiers of that country were many, brave and well-trained, and, being a coward, he feared to risk his life in battle with them; so he obtained the aid of an enchanter named Dreadwill, thinking to gain his revenge by cunning and magic.

Knowing the character of their enemy, the Queen of Mythia trembled for the safety of Prince Lilac, and often commanded him never to quit the palace grounds, unless the King or some of his trusted attendants were with him.

It happened one day, when the Prince was about nine years old, that as he was fishing in a river that ran through the gardens, he hooked a big trout, one so large that the little fellow could not manage it, and away dashed the fish down the stream, followed by the Prince, who would not let go his prize. Before he realized how far he was going the trout had taken him into a dark wood, and then Prince Lilac dropped his line in a fright, and turned to go back. But just as he did so the fish leaped out of the water, and, to the terror of the boy, suddenly changed into the enchanter, Dreadwill, who caught him up quickly, and, stifling his cries, hurried away with him to the castle of Blackbrow.

Great was the grief of the King and Queen when it became known that their darling son had disappeared. Soldiers were sent out everywhere, who searched eagerly in all directions, but no trace of the missing Prince could be found, and his unhappy parents had at last to give up all hope of ever seeing him again.

One morning, about seven years after the loss of the Prince, as the Queen was walking in the garden, and thinking of her son, for it was his birthday, she grew very sorrowful, and cried out at last:—

"Oh! Lilac, Lilac. Will no kind fairy help me to find my boy?"

She had hardly spoken when she heard a low, sweet cry, like the whistle of a bird, only it seemed to say:—

"Come here, come here."

Ruwella started. Presently the cry was repeated :—

"Come here, come here."

The Queen walked up to a large lilac bush, in full flower, growing against a mossy bank, out of which the sound seemed to come. Peering in among the branches, she saw a tiny fairy standing on one of the boughs and beckoning. She was a dainty little creature, dressed in a lilac-coloured robe, over which she wore a green cloak. On her feet were tiny sandals laced up with twisted spiuers' webs, and in her hand she carried a crystal wand.

"I am the lilac fairy, good Queen," she said, "and I am called Ima. I have seen your grief over the loss of your son, and I have longed to aid you, but could not do so because you did not ask me. We flower fairies cannot help mortals until they beg us to assist them."

"Oh, kind fairy," exclaimed the Queen, stretching out her hands beseechingly, "if you know anything of the fate of my boy, *tell* me how he is, and where I can find him."

"He lives, and is well," said Ima, "but he is a prisoner. Since you have now asked me to help you, I will do all I can to restore him to you. But it will be a difficult task to rescue him, for he is in the hands of the wicked Blackbrow, who is aided by the enchanter, Dreadwill, over whom I have no power."

Ruwella wrung her hands in grief, and cried out bitterly :—

"Alas ! my son, Lilac, what an evil fate has fallen upon you ! How can we deliver you from one so powerful ? "

"Do not despair," said the fairy, in a voice full of pity. "Your foes are strong and clever, but they are wrong-doers, and we have justice on our side. Remember that *right* in the end always triumphs over *wrong*. We cannot rescue Prince Lilac by force, but we may by cunning. It is true that I have no power over the enchanter at present, but there is a way by which I may gain the mastery over him for a day, and that will be long enough a time for us. Anyone who eats a mouthful of honey gathered from the blossoms of the lilac becomes subject to my will for twenty-four hours. Dreadwill, I know, is fond of honey ; I will send my friends, the golden bees, to the garden of the castle where the Prince is confined. Aurea, their queen, will carry out my commands."

She seized a tiny silver bugle, which hung from her waist by a silken thread, and placing it to her lips blew two quick notes. In a few seconds the queen of the golden bees appeared at her side.

"THE LILAC FAIRY."

"Aurea," said the lilac fairy, "I have work for you to do. Know you Blackbrow's castle?"

The bee queen sighed as she replied:—

"Who does not know the abode of that evil King? Far and wide is he dreaded for his cruel deeds. Unhappy are they who fall into his hands, and ill would it have fared with poor Prince Lilac, had not you, oh! my mistress, watched over him. I know also the walled garden where he wanders day by day, guarded by the slaves of Dreadwill."

"Go to the castle, Aurea," said the fairy, "and set your bees to gather honey in the garden, but be careful to take it only from the flowers of the lilac bushes; none other must be mixed with it. When you have filled a comb, come again to me."

The queen of the golden bees joyfully undertook her task, for she loved the good lilac fairy, and was never so happy as when serving her in deeds of benevolence.

"And now," said Ima, turning to Queen Ruwella, "I must leave you, but be of good hope, for unless Dreadwill refuses the honey, which he is not likely to do, we shall soon have Prince Lilac back again with you. I go to see him now. To-morrow I will come again to you."

She turned and tapped the bank with her wand. Immediately a moss-covered door swung open, and Ima, drawing her green cloak around her, stepped into the opening, and closed the door behind her.

Filled with happiness at the news she had heard, Ruwella hastened to the King and told him of her strange meeting with the lilac fairy. Rulewell's joy was as great as his Queen's, and they both scarcely slept that night, so eagerly did they look forward to Ima's visit on the next day.

In the garden of Blackbrow's castle, shut in by lofty walls, the unhappy Prince Lilac wandered sadly. Wherever he went two black slaves of Dreadwill, armed with long spears, followed closely, ever watching him. It was a lovely day. Butterflies and bees sped from flower to flower. Birds twittered among the branches of the trees, and sang songs of love to each other. The captive Prince watched their unfettered movements with envy.

"Oh!" he thought, "if only I had your liberty, sweet songsters, with what haste would I fly from this hateful castle, back to the home of my dear parents in beloved Mythia. Most miserable of mortals am I, doomed to be a prisoner within these cruel walls at the mercy of the wicked King and his magician."

Just then a loud buzzing sounded in his ears, followed by a yell of terror from his guards. A swarm of bees had suddenly attacked the slaves, who, casting away their weapons, fled howling towards the castle door. The Prince was about to follow them, when a low, sweet voice, close to him, called out:—

"Stay, Prince Lilac. Do not fear the bees, they are my servants and will not hurt you."

Prince Lilac stared round him in surprise.

"I hear a voice," he cried, "but I can see no one. Who is it that speaks to me?"

The fairy threw back her cloak, and stepping out from a shrub, waved her crystal wand. The sunlight flashing from it caught the Prince's eye.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, in delight, "beautiful little lady, who are you?"

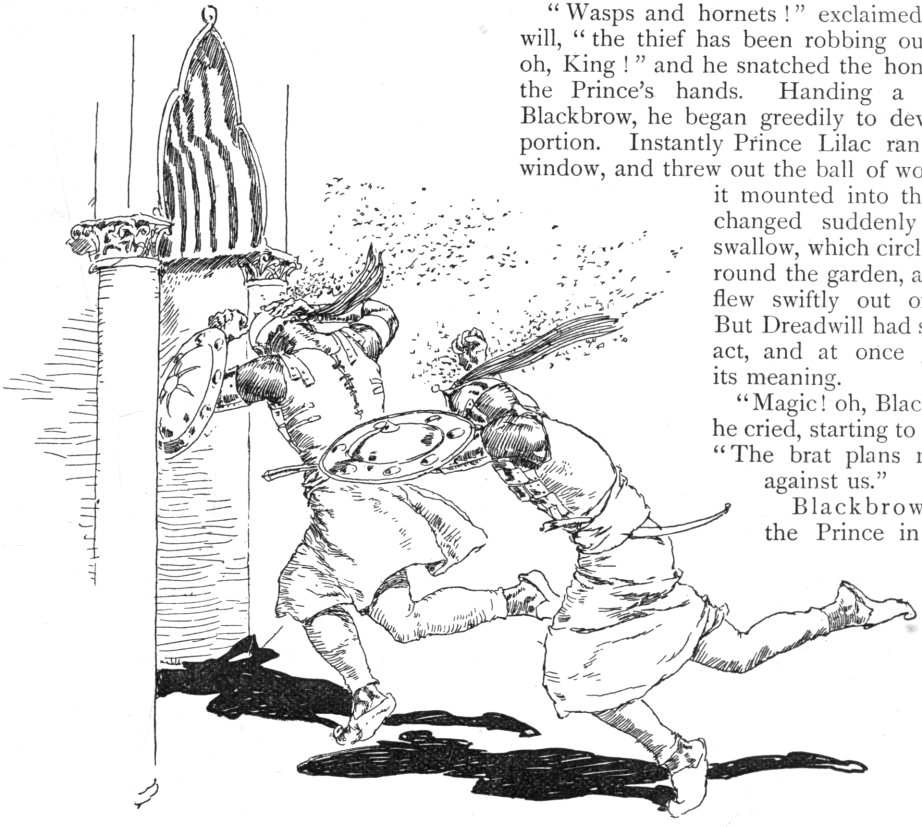
"I am the lilac fairy, Ima," she answered, smiling at him, "and I have come to help you to escape from Blackbrow. Your good father and mother have long mourned you as dead, but I have seen them, and promised to aid you to return to them. Listen carefully to me. In the hollow trunk of yonder apple-tree is a store of honey, of which you must take a comb to-morrow, and when Blackbrow sends for you, which he will be sure to do, carry it with you, and eat a piece before him and the magician. They will snatch the rest from you, and, as soon as they have tasted it, run to the window and throw this ball of wool into the air. Be silent and watchful, and above all, do not let them know you have seen anyone."

"Kindest and best of fairies," cried the Prince, "let us go now to the wicked King. Surely he can do nothing against one so good as you. Even Dreadwill, the magician, must give way to you."

"Alas! innocent boy," replied Ima, sadly. "Good and evil in the world are more evenly matched than you think. The powers of wickedness are to be overcome only by fighting; they will not yield to a *show* of force. Do, however, as I have told you, and all will be well. But see, your guards are returning, and I must go."

She stepped quickly back into the bush, and disappeared among its green leaves, while the Prince picked up the ball she had dropped at his feet, and putting it into his pocket, turned to meet the slaves.

The next morning, as the Prince was walking in the garden attended, as usual, by the slaves, he went up to the apple-tree shown him by the fairy. A few golden bees were flying in and out of the hollow trunk.



"THE SLAVES FLED HOWLING TOWARDS THE DOOR."

"See!" exclaimed the Prince, "there is a store of honey within this tree," and he boldly thrust his hand into the opening, and drew out a large piece of white honeycomb. He had scarcely done so, when a messenger ran hurriedly from the castle, and ordered him to come at once to Blackbrow. Carefully hiding the honey under his jacket, the Prince hastened to the presence of the King. When he arrived he found Blackbrow and the magician drinking and making merry, for they had caught a poor Mythian peasant who had lost his way, and after having cruelly tortured him, they had cut off his head, and brought it to the castle to make sport with before their prisoner.

"Ha! Prince Lilac," exclaimed the brutal tyrant, "your loving father has sent you a message. Behold Mythia's messenger!" He threw the gory head on to the table, and laughed aloud in savage glee, as he saw the look of disappointment and horror on the Prince's face. Lilac did not answer a word, but, drawing the honeycomb from under his jacket, he bit a piece out of it.

"Wasps and hornets!" exclaimed Dreadwill, "the thief has been robbing our hives, oh, King!" and he snatched the honey from the Prince's hands. Handing a part to Blackbrow, he began greedily to devour his portion. Instantly Prince Lilac ran to the window, and threw out the ball of wool. As it mounted into the air, it changed suddenly into a swallow, which circled once round the garden, and then flew swiftly out of sight. But Dreadwill had seen the act, and at once guessed its meaning.

"Magic! oh, Blackbrow," he cried, starting to his feet. "The brat plans mischief against us."

Blackbrow seized the Prince in a grip of iron, while the magician bent a savage look upon him, as he growled out:—

"Say by whose aid you have done this, or die."

The poor Prince now gave himself up as lost, but, mindful of the fairy's command, he did not reply.

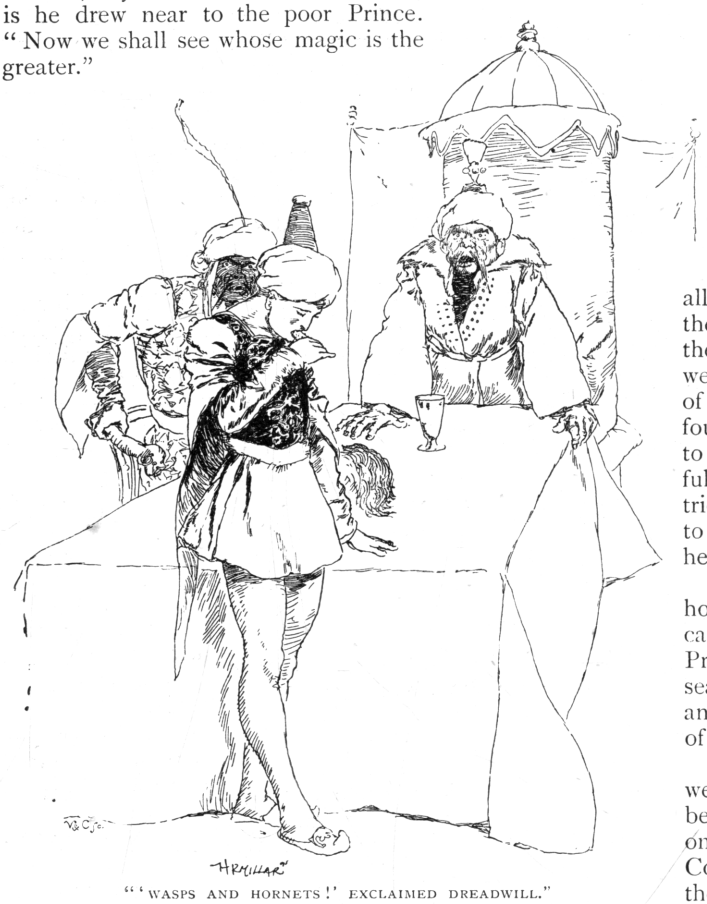
"Slay him, slay him," panted the enchanter. As Blackbrow raised his iron club aloft, a loud, angry buzzing sound arose, and in through the window flew a large swarm of golden bees, which attacked the wicked King and the magician so fiercely that they had to release the Prince, and flee for their lives. But they were not to be easily beaten. Soon Dreadwill returned, and, by his magic, raised such a cloud of sulphurous smoke in the room that the bees had hastily to leave. In the meantime, Prince Lilac had run through the opposite door down into the garden. Reaching the bush where the fairy had appeared the day before, he cried out:—

"Oh! Ima, Ima, come to my aid now, or I shall, indeed, be lost."

The golden bees flew about him, their

angry hum filling the air. Presently the magician was seen approaching, walking in a cloud of poisonous smoke.

"Ah, my bantam!" he exclaimed, is he drew near to the poor Prince. "Now we shall see whose magic is the greater."



"'WASPS AND HORNETS!' EXCLAIMED DREADWILL."

"Mine," cried the clear voice of the lilac fairy, and she glided from the bush, waving her wand aloft. The cloud around Dreadwill melted rapidly away. The enchanter stood scowling at her for a moment, and then, in a voice hoarse with rage, he gabbled this charm :—

"Dust and powder, darkness and night. Powers of magic, strike her, strike her!"

"Silence!" commanded the fairy, in a tone of anger. Dreadwill recoiled before her stern gaze. His charm had failed, and he knew it. Then the lilac fairy spoke again.

"Dreadwill," she cried, "you have wrought nothing but evil here, but your power is gone now. I can deal with you as I will. Begone! If, after an hour, you are found within a mile of the castle, death shall be your fate!"

The baffled magician turned sulkily away, and the golden bees soon chased him from the garden, and drove him to a hasty flight.

Fairy Ima then entered the castle, and, opening all the dungeons, released the unfortunate prisoners they contained. Among them were many of the nobles of Mystria. Blackbrow was found, and delivered over to the chiefs he had wrongfully imprisoned. He was tried by them, and condemned to death for the many crimes he had committed.

Then the fairy ordered two horses to be brought from the castle stables, and, mounting Prince Lilac on one, she seated herself upon the other, and they set out for the palace of the King of Mythia.

The good King and Queen were overcome with joy on beholding their beloved child once more, and for days the Court and populace gave themselves up to rejoicings over the return of the Prince.

Everyone, from the happy parents to the lowliest peasant, was filled with gratitude to the lilac fairy, and poured forth their thanks to her. But the kind little fairy would not listen to any thanks.

"Good deeds repay themselves," she said, "and my best reward is to see the happiness I have brought to you all."

The King did not forget the services of the golden bees. A beautiful hive was built for them in the palace gardens, where, thenceforth, they gathered their sweet honey in peace, protected and loved by everyone.